Hymen's PRÆLUDIA:

OR,

Love's Maſter-piece.

Being the

SIX LAST PARTS

Of that ſo much Admired

ROMANCE,

INTITULED,

CLEOPATRA.

Written Originally in FRENCH, and now Rendred into ENGLISH, By *J. C.* and *I. D.*

EVAND.

Quid magis optare CLEOPATRA *parentibus orta*
Conſpicuis, Comiti quam placuiſſe thori.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. M.* for *A. Moſeley*, at the *Prince*'s *Arms* in Saint *Pauls Church-yard.* 1663.

To the moſt vertuous, and highly deſerving, Mrs. Alicia Lea, *Wife to his honoured Friend* William Lea *of* HADLOW, *Eſq;*

MADAM,

THE favourable indulgence, which, as I am informed, you have been pleaſed to expreſs to my weak and worthleſs endeavours in this kind, hath emboldened me to commit this rude piece to the protection of your goodneſs. *Generoſity* is never more Nobly practiſed, than towards ſtrangers and *diſtreſſed perſons*; and the fair *Cleopatra* may ſtill account her ſelf a ſtranger, till ſome happy Pen hath compleatly made her a *Denizon* of our Nation, neither can ſhe think her ſelf ſafe or happy (unleſs it be in your favour) until ſhe be in the arms of her *Coriolanus*. Here then is a fit Object for your generous pity and protection, which if you ſhall pleaſe to extend to thoſe Noble perſonages which implore it, you will farther acquaint the World with your eminent *Goodneſs*, and infinitely oblige,

Madam,

Your humble and obedient Servant,

JOHN COLES.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

I *Come now to take my leave of* Thee *and* Cleopatra; *I hope she hath fallen into the hands of persons of more leasure and greater abilities, who will do* Her *more right, and give* Thee *more ample satisfaction. What I have done, was more to please* Thee, *than my self, and I willingly quit the employment for thy benefit. Only let me tell* Thee *what I aimed at in my way of Translation. I know there are divers of my Countrey-men studious of the* French-tongue, *and some* French-men *desirous of the* English; *I have endeavoured to accomodate both, by rendring my Author, as near as the different* Idioms *would permit, into our Native Language. What profit may accrue to both by comparing the Author with the Translation, I leave to experiment, if any shall be pleased to make Trial.* Farewell.

To my worthy Friend Mr. *John Coles.*

When I thy well Translated Books read o're,
I can but say that which I said before;
I'm of opinion with Pythagoras
When Loveday *dy'd, his Soul to thee did pass.*
For when I both compare I cannot tell
Whether did best, you both have done so well.
Let not the French-men *brag of their* French *fashion,*
Since you so bravely in this your Translation
Have Cleopatra *cloath'd in such Attire*
As even the French-man *may himself admire*
To see her English *Habit to su pass*
The mode in which in French *before she was.*
Hold on my Friend, to do, as thou hast done
And to maintain the Credit thou hast won.
If Seven Parts more do come unto the Presse
I am perswaded, thou wilt get no less.

JOHN CROSBIE.

To his worthy Friend Mr. *John Coles,* upon his Version of the Seventh part of *CLEOPATRA.*

Though, learned Friend, thy eloquence and pains,
Deserve Encomiums sung in highest strains,
The love to thee I ever have profest,
Hath crowded in my Muse amongst the rest,
Something to contribute unto the praise,
Of this thy work right worthy of the bayes,
Thou Cleopatra *fair, so fine hast drest,*
And taught her to speak English *with the best.*
For few men heretofore in this our Land,
Her Language being French, *could understand*
Those subtle plots of Love, which now appear
Sweet and delightful to each eye and ear.
Now let the brave Mounsieur disdain at this,
Thy phrase and stile is full as good as his.
Loveday *began this work with's learned Quill,*
Thou second art in time, but not in skill.
In view o'th the work, this Paradox I find,
Thou camest last, yet ne're a whit behind.

Charles Spilwater.

To his most ingenious Friend Mr. *John Coles,* upon his Translation of the Seventh Part of *CLEOPATRA.*

When Cleopatra *in her* French *Attire*
I first beheld, ne're did I more admire
A forraign beauty, but I now profess
She's yet more lovely in thy English *dress;*
And, if black Patches any lustre add
Unto her face, she from our Coles *them had;*
Or, if that eloquence which crowns our tongue
With so much praise, can render her among
Our wits accepted, that it was from thee
And Loveday *that she learn'd it, all agree.*

Thus by thy generous care thou dost confer
On all the honour to converse with her,
Sure then for such a gift (I may conclude)
Who hath no thanks, wants no ingratitude.

Antho. Prisloe.

To Mr. *John Coles,* on his Translation of the Seventh Part of *CLEOPATRA.*

Friend, Cleopatra *is become thy Debtor;*
Her body is the same, her face is better,
And fairer now, than in times past; her Hood
Being laid aside, her Beauty's understood,
Admir'd, belov'd, and woo'd; her French *being gone,*
The Inns of Courts men *dare to venture on,*
And come between her sheets; and to tell true,
They ne're could know her, were it not for you:
For though their shooes are new (let me turn Satyre)
Their wits have much need of a good Translator;
Such as you are; whose language (it is known)
The Author wisheth that it were his own;
As if, to tell the World, 'twere thy intent,
That 't is not France *alone doth compliment:*
Thy Pegasus doth ride no common Road,
And every line is more than A-la-mode.
And Cleopatra *(faith I do not lie)*
Loves thee more than her Master Anthony:
More I could say, but i'le not longer tarry,
Least I should Coles unto New-castle carry.

R. O.

HYMEN'S *PRÆLUDIA:* OR, Loves Maſter-piece.

PART. VII. LIB. I.

ARGUMENT.

Candace *and* Eliſa *beſtow a ſecond Viſit upon the Princeſs* Olympia, *and find her in a very hopefnl way of recovery. At their deſire, ſhe goes on with her Story, and acquaints them that the fair Stranger whoſe life ſhe had ſaved in the deſart Iſland, is* Ariobarzanes, *Brother to the King of* Armenia. *She relates their deplorable Condition in that place, and the ſtrange manner of their Delivery out of it.* Ariobarzanes *ſaves* Adallas's *life, and is like to loſe his own by* Adallas's *Jealouſie; but is diſmiſſed with a ſtrict prohibition never to ſet foot in* Thrace, *nor to ſee* Olympia. Adallas *being detained in* Cyprus *by his wounds, ſends into* Thrace *to know the Condition of his Kingdom. Intelligence is brought that his Kingdom is invaded, and almoſt quite loſt.* Adallas *haſtning homewards, is hindred by a Tempeſt; but after a long ſtay for a Wind, he puts to Sea again, and near the Coaſt of* Thrace, *meets ſome of his Subjects, Who inform him, That by the incomparable Valour of a Stranger, named* Ariamenes, *now their General, the remainder of his Dominions was preſerved, and the progreſs of his Enemies retarded.* Adallas *underſtanding the Coaſt to be clear, continues his Voyage, and arrives at* Byzantium.

THE fair Princeſs of the *Parthians*, and the beautiful Queen of *Ethiopia*, had conceived ſo much eſteem and amity for the Princeſs *Olympia*, that they could not permit her to continue long in the trouble wherein they had ſeen her, without diſpoſing themſelves to render her a ſecond Viſit as ſoon as might be, and to uſe all poſſible means to adminiſter ſome eaſe and conſolation unto her. This was no ſlight effect of *Olympia*'s excellent qualities to have produced in ſo ſmall a time this intereſt for her Fortune, in the minds of two perſons ſo ſtrongly and ſo juſtly prepoſſeſſed with their own; and 'tis certain that *Eliſa* and *Candace* had cauſe enough abſolutely to employ their memory upon the conſideration of their own miſhaps, and in the care of their own affairs; but their ſouls were of the moſt exquiſite temper, and they were not ſo totally taken up with the natural ſenſe of their own misfortunes, but that there was room left ſtill for compaſſion towards a perſon of *Olympia*'s birth and merit. Beſides, by that affection which bound them up to her intereſts, they had given entrance to a curioſity, which upon the ſcore of a leſs extraordinary perſon, and more common adventures, it would not have eaſily found in their ſpirits; and they could not call to mind the admirable beginning of that Princeſſe's Fortunes, and the paſſage whereat her Relation had been interrupted, without being moved with a great deſire to underſtand the Sequele, which according to apparences could not but be compoſed of very ſtrange Accidents; and in particular to know the name of the unknown, which *Olympia* had at her Tongues end, when ſhe was forced to break off the Thread of her Diſcourſe.

This Reason, though indeed more weak than the former, made them resolve to steal that Evening from *Agrippa* and *Cornelius*, whose Visits they much feared, to give it intirely, if they could possibly, to this afflicted Princess; and upon this design, having taken a light Supper together in *Elisas* lodging, they charged the Maids that waited upon them, to say, That the Princess of the *Parthians* being a little indisposed, they were gone to Bed together, not doubting but by these means to secure themselves from being interrupted by persons full of discretion, and well versed in all the Rules of Civility. After they had given this order, wherein, in regard of the Quality of the persons whom it concerned, they observed a great deal of Circumspection; they went into *Olympia*'s little Chamber, and as the gods would have it, they found her in a better Condition than they hoped.

This Princess, who naturally had as gallant a spirit as any person of her sex, and who solidly relied upon a real vertue, and an absolute resignation to the will of the gods, had made a reflection upon the transports whereinto the first ebullitions of her Passion had cast her, and by an endeavour not very usual in a spirit strongly prepossessed, she had found room to combat with that cross opinion, which at first had made such a disorder in her soul; contrary apprehensions to the return of her repose, had very much tormented her, and she had found cause enough in *Ericia*'s report, to suspect the infidelity of the person which she loved; but other considerations, and other more important remembrances, whereby she had reason to be confirmed in a quite contrary opinion, had powerfully taken his part, and if they could not cure her of those cruel impressions which those apparences had wrought upon her, they had at least disposed her to seek without precipitation a more evident clearing up of the Truth, and in expectation of the knowledge which the next day might afford her, to incline her spirit rather towards hope, than towards a deadly fear; the first effects whereof had been so contrary to the quiet of her mind, the health of her body, and her ordinary moderation. Certainly few spirits would have so readily submitted to the Empire of reason; but indeed few spirits were like to hers, and in all the course of her life she had given examples of her gallantry, wherein her constancy and admirable resolution had no less appeared than in this last adventure. By this little calm which she gave her mind, her body likewise received ease; and in fine, she was so sensible of it, that when the Princesses came into her Chamber, her Feaver was gone.

They were very joyful to understand by *Ericia*, as they approached the Bed, this change of her health; and they had no sooner opened their mouths to enquire of it, but the fair Princess looking upon them with a much more composed countenance than before: "My 'fair Princesses, said she, I have had a great Combat against those cruel apparences which 'hurried me to despair; and if I have not gotten the Victory over them, at least I have dis-'posed my spirit to wait for a more certain assurance of my mishap, before it fall into those 'extremities from which I should hardly keep it, if I had received any confirmation of it. 'Whatsoever report they have made me of the beauty of that person, whom the Prince, 'which I have loved so well, accompanies, and though I have been told of their mutual 'Caresses, I can hardly believe, that a Prince in whom I have observed so much Vertue, and 'who by so many great and dangerous difficulties which he hath gone through with an ad-'mirable Courage, hath given me such fair proofs of his Love, could in the time which is 'past, since our separation, fall so lightly into an infidelity, so contrary to the sense of that 'sublime Vertue which he practises. And though he could become unfaithful, I doubt 'whether he would come to shew his perfidiousness in a place where certainly he had 'hope to find me, where I expected him, and where I would bid him seek me, if it should 'please the gods that he still continues faithful. I would perswade my self to imagine that '*Ericia*'s eyes were deceived, or that the person which she saw him embrace, is related to 'him by some ancient Amity, which might engage him in other Tyes than those of Love. 'And however it be, I will still expect from Heaven, to which I have absolutely abandoned 'my self what it shall Decree concerning my destiny, and not hasten my misfortune by a 'promptitude, which might make me commit such faults, as possibly might be hard to 'repair.

The two Princesses extreamly approved of *Olympia*'s resolution, confirming themselves more and more in the esteem they had for her; and whil'st *Elisa* sitting down in a Chair which was at the Beds-head, felt her pulse with one of her fair hands, *Candace* being sate upon

upon the Beds-side, " My dear Princess, said she, You do sufficiently assure us both by all ' your Discourses, and by all the marks which you give us of your thoughts, that your Ver- ' tue is not ordinary, and those gods to whom you have abandoned your self with so much ' Courage and Piety, must needs be cruel and unjust, if by an unfortunate success they ' should deceive the confidence you have in their goodness. I confess, that upon the like oc- ' casion, I should do the like, if it were possible: And I do so approve of your Resolution, ' That I do almost certainly promise you the most happy success you can desire. " I ' have the same hope that you have added the Princess *Elisa*, and 'tis upon a ground very ' far from Envy, that I foresee that of us three, I only shall remain unfortunate. " I have ' some confidence, replied *Candace*, for you in your Fortune, and my heart tells me that in a ' short time your destiny will not be such as your fears suggest. " Alas! replied the Prin- ' cess sighing, How full of flattery are you, my fair Queen? And how easie is it to judge, ' that Compassion puts this Discourse into your mouth, rather than the belief of telling ' me the Truth? We see every day, said *Olympia*, Events so little conformable to our ex- ' pectation, that I shall not be surprized, when in extraordinary Fortunes, as ours are, I ' shall see Accidents happen, which would seem admirable in a life which never varied from ' the ordinary course: And I will tell you, Madam, according to my real belief, That I de- ' spair no more upon your account, than upon our own, and I would not for a good value, ' lose the part I pretend to take in the joy which you shall receive by the recovery of your ' losses.

Elisa only shook her Shoulders at this Discourse: And *Candace*, who desired to change the Scene, to enter upon *Olympia*'s Adventures, " But you, forgetful Princess, said she to ' her, who are instructed in the least particularities of our Lives, would you have us be eter- ' nally ignorant of the Sequele of yours? And do you not remember, that you left us in a ' part of your Relation capable to torment less curious persons? Shall we any longer be de- ' prived of the knowledge of the unknown, whose Name you were about to tell us when ' you were interrupted? He of whom we talk so much, and of whose fidelity we assure ' you, not knowing yet who he is." And lastly, Is it not just, that we should be acquainted ' with your life, that we may have more reason and knowledge to take that interest in it ' we do? If any remainders of your indisposition, or pre-occupation of spirit doth not ' permit you to be so soon in a condition to give us this satisfaction, be pleased that *Ericia* ' may save you the labour, and that we may understand the rest of your Adventures from ' her mouth, seeing, as I think, I heard you say, that she is not ignorant of any particular. ' I find my self in a good condition enough, replied *Olympia*, to finish what I began some ' dayes ago: And though *Ericia* be as well acquainted with the Accidents of my life, as ' I my self, yet I shall better express the thoughts of mine own mind, than she can; and I ' should be sorry, that you should have receiv'd from any other mouth than mine, that which ' I owe to the Compassion which makes you take so much interest in my Affairs, and to the ' real esteem I have for you.

Upon these words, the Princesses told her what order they had taken not to be interrupt- ed in this Narration, as they had been in the former: And after they had conveniently seated themselves for a long Audience, *Olympia*, after a short interval of silence, continued the Story of her life in these terms.

The Continuation of the History of Olympia.

MY Narration was interrupted, as I think, when I made you the Relation of the un- expected Adventure, whereby the fair unknown had acquainted himself with the secret thoughts of my Soul; and from the knowledge he had of them, took the boldness to discover his to me: I had declared to you the trouble of my spirit at so unexpected a business, and the confusion whereinto I was fallen, by the imprudent discovery of that, which possibly, had it not been for this accident, I had kept private all my life; and the re- pugnance I had to receive Declarations of Love from a man, who, though he were very amiable, and already very dear to me, was then but three dayes old in my acquaintance, and I had repeated some part of our Conversation, by which you perceived that the unknown,

having judged by my Diſcourſe that inequality which I believed to be between his birth and mine, made up a good part of the difficulties he had to ſtruggle with, was reſolved to let me underſtand the Truth, and had already opened his mouth to tell me who he was. 'Tis certain (anſwered *Candace* interrupting her) " That the laſt words of your Diſcourſe 'were, *I am*, —— and upon that *I am*, —— which as you may believe, left us in an 'extream trouble, the Arrival of *Cornelius* hindred your Progreſs.

I will proceed then, continued the Princeſs, with the ſame words at which it was cut off, and will tell you, that after our firſt communication, whereby the unknown had ſufficiently diſcovered his thoughts, continuing his Diſcourſe with the ſame boldneſs, " I am, ſaid he, 'extracted from a Noble blood, enough to countenance my confeſſion without bluſhing at 'it, and if I had been born of any other than Princes, who have alwayes worn a Crown, I 'ſhould have ſtifled thoſe audacious thoughts which have aimed ſo high as you. My Name 'is *Ariobarzanes*, my Family is the Royal Houſe of *Armenia*, *Artaxus* King of that 'Realm, is my Brother, our Father was King *Artabazus*, who loſt his life in the Priſons of '*Cleopatra*.

Eliſa, who by reaſon of the nearneſs of *Armenia* to her Fathers Kingdoms, and the Alliance which had been between their Families, had heard of the Shipwrack of *Ariobarzanes*, and *Arſinoe*, which was noiſed throughout all *Aſia*, and according to the general opinion, believed them to be dead, holding up her hand, and ſtaying *Olympia* at the beginning of her Diſcourſe, " What? *ſaid ſhe*, Is the fair unknown, of whom you have diſ-'courſed ſo much to us, who hath merited your Love, and whom you have ſeen to day in *A*-'*lexandria*, *Ariobarzanes* Prince of *Armenia*, who, as 'tis known all over *Aſia*, being 'Shipwracked with the Princeſs *Arſinoe* his Siſter, hath paſſed for dead till now, in the opi-'nion of the whole World? " The very ſame, replied *Olympia*; and that ſo famous Ship-'wrack which expoſed that Prince, and the Princeſs his Siſter to the mercy of the waves, 'hapned at the ſame time, and almoſt in the ſame place, that ours did. I believe that *Arſi*-'*noe* periſhed in the pitileſs waters; but *Ariobarzanes* being more ſtrong, and more fa-'voured by Heaven, was, by the aſſiſtance of a Plank which he had laid hold of, carried 'upon the Rock where we were, and when he was ready to expire, he received of us thoſe 'aſſiſtances that were neceſſary for him, as I have related to you. " Ah! without doubt, 'anſwered *Eliſa*, the Reputation of that Prince's former years, is very conformable to the 'Relation you have made of him; and when he parted from *Armenia* with his Siſter to go 'to *Rome* to wait upon *Auguſtus*, he paſſed in the common Report, as well for the hand-'ſomneſs of body, as the qualities of the minde, for an admirable Perſon; and the Prin-'ceſs his Siſter, for one of the rareſt Beauties of the World. Thus much Fame hath ſpread 'as far as our Countrey, and I ſhall intereſs my ſelf more than I have done in the Adven-'tures of a Prince, whoſe deſtiny I regretted upon the common Report. " I am very joy-'ful, replied *Olympia*, That a Deſcription, which I poſſibly made with a little too much Paſ-'ſion, is authorized by your Teſtimony, which is very conſiderable to me, and I ſhall more 'freely inlarge my ſelf upon the excellent qualities of *Ariobarzanes*, where I ſhall be ob-'liged to ſpeak of them, ſince that Fame hath already given you ſome knowledge of 'them.

I will tell you then, to return to my Narration, That it was no ſmall ſatisfaction to me to ſee that Fortune had ſo much favoured my wiſhes in the birth of a man, whom ſhe had cauſed me to love before I knew him; and that *Ericia*, who preſently caſt her eyes upon my face, told me afterwards, that ſhe ſaw in a moment all the marks of Joy depainted there, ſo that ſhe did not doubt but that I was very ſenſibly moved with it. I will add to this likewiſe, That though this Diſcourſe of *Ariobarzanes* did not ſeem very conformable to Truth, and might, not without ſome reaſon, have been ſuſpected of Fiction in the mouth of an amorous and intereſſed perſon; 'tis certain for all that, that I did not ponder what credit I ſhould give to him, nor ever imagined that there was any baſeneſs in a man, whom I could not believe to be capable of any thing unworthy; or rather, I will tell you, That his Noble, Sublime and truly Royal Garb, and whatſoever I had obſerved till then in his Actions, ſo ſtrongly confirmed his Diſcourſe in a mind where inclination did not ſlightly take his part, that I had no difficulty to perſwade my ſelf that he was a Kings Son, and born with all the advantages of Fortune which I could wiſh might accompany Nature.

This

This agreeable ſurprize held me a while in ſilence, and in a poſture which ſignified ſome confuſion. The Prince perceived it, and according to the example of Lovers, finding an occaſion of fear in every thing, " Can it be poſſible, ſaid he, being very much moved, that 'the knowledge of my Name and Birth, ſhould diſadvantage me with you? And hoping 'to remove an obſtacle of my Glory and Fortune, have I created one my ſelf? Is the Roy-'al blood of *Armenia* any way odious to you or yours? or rather, O gods! Is it the want 'of a Crown, which the priviledge of Birth-right hath beſtowed upon my Elder Brother, 'that puts me into too mean a condition to raiſe my deſires to the glory of ſerving you? 'Ah! If it be a Crown I want (as it is probable that the honour of acquiring you, ought 'to be ordained for ſome great King) I finde my ſelf to have Courage enough to 'hope for that from my Sword, which Fortune hath refuſed me; and the deſire I have to 'render my ſelf worthy of you, will make me poſſibly to ſurmount that, which I ſhould 'never attain to, if I had any other Object in my Enterprizes.

As he ſpake theſe words, a bluſh mounted into his face, which made him appear more beautiful than ordinary in my eyes; and deſiring not to leave him in an opinion, which according to my humor did a little injure me " I perceive nothing, ſaid I, in the knowledge 'you have given me of your Name and Birth, which can be diſadvantagious to you; and 'the want of a Crown in ſuch a Prince as you, and deſcended as you are from Royal Per-'ſons, is no deficiency which can render you contemptible in my thoughts. You are, con-'tinued I with a bluſh, which ſufficiently ſignified my confuſion, ſuch as I deſired you ſhould 'be, to render thoſe infirmities partly excuſable which ſurprize, or Accident made you ac-'quainted with, and which poſſibly you had never underſtood from my mouth, but by the 'effect of that deſtiny, which as you ſay, acts in us after an extraordinary manner; but 'you and I are ſuch in the eſtate of our preſent condition, that a particular eſteem can ſerve 'for nothing but to render us the more miſerable, and perſons whoſe death in all probabili-'ty is ſo near at hand, cannot lay foundations of Amity but in an unſeaſonable time.

Ariobarzanes ſighed at this Diſcourſe, and looking upon me with an eye, which made me judge that this menace of our death more ſtrongly afflicted him for fear of mine, than upon the conſideration of his own: " Our deſtiny, ſaid he, is in the hand of the gods, and 'poſſibly for the preſervation of ſo precious a life as yours, they will do ſomething extra-'ordinary; but though we had no hope of that, yet I ſhould eſteem my ſelf ſuperlatively 'happy, and much more obliged to this effect of your goodneſs, than to that which cauſed 'you to render your pitiful aſſiſtances to this dying body, if you would own as yours the 'remainder of my dayes, what length ſoever the gods ſhall preſcribe to them, and permit 'me to hope, That if by their help we eſcape out of the danger which threatens us, you will 'not diſdain Vows full of the ſame reſpect we owe to them, and ſuffer the glorious *Ariobar-'zanes*, to render his laſt breath in the occaſion, and the glory of ſerving you. I conjure 'you to it, continued he, embracing my knees with an action all compoſed of paſſion, by 'the ſame pity which you may deſire of Heaven for your own misfortune, and proteſt to 'you before the Celeſtial Powers, that it can never be employ'd in a greater neceſſity, nor 'for a perſon who will acknowledge it with greater veneration and fidelity.

I confeſs that my inclination did ſo effectually aſſiſt his words, that I could not but be touched with them, and I had not the power to diſſemble it ſo well as I deſired, and poſſibly ought to have done. I continued a while without reply, and at laſt beginning to ſpeak, without raiſing my eyes to his face; " You are ſufficiently acquainted with my thoughts, 'ſaid I, contrary to my deſign, ſo that there is no neceſſity of any farther Declaration; and 'you know enough to make you believe, that neither your perſon, nor your ſervices can be 'diſagreeable to me. You would be unjuſt, if you ſhould deſire any more, or pretend 'that I ſhould determine any farther of my ſelf, as long as there ſhall be any perſons in the 'World to whom I ought to leave the diſpoſing of me. " I am more happy a thouſand 'times, replied he, than I deſerved, or durſt to hope; and I ſhould render my ſelf much 'more unworthy of your goodneſs, if I did not, as I ought, receive a favour which I can 'never ſufficiently acknowledge; but I plainly perceive that our preſent danger, if it threat-'ned none but me, is not the greateſt misfortune I have to encounter with; and by what I 'have heard of your Story, and the cauſe of your flight, I ſufficiently foreſee, that the per-'ſon to whom Heaven hath left ſome lawful power to diſpoſe of you, will never conſent that

'any

'any other should raise his hopes to a Fortune, which against the Laws and order of Nature 'he pretends to for himself. " This difficulty, answered I, very nimbly, ought to divert 'you from your resolution, and you will be the more comforted, if in our approaching 'death, you lose nothing but hopes, which with any probability you could not conceive. " Ah! Madam, replied *Ariobarzanes*, very much moved, Do not imagine that this difficul-'ty can make me lose my Courage, you shall see me Conquer far greater, if you be pleased 'to grant your consent; and all the most powerful and dangerous obstacles shall not be 'able to terrifie me, if you do not oppose me. " You ought not to hope, said I, that I 'should be favourable to you contrary to my Duty; and the esteem which I may have for 'you, shall never make me do any thing unhandsome, or not conformable to the Rules pre-'scribed to persons of such a Birth as mine.

Ariobarzanes seemed a little astonished at this Discourse, and stood a while, as if he studied for terms to express himself; but at last breaking silence with a very passionate action, " If the respect, which I shall equally preserve with my life, said he, did permit me in 'the least to contest with your thoughts, I would take the liberty to tell you, that by the-'sage you have received from him, and the horrible intentions he had expressed to you, the 'King your Brother, hath absolutely lost the priviledge which Nature gave him to dispose 'of you; and if your self had had a design to leave it to him, you would not have run the 'hazard of mortal dangers to avoid his Tyranny. In fine, If he may, and must dispose of 'you, he will never do it but in his own favour; and you will see your self reduced to the 'necessity, either of consenting to that horrible Marriage which he proposes to you or de-'nying his power to dispose of you. I found sufficiently convincing Reasons in *Ariobar-zanes*'s Discourse; yet it being a Subject upon which I was alwayes prepared, I did not continue without a Reply. " It will be very lawful, said I, for me to oppose *Adallas*'s will, 'as long as she shall have any design to be my Husband; and in this resolution I shall alwayes 'have Courage enough to suffer this death to which I am already sufficiently exposed, but I 'will never take the liberty to choose a Husband my self; and I must wait the leasure of 'Heaven for the change of my Brothers humor, or some other condition of my Affairs 'which may give me that liberty. " I will be contented to wait with you, Madam, replied 'the Prince, with a very submissive Action; and I shall be but too happy, if you permit 'me to engage my life upon the account of those changes. I know very well, that the hap-'pines which my Ambition aims at, is of too high a value to be attained by ordinary diffi-'culties; and it shall be without a murmuring thought, that I will attend upon the effects of 'your pity to the last period of my breath; use me as a criminal, if you see me in any im-'patience contrary to this resignation; and in the mean time, if you be pleased to think 'well of it, and if Heaven permits us to get out of this Island by some unexpected succour, 'let me have the honour to wait upon you to the place of your intended Retreat, and there 'let me regulate my life, according to the Orders which you shall please to give me, and 'seek some means, though with the greatest hazard, to work a change in the King your 'Brothers intentions to my advantage, or to see some change in yours, if his be un-'alterable.

My Relation would be too long, if I should repeat to you all the words we had together. In brief, I found the Discourse, and the Propositions of *Ariobarzanes*, too just to be contradicted; and we resolved at last, that if the gods should send us any means to save our selves, I should continue my Journey to the Court of the King of *Cilicia* my Uncle, whether *Ariobarzanes* should accompany me, and there leave me at liberty to consider what he might merit of me by his Services, whil'st he endeavoured by all manner of wayes to gain upon the spirit of the King my Brother, and employed all manner of powers, even that of *Augustus* himself, to cause him to consent to the design he had to serve me. But because *Ariobarzanes* knew the deadly hatred which the King of *Cilicia* had against his Family, for some Cruelty that the King of *Armenia* his Brother, had exercised against the Princes his Nephews; and was not ignorant, that in that Court he could not be in any security. We purposed that he should enter into *Cilicia al' incognito*, and from that moment should conceal from the persons of our Company, his name and condition under that of *Ariamenes*. This was so much the easier, because he had not as yet discovered himself to any, but to us, and there was little danger of his being known, after the Report of his Shipwrack had been so long current.

After

After that we had spent some time in fixing these Resolutions, I desired *Ariobarzanes* to acquaint me by what Adventure he had been cast upon that Rock, in the condition wherein we found him; which he did in a few words, which I will not repeat to you; for in brief, his Relation contained nothing else, but only that the King *Artaxus* his Brother, having received a Command from *Augustus*, to send him to *Rome*, with the Princess *Arsinoe* his Sister, to be educated there with a great many other Princes; and not daring to disobey that Order, caused him to imbark with the Princess his Sister to go that Voyage, which at first was prosperous enough, but at last upon the Coast of *Cilicia*, their Vessel was overtaken with the same Tempest that cast away ours, and so battered by the impetuousness of the storm, that he believed himself only to have escaped from the fury of the waves, by means of a Plank which he laid hold on, and the violence of the waves which drave him upon the Sand. That passage of his Discourse which he most insisted upon, was, concerning the Shipwrack of the Princess *Arsinoe*, whose loss, after he had made us a short description of her rare qualities, he deplored with so many tears, and so many strong sensible signs of grief, that I could not forbear weeping, and bewailing with him the loss of so extraordinary person, whom he had so dearly loved. He protested to me divers times, that nothing but Love, which took full possession of his Soul at first sight, was able to counterpoize his grief; and without the assistance of that passion which made it self Mistress of his heart above all the rest that had any room there, he should scarcely have had strength of spirit enough to defend himself against this affliction.

After I had endeavoured to give him some part of the Consolation which was necessary for him upon this occasion, he described to me the birth of his Love, which, he protested to me, was formed in his Soul the first moment of our first interview; and in the declaration he made to me of all his most particular thoughts, he expressed himself with such a grace, and was so skilful in taking his advantages where he found me weakest, that I perceived the fatal inclination I had for him to be augmented by this Relation.

Why should I detain you any longer upon this passage? I consented before we parted from that place, that he should love and serve me; and I permitted him to hope, either for those few dayes which in probability were left us, or for a longer time, if Heaven should please to give it us; that I would do all that my Duty could handsomly permit me to do, to express my acknowledgment and esteem to him. He seemed to be contented with this hope which I gave him, and ever since that moment he continued to serve me with so many marks of real Love, so much discretion and respect, and so much grace in all his actions, that I still found more fuel to encrease my flame. And yet he lived so with me before the persons of my Retinue, that no body could find any ground to suspect his real thoughts; only *Ericia*, who was acquainted with mine too, had knowledge of them. I confess at last, by his admirable parts, and handsome way of carriage towards me, he perfected the Conquest of my heart, so that at last I was constrained to avow to him, without dissimulation, that I loved him as much as I was permitted to love him; and to promise him that I would do all that my Duty would suffer me to do, never to have any other Husband but himself. I could make him this promise with so much the more liberty, because I had neither Father nor Mother living, by whose will mine ought to have been regulated; and the obedience, which after their death, was due to the King my Brother, seemed to me to be perfectly extinguished by his intentions which were so unconformable to that degree of Proximity, which might have given him that Command over me. In fine, my fair Princesses, If there was too much facility in this engagement of my Soul, I will not study to excuse it; and though possibly I might find some part of an excuse in the extraordinary merit of *Ariobarzanes*, yet I will not make use of it to secure my self from the blame which you may lay upon me for my weakness.

This union of our spirits, which was so well formed, would have given us mutual satisfaction, if the fear of approaching death had not cruelly crossed it; and as I perceived, that the fear which *Ariobarzanes* was in for me, was the ground of all his grief, and the cause of all his complaints; so I confess, that I loved him so well already, that my regret was no less, upon the consideration of his loss, than for my own. He did all that possibly he could, to dissemble part of his affliction before me, and he flattered me every day with some hope of succour; but when he came to consider, that in all probability I had but a few dayes

to

to live, all his Constancy was dissipated, and his great Courage could not hinder him from shewing all the marks of sensibility. 'Tis certain too, that in this Adventure, the weakness of my Sex did not hinder me from expressing as much Resolution as he; and I was often reduced to give him comfort, of which by little and little, he rendred himself uncapable. "Ah Madam, *said he to me one day*, How different are the Subjects of our 'grief? And how much greater ought my regret to be than yours, there being such an ine-'quality between the losses we are like to suffer? You are in danger of losing a life, which, 'as precious as it is, hath not been hitherto over dear unto you; but with my life, I lose the 'fairest Hopes, and the most glorious Fortune that ever any man aspired to. As he spake these words, he removed his eyes from off my face, to fix them upon the ground; and I saw them at the same time so overflown with tears, that I was extraordinarily moved at them. "*Ariobarzanes*, said I to him, I would have you conform your self to the will of 'the gods, who can succour us still, and possibly will do it, if we have merited their assist-'ance; if they have determined the end of our dayes, we must submit to it without re-'pugnance; and I desire you, that you would not let the grief which you apprehend for 'my loss, make you exceed the limits which your Courage ought to prescribe to it. "Ah! 'Madam, *replied the afflicted Prince*, How highly is your Resolution to be commended? 'but as much Constancy as you have received from Heaven, how hard would it be for you 'to make use of it, if the loss of *Ariobarzanes* were to you, as the loss of the Princess *O-'lympia* is to *Ariobarzanes*. Do not doubt (said I) but that I shall be as sensible of the 'loss of *Ariobarzanes*, as you can desire: But I shall support it more patiently, because it 'must be accompanied, and probably preceded by mine, than if I should continue in the 'World in the regret which that might cause me. "Alas! cryed he suddenly, Can it be 'possible, that within a few dayes, I should see these fair eyes closed up by death? Having uttered these few words, he continued by me like one half dead, and what endeavour so-ever I used to reduce him to a better condition, it was impossible for me to get any thing else from him, but sighs intermingled with sobs, and looks cast up towards Heaven.

We were oftentimes in a day upon this sorrowful Conversation; but our affliction was much augmented with our fear, when all our provisions were quite spent, and we had nothing at all to keep us alive, but a little Fish, which our people took with a great deal of difficulty; and it was so little, that there was not enough for half the persons there were of us; and that little being seasoned with nothing that might give it any relish, you may judge how long our dayes were like to continue with nothing but that nourishment, and a little water. As I did not take the same care of all the persons that were with me, as I did of my self; so there were some that were more sensible of our misery, than I. My Governess was the first, who being enfeebled with Age, and but of a weak Complexion beside, yielded to our misery; and after two dayes sickness only, breathed her last in my presence. I received this loss with all the sorrow I was capable of, in the condition whereunto I saw my self reduced; and looking upon her whil'st she expired, with my face overflown with tears, "Adieu Mother, *said I*, I shall shortly bear you Company; and were it not for 'that belief, your loss, a loss which I have been the cause of, would not be supportable. The good *Eurilas* her Husband being cast down with grief for the death of his Wife, and enfeebled by our miserable manner of life, survived her but two dayes, and left me deprived of his Conduct, and the comfort I received from him, in respect of his Age, his Prudence, and the affection he had to my interests.

Then it was, that I looked death in the face, as the approaching end of our miseries, I saw it present before my eyes, and thought upon nothing else; and yet truly the fear I had of it, troubled me more for *Ariobarzanes*, than for my self only. Looking upon him with an eye drowned in tears, whil'st I closed poor *Eurilas*'s eyes, and seeing no body but *Eri-cia* near us, "*Ariobarzanes, said I to him*, I hope, that within a few dayes you will ren-'der me the same office, and take care to see me buried. He was so sensible of these words, That instead of making any Reply, his face grew pale, his eyes closed, and he fell into a Swoun in my presence. I had my heart so pressed with this Accident, that I wanted but a little of bearing him Company; and *Ericia* was fain to assist him, and throw water upon his face, to make him recover his senses. When he came to himself, he brake out into such tender and passionate expressions, as would have broken the heart of the most insensible

ble perſons; I will not repeat them to you, becauſe theſe unneceſſary particulars would ſpin out my Diſcourſe into a tedious length.

In Concluſion, our condition was abſolutely deſperate; one of my Maids was dead ſince the death of *Evrilas*, and the number of all our men was reduced to two or three; only I was better provided for than the reſt, by the continual pains which *Ariobarzanes* took in catching Fiſh to nouriſh me, and to prolong my dayes as much as he could poſſibly, when one day being upon the ſhoar, employed in that exerciſe, he ſaw out at Sea two Veſſels engaged in Fight; but one of the two give way to the other, and defended it ſelf retiring, and by little and little approaching to our little Iſland. This ſight made him lift up his hands and eyes to Heaven, with ſome hope of ſuccour; and it increaſed more and more, when he ſaw the two Veſſels, the one chaſing, and the other retiring, take the direct way to the little Iſland, and come up cloſe to it. He began to diſcern particular Objects; when *Ericia*, and I came to a little riſing near the place where he was, where immediately I ſaw the ſame Spectacle; and after I had lifted up my hands to Heaven with a great cry, I ſent back *Ericia* to our Lodging, to fetch a linnen Cloth to faſten to the top of a Staffe, and by that ſign to deſire ſuccour of thoſe perſons which were in the Veſſels. But theſe were people, who took no notice of any ſigns we could make to them; and a little after, the Veſſel which fled before the other, having reached the ſhoar, thoſe that were in it, ſuddenly leap't out, and having gained the Rock as well as they could, they put themſelves into a poſture of defending themſelves againſt the Enemies which purſued them, and to diſpute their landing with all their force. Their number being much inferiour to the other, they had taken the ſhoar, to make uſe of the advantage of the place, againſt the inequality of their Forces.

I was too far off to ſee all theſe things diſtinctly; but *Ariobarzanes*, who was hard by, eaſily obſerved them, and ſaw that theſe perſons had a man of a gallant appearance at the Head of them, who preſently put them in a condition of fighting, and defending their lives by their Valour, againſt the number of their Enemies; he had hardly time to put them in Order, but their Enemies came up cloſe to the Iſland, and the moſt reſolute of them throwing themſelves firſt into the Water, which was up to their middles, advanced furiouſly towards the ſhoar, and without making uſe of their Arrows, which without doubt they had uſed in their former Combat upon the Sea, they engaged with their Enemies at handy blows, and in a little time began to make the ſhoar wear the red Livery of both parties. The weakeſt in number had an advantagious Poſt, which afforded them ſome means to reſiſt their Enemies Forces; and their Commander did ſo encourage them by his Voice, and by his Example, that their Adverſaries found a longer reſiſtance than they expected: But in fine, the laſt having received a ſupply of thoſe men who had ſtayed in the Veſſel, the firſt began to quit the ſhoar; and they had no ſooner left their footing, but the others hotly purſuing them, and landing with facility, made the Victory clearly to incline to their own ſide. The Commander of the weaker Party defended himſelf with a great deal of Valour, but it was difficult for him to prolong his deſtiny; for his Enemies uſing neither Generoſity nor Clemency towards him, or his, purſued them, and killed them without mercy. Part of them lay already dead upon the Turfe; and the Captain having received ſome wounds, and being encompaſſed by thoſe which were left, diſputed his life with more Courage than Hope, when *Ariobarzanes*, who till then had been a Spectator of the Combat, without ſtirring out of his place, and had waited upon the ſucceſs, in hope to be beholding to the Conquerours for our ſafety, perceived (mauger the intereſt that might make him flatter the ſtrongeſt ſide, in hope to get out of miſery by their means) his natural generoſity to arouze it ſelf, and not being able to endure that Valiant men ſhould be cruelly murthered by a greater number than their own, without ſome endeavour on his part to aſſiſt them, he ran to them with an admirable ſpeed, and ſeizing immediately upon one of the dead mens Swords and Buckler, he flew amongſt his Enemies, though unknown, with ſuch a Confidence, as made me grow pale, and tremble in the place from whence I beheld it. I ſhewed him to *Ericia*, who returned to me with the linnen Cloth ſhe went for, and we began both of us to invoke the gods for his ſafety, and to beg their aſſiſtance with more fervency, than ever we had done in all the time of our miſery.

In the mean time *Ariobarzanes* having his left Arm covered with a Shield, and brandiſhing his Sword in his right, threw himſelf preſently into the thickeſt preſs, with ſo terrible a

fierceneſs, that if till then, by reaſon of his handſomneſs, and the ſweetneſs of his countenance, he ſeemed to me an *Adonis*, or ſomething far more beautiful; in this poſture he appeared like *Mars*, or ſomething much more formidable. Both Parties were immediately ſenſible of his Arrival; the ſtronger, by the damage which it received; and the weaker, by the ſuccour which he gave it. I could tell you, Ladies, of ſuch things as you would hardly credit, if theſe examples of prodigious Valour were not familiar to you; and if that which you have ſeen *Ceſario* and *Artaban* do, did not make you find a probability in the Relation of the ſtrangeſt things. *Ariobarzanes* was alone, without any other Arms but a Sword and Buckler; and yet his Valour appeared to be ſuch in the firſt actions which he did, and the firſt blows which he ſtruck, that the vanquiſhed Party amongſt whom he ranged himſelf, received a greater aſſiſtance from him, than it would have done from a number of men of ordinary Valour; and their Enemies having ſeen two or three of their boldeſt Companions laid dead by this unknown hand, looked upon him with aſtoniſhment, were ſomewhat terrified at his ſight. They had already reduced the Captain of the vanquiſhed Party to ſuch an extremity, that not being able to ſuſtain himſelf any longer, he fell upon a corner of the Rock with very weakneſs and wearineſs, where he who ſeemed to be Commander of his Enemies, leaping to him without pity, had his Arm lifted up to ſheath his Sword in his Breaſt, when *Ariobarzanes*, who had taken particular notice of that man, whoſe life was more conſiderable than any of the reſt, and preventing with a reverſe the mortal blow which his Adverſary made at him, cut off his Arm cloſe by the ſhoulder, and made it fall, together with his Sword, amongſt the feet of the Combatants. After this action, putting himſelf before him whom he had ſuccoured, and covering him with his Shield, " Ariſe, ſaid he, and ſummon up all your Forces for the defence of your life, the 'gods will aſſiſt you, if you do not loſe your Courage. As he ſpake theſe words, he did ſo ſcatter thoſe which were hotteſt about him, that having laid another of them at his feet, the reſt were afraid of his blows, and kept at ſuch a diſtance from him, that the man which was down had the opportunity to get up to recover his Sword, and to recall his Vigour which was almoſt extinct, and to encourage his men to a couragious defence. He found more facility in it than he expected; and his Enemies by the death of their Commander, whom *Ariobarzanes* had deprived of life, and by the aſtoniſhment which ſeized upon them at the ſight of the wonders which they ſaw the unknown perform, were ſtruck with an extraordinary Terrour, and loſt a good part of their Fury. *Ariobarzanes* ſeeing them waver, and ſtagger in the uncertainty of a Victory, which a few moments before was abſolutely in their hands, animating both by word and example thoſe whoſe part he had taken, beat down thoſe which made Head againſt him, with ſo much force, that he cleared his paſſage every way, and reſtored his Companions to the hope of Safety and of Victory.

Alas! *My fair Princeſſes*, in what a condition was I in the mean time; and if on the one ſide, the prodigious actions of my *Ariobarzanes* filled me with admiration, and raviſhed me with joy, to ſee that that Prince whom we found ſo excellent in all his other parts, was yet more admirable in this, the moſt eſſential and moſt commendable part in a Prince to whom I had given my affections; with how much fear was I environed, ſeeing with what neglect of his life, he threw himſelf amongſt the points of ſo many Swords that were turned againſt him? Some other perſon, better verſed than I in the deſcription of Combats, would, without doubt, give you a more exact Relation of this: All that I ſhall ſay of it is, That the Commander of that Party which *Ariobarzanes* had engaged for, after he had ſpent ſome moments in admiration of the things which he ſaw him do, and in the firſt acknowledgment of the Safety he owed to him, ſeeing in what manner he opened the way to Victory, ſeconded him with a great deal of Vigour, and ſo encouraged his men, whom *Ariobarzanes* alſo, not feeling himſelf capable of compleating the Victory alone, did continually animate both by words and actions, that at laſt they charged their Enemies with ſuch Fury as they could not ſupport; and when they had filled them with fear and diſorder, they purſued them with ſo much eagerneſs and reſentment, that in a few moments, they gave the beſt part of them their mouths full of dirt, and the reſt leaving behind them their Victory, with their Companions, either dead or wounded, leap't into the Water, and got again to their Veſſel with all the ſpeed they could make. Divers of them periſhed before they could get on Board, and thoſe, whom a little before they had uſed with ſo much

Cruelty,

Cruelty, being extraordinarily animated with Revenge, made uſe of their Victory with extream Rigour.

This Combat being finiſhed in this manner, and the men having no more Enemies to fight with, ranked themſelves about their Commander with great marks of Reſpect; and their Commander, who as feeble, as weary, and as wounded as he was, had his Soul repleniſhed with admiration and acknowledgment for *Ariobarzanes*, ſtriving with his weakneſs and wearineſs to go to him, accoſted him with a countenance, which ſufficiently ſignified his reſentment. If he had been aſtoniſhed at his Valour, he was no leſs ſurprized at the compoſition of his Perſon, and ſeeing a Body formed in every part according to the exacteſt Model of perfection; and a countenance, which at *Ariobarzanes* Age, might have paſſed for one of the ſofter Sex, and have ſurpaſſed the handſomeſt of them; he was ſo raviſhed, that for a long time he could do nothing elſe but view him from head to foot, not knowing whether he ſhould take him for a god, or for a mortal perſon.

The modeſt *Ariobarzanes* making no reflection upon the cauſe of his aſtoniſhment, began to ſpeak to him with a great deal of ſweetneſs and civility, asking him if he was not wounded, and if he had not need of reſt, after the great pains he had endured, and the great Combat he had fought. "We have finiſhed a Combat, *replied the unknown*, whereof the Glory is all yours, in which you have ſaved my life; and not only mine, but of all 'the perſons which bear me Company; and in which you have done ſuch things, as being 'joined to the other Prodigies which I obſerve in your Perſon, fill me ſo full of admiration, 'that I have ſcarce time to think upon my wounds, and the repoſe which is neceſſary for me. "You ſee nothing in me, *modeſtly anſwered Ariobarzanes*, but what is very common; and 'in putting my ſelf to ſome hazard for your aſſiſtance, I have done nothing, but what 'all vertuous perſons are obliged to do, and what I am very glad I have done, ſuppoſing I 'have rendred this little piece of Service, to a man which doth not carry the marks of a 'vulgar perſon. "'Tis true, *replied the unknown*, I am of no common extraction, and 'Fortune hath given me means enough to requite a good turn, if I had recived it of a per-'ſon, who might be paid with ordinary recompences; but if I be not deceived in my opi-'nion of you, I fear I ſhall be a long time ungrateful, if Heaven doth not favour me with 'ſome extraordinary occaſion, as to that deſign. "The Service which you have received 'from me, is very ſlight, *replied Ariobarzanes*; but ſuch as it is, you have an opportunity 'amply to requite it, not only in ſaving a life which I was upon the point to loſe, had you 'not arrived here; but the lives of other perſons too, who are in the ſame neceſſity of 'your aſſiſtance, and whoſe ſafety is of much greater importance than mine. "O gods! '*cryed the unknown*, Is this poſſible that you tell me, and ſhall I be ſo happy as to be able 'to render you part of that which you have beſtowed upon me?

Upon theſe words, *Ariobarzanes* briefly acquainted him with the Shipwrack we had ſuffered, the condition we were in for want of proviſions, and a Veſſel to carry us off, and the expectation of our certain death, if his Arrival had been deferred but a few dayes longer; he made him this Diſcourſe, without telling him either his own name or mine, being reſolved not to diſcover himſelf, before he knew my pleaſure; and the ſtranger, without asking him any thing at that time more than he deſired to tell him, expreſſing an extraordinary joy in his looks, "I praiſe the gods, *ſaid he*, for the good Fortune they ſend me 'beyond my hopes, and I proteſt before them, that I will make ſuch uſe of it, that no body 'ſhall ever poſſibly accuſe me of ingratitude: I will not only carry you, and the perſons 'which are with you out of this place; but if the abſolute Command which I offer you in 'thoſe places where I can claim it, cannot cauſe you to ſtay there, I will cauſe you to be con-'ducted to any part of the World whether you would retire; and in all reſpects I will ex-'preſs the acknowledgment which is due to the miraculous preſerver of my life. Having ſpoken theſe words, he would have gone along with *Ariobarzanes*, to look for thoſe perſons which he had ſignified to him to be ſo conſiderable, but *Ariobarzanes* ſeeing that he was weak, and loſt blood, prayed him to retire into his Veſſel, to cauſe his wounds to be bound up, ſuppoſing that it might be more commodiouſly done there, than in the little Iſland, where we were not provided of any thing neceſſary for that purpoſe, whil'ſt he went to ſeek us to conduct us into his Veſſel. The unknown gave way to *Ariobarzanes*'s will, and ſome of his men being gone to put the Skiffe into the water, he paſſed into his Veſſel with

his men, whil'ſt the joyful *Ariobarzanes* came back to us to acquaint us with his good fortune, and ours.

You need not doubt, but that the fear which I had during the Combat, was ſucceeded by an exceſſive joy, when I perceived the ſucceſs of it; and that from the place where I was, I could obſerve that it ſuited with my deſires, though I was not without ſome trouble, for fear *Ariobarzanes* might have received ſome hurt. I ſaw that the Commander of thoſe men whom he had aſſiſted, being followed by all his Company, came to him; and though I did not hear their Diſcourſe, yet I conceived, and partly knew by their action, that it expreſſed their thankfulneſs. I had two cauſes of joy at the ſame time almoſt equally great, the one to ſee *Ariobarzanes* eſcaped from that great danger with ſo much glory, after he had performed ſuch actions as made me know him to be one of the moſt valiant men in the World; and the other, to ſee our ſelves probably upon the point of being freed from the danger of death which had ſo long threatned us, and from which we had ſo little hope to eſcape. I began for all that to wonder, when I ſaw all the men go away, and reconduct their Captain to the Veſſel, without taking us with them; and I apprehended that all was not well, when I ſaw *Ariobarzanes* come to us. His Cloaths in ſome places were covered with the blood of his Enemies, and the heat of the Combat had overſpread his Cheeks with a colour which made him look more handſome than ordinary. I did not know what to expect from him, when by the chearfulneſs of his countenance I gueſſed he had no bad News to tell us, and he expreſſed as much in coming to us, throwing himſelf at my knees with Tranſports full of violence; "Madam, *ſaid he to me*, you ſhall not dye, and 'tis not 'without reaſon, that I alwayes hoped for particular aſſiſtances from Heaven for you. I 'will not render you, *continued he with tears of joy*, the Office for which you deſigned 'me, and it ſhall not be in this Iſland, that you ſhall receive from *Ariobarzanes* the Duties 'of a Burial. He uſed many more expreſſions of joy and tranſport; but in all the actions which were occaſioned by his joy, he made it alwayes ſufficiently appear, that his contentments were much greater for my ſafety, than for his own; my ſatisfaction was not inferiour to his, and believing that it was unneceſſary to diſſemble it before him and *Ericia*. "*Ariobarzanes*, *ſaid I*, I rejoyce, as I ought to do, to ſee you eſcaped out of ſo great a 'danger with ſo much glory; and I am ſenſible, as you may very well judge me to be, of 'the happineſs we have in being reſcued from the death which we expected. I look upon 'both occaſions of joy with little difference, and you ought not to believe that I am leſs 'contented to ſee *Ariobarzanes* Conqueror in ſo gallant a Combat, than to underſtand that 'we are upon the point of getting off from a place, where we believed we ſhould lay our 'Bones.

I was too favourable in my expreſſions without doubt, if you cenſure them with any Rigour; and *Ariobarzanes*'s joy was ſo augmented by them, that it would have broken out into exceſs, if he had not taken notice of the coming of thoſe few perſons that were ſtill left of my Retinue, who upon the report of that great Combat, which one of them had related to his Companions, came all about me to receive my Commands. I ordered them to go and fetch thoſe things of ours which were worth the carrying; and the gods know, away they ran with exceſſive contentment, and were no long time in returning; theſe poor people being quite tranſported to ſee themſelves almoſt miraculouſly delivered from a death which they believed to be inevitable, did ſuch things as ſufficiently ſignified the diſorder which joy had occaſioned in their Souls; and this ſpectacle did ſo move me to tenderneſs, that I could not hinder my ſelf from ſhedding tears after their example.

In the mean time we enquired of Prince *Ariobarzanes*, if he was not wounded; and after he had retired aſide to ſearch himſelf, he told us he had a little hurt upon his left Arm, and the skin of his body a little razed in two or three places. I praiſed the gods for this good Fortune, and when all our little Company was come together, we marched towards the ſhoar, where we found the Skiffe which waited for us to conduct us into the Veſſel. We paſſed into it, thanking Heaven for our Fortune; and though I looked upon the Rocky Iſland which we left behind us, as upon a place where a few moments before I thought to have found my Grave, and where I had loſt ſome perſons, whoſe remembrance did very ſenſibly afflict me; yet I confeſs I could not hate it, when I remembred that it had beſtowed *Ariobarzanes* upon me; and the Prince, as he hath told me ſince, looked upon it with tender-

tenderneſs, when he remembred that within its little compaſs, a paſſion had received its birth, which cauſed all the care and engagement of his life.

As we entred into the Veſſel, *Ariobarzanes*, who led me, underſtood that the Maſter of the Veſſel, and of the perſons that were in it, was in his Cabin, with the Principal of his Retinue, where he had already cauſed his wounds to be dreſſed, and waited with great impatience to ſee the valiant Defender of his life again. We went immediately thither, without ſtaying amongſt the reſt of the perſons; but as ſoon as the door was open, the firſt man that met us, had no ſooner caſt his eyes upon my face, but ſtepping backwards all amazed, *O gods!* cryed he, *This is the Princeſs* Olympia. At the name of *Olympia*, his Maſter, who lay upon his Bed, though much incommodated with his wounds, raiſing himſelf up, and turning his head toward me, repeating the name of *Olympia*, made me ſee that which I avoided with the hazard of my life, and that was the face of the King my Brother.

Imagine, my Princeſſes, the greatneſs of my aſtoniſhment, or rather fancy to your ſelves the greateſt that ever any Soul was ſurprized with, and you will conceive a part of mine. At the ſight of this face which was ſo terrible to me, I was ſuddenly blaſted, my Viſage grew pale, my Tongue was immoveable, I trembled all over, and I wanted but little of loſing all ſenſe and underſtanding. The moſt hideous thing that I ſaw upon the waters, when we were expoſed to their fury, and the moſt cruel thing that I imagined in the approaches of that death which I had lately eſcaped, was nothing ſo dreadful to me, as this Encounter; and I wiſhed divers times in that moment, rather to be expoſed again to the fury of the waves, and the mercileſs famine, than to have been in *Adallas*'s preſence; but I was not alone in my ſurprize, never was there a more general aſtoniſhment in any Company; and if mine was eaſie to be obſerved in my countenance, *Adallas*'s was no leſs depencilled out in his, and *Ariobarzanes*'s was as great as either. *Adallas* looked upon me with a variety of paſſions which he could not expreſs; and he looked upon *Ariobarzanes* with an emotion which was legible in his eyes, and the troubledneſs of his countenance. I looked upon *Adallas*, not only as my Perſecutor, whom I had fled from by Sea, at the mercy of ſo many dangers; but being ſenſible of ſome ſmall reproach, or at leaſt ſome accuſation, becauſe of *Ariobarzanes*'s preſence, and the affection I bare him, I looked upon *Adallas* as my Judge, with ſo much fear, that I durſt hardly fix my eyes upon his face; and I had not ſo much confidence, as to look upon *Ariobarzanes*; and *Ariobarzanes*, who by what he ſaw, did already comprehend the Truth; looked upon *Adallas*, not as my Brother, but as my Lover, and as his Rival, and cruel Enemy; and out of the fear he had to diſpleaſe me, and the part he took in my confuſion, he durſt not raiſe his eyes up to my face. All theſe looks proceeding from ſo many different paſſions, were accompanied with an equal ſilence throughout the whole Cabin, and all the perſons which were there, diſcourſed with their eyes inſtead of their tongues, in an amazement whereof they all participated; and as they were all perſons intereſſed either in *Adallas*'s thoughts or mine, they all waited with fear or uncertainty for the end of this ſilence, and the event of this interview.

Ariobarzanes had no opportunity to ſpeak firſt, I had not the confidence to do it, and 'twas *Adallas* at laſt that brake the ſilence which had been ſo long obſerved. Yet he continued a good while, conſidering which of all his paſſions ſhould put the firſt words into his mouth; and as to my misfortune, his love was the moſt prevalent, ſo that was the firſt that deſired to make it ſelf appear, and expreſs ſome marks of his joy for my recovery, rather than of his diſpleaſure for my flight, or of his growing jealouſie at the meeting of *Ariobarzanes! O gods!* cryed he, *Do you then reſtore me back* Olympia, *whom I deſpaired of ſeeing any more; and in the Arms of death, which I believed to be inevitable, do you cauſe me to find* Olympia? He made a ſtop at theſe firſt words, to obſerve by my eyes how I had received them; but ſeeing me caſt them down without replying, with an action which ſufficiently confirmed him in the knowledge he might have of my diſpleaſure. *I ſee very well,* Olympia, replied he, *I ſee very well that you are ſtill* Olympia, *that is that cruel and pitileſs Princeſs, whom I have not been able to mollifie by all the effects of my paſſion; that implacable Enemy, that flies me throughout the World as a Monſter; that to avoid me, caſts her ſelf into the moſt dreadful dangers; and at preſent is more afflicted with meeting of me, than ſhe was without doubt with the fear of that death which ſhe had preſent before her eyes, when Fortune conducted me to her aſſiſtance.*

In

In the time that he was ſpeaking theſe few words, having recovered ſome Courage, and looking upon him with more confidence than before, " Yes Sir, *ſaid I to him*, I am 'as much afflicted at the meeting of you, as I ſhould be comforted, if I found you ſuch as 'you ſhould be towards a Siſter. The gods know, that if you had recovered your rational 'thoughts, or had never fallen into thoſe which cauſe ſo much horrour in me, I ſhould have 'been ſo far from throwing my ſelf into danger to avoid you as a Monſter, that I ſhould 'have expoſed my ſelf to all manner of ſufferings, rather than have ſeparated my ſelf from 'the preſence, and the friendſhip of my Brother; but to avoid thoſe deteſtable perſecuti-'ons which have made me deſpiſe, and hate my life, all that hitherto, either tempeſt or ta-'mine could threaten, ſeems ſo light to me, that to eſcape a leſſer miſchief, I ſhould wil-'lingly throw my ſelf into far more manifeſt dangers. " Thoſe very dangers, *replied* '*Adalias*, by which you prove to me the greatneſs of your hatred, do equally declare to 'you the greatneſs of my love; and if to avoid me, you expoſed your ſelf to the fury of 'the inconſtant Seas, and to other miſeries, by which poſſibly the gods had a mind to puniſh 'your cruelty; to ſeek you, I have not only thrown my ſelf upon the ſame Sea, and into 'thoſe cruel Adventures wherein you ſaw me to day, and by which I am reduced to this 'condition wherein you ſee me now; but together with my perſon, I hazard a whole King-'dom, which I abandoned for love of you, and left to run after you, upon the point, it 'may be, of a greater Revolution. But *Olympia, continued he, raiſing his voyce, and deli-vering himſelf with a more terrible accent*, " I need not ſeek any longer for the laſt cauſes of 'your flight, your hatred was not the only ground of it, and love without doubt had a 'ſhare in it. I had good reaſon to doubt, that it was not ſufficient for you to hate *Adalias*, 'but that you muſt needs love ſomething elſe, to be inſpired with ſo much Courage; and at 'laſt I perceived the truth of my doubts, by the meeting with this too handſome, and too 'valiant unknown, whom you have ſought after, or rather, whom you have followed in 'your flight.

He made me a ſhort ſtop at theſe words, and *Ariobarzanes* and I, opened our mouths both at the ſame time to make a Reply, but he prevented us by the continuation of his diſ-courſe, and looking fully upon *Ariobarzanes* with an action full of fury and of grief, *Ah!* ſaid he with a loud Exclamation, *Whoſoever thou art, Thou valiant Defender, and cruel Tor-mentor of my dayes; Ah! How dearly doſt thou ſell me the life which I hold of thee? And to how much greater an extremity haſt thou reduced me, than that was wherein thou ſaweſt me ſtand in need of thy ſuccour, in taking from me, by the obligation which I have to thee for this unfortunate life, the means of depriving thee, without ingratitude and baſeneſs, of thine, which I cannot leave thee, but with the loſs of all the repoſe, and all the felicity of mine own?* He ſpake theſe words with ſuch an action as made me tremble; *Ariobarzanes* changed colour too, but it was out of reſentment, being not accuſtomed to endure threatnings patiently; and I ſaw very well by his countenance, that the fear of diſpleaſing me, or of rendring my condition worſe than it was by his Diſcourſe, was the only cauſe of his greateſt trouble; I took too great a ſhare in it to neglect the occaſion of eaſing him of it to the utmoſt of my power, and ſuddenly preventing the Anſwer which he intended, " Sir, *ſaid I to the King*, 'you may give what credit you pleaſe to my Diſcourſe, and I will not ſeek to juſtifie an acti-'on ſo innocent, that I may rather expect to be commended, than to be blamed for it; but 'I deſire of the gods, which in part of my miſeries I have not invoked in vain, that they 'would leave me deſtitute of all ſuccour in my laſt diſgraces, if ever I beheld this ſtranger, 'if ever I thought of him, or ever heard ſpeak of him, before I found him in the Iſland, 'where it pleaſed the gods he ſhould be for the defence of your life, whether by a ſhipwrack 'like to ours, he was carried half dead upon the ſhoar the ſame day that our Veſſel was caſt 'away; you know well enough what means we have had to ſeparate our ſelves ſince, and 'you accuſe him very unjuſtly for having any hand in my flight; ſeeing what reproach ſo-'ever you caſt upon me, you cannot poſſibly be ignorant that I have vertue enough to have 'done that upon the ſingle conſideration of my Duty, which you impute to the aſſiſtance 'of another paſſion which I was never ſenſible of. " If you were not ſenſible of it then, '*replied the King*, you may have been touched with it ſince, and ſo without doubt you are; 'I knew it by your countenance, and by your Diſcourſe; I knew it by the expreſſions of 'the unknown, when he prayed me to free you from the danger wherein you were; I

'know

'know it by all your actions, which know not how to deceive ſuch eyes as are ſo intereſſed 'as mine; and I know it more than by all other marks by the qualities of this unknown, 'which are too great, and too amiable for my repoſe; and without doubt, have been ſo to 'for the conſervation of yours. " Sir, *ſaid* Ariobarzanes *at laſt to him with a very con-'fident action, and a compoſed countenance,* I am neither Maſter of thoſe great qualities 'whereupon you ſeem to ground your ſuſpition, neither would the Princeſs your Siſter, if 'ſhe had diſcovered any ſuch in me, have poſſibly looked upon them in an unknown perſon, 'and of an inferiour Birth to hers. This is, in my thoughts, as much as I can ſay as to her 'ſentiments; but as for mine, Sir, I leave you freely to judge of them; nor will I go a-'bout to diſguize or juſtifie them, out of the fear of death, which I have ſeen this very day 'in divers forms, without expreſſing much fearfulneſs, and with which I was never threat-'ned by any one before. " Thou wouldeſt juſtifie thy ſelf, *replied* Adallas, and thou 'would'ſt diſguize thy ſelf in vain from me, either out of fear of death, or upon any o-'ther conſideration; thy qualities are but too remarkable, and I ſee nothing in thy perſon, 'but what makes me judge thee to be of no mean extraction; and the higher it is, the 'more fatal ſhall my knowledge of it be to thee; and thou wilt never be ſo odious, nor ſo 'cruel an Enemy to me, as when I ſhall ſee thee in a condition publickly to aſpire to the 'poſſeſſion of *Olympia.* Let me therefore know no more of it, and take notice that For-'tune hath given me this day a greater occaſion than ever ſhe could offer me, to exerciſe all 'my vertue. I will do all that poſſibly I can to avoid the reproach which may be caſt up-'on me, of ingratitude and baſeneſs towards thee; and yet I will do my endeavour too, to 'hinder thee from triumphing over my misfortune, and the acknowledgment I owe for the 'benefit I have received of thee; and I will make ſuch uſe of it if I can, that thou may'ſt 'have no cauſe to complain, nor yet to deride me.

As he ended theſe words, by misfortune, *Ariobarzanes* caſt his eyes upon my face, and mine at the ſame moment being turned towards his, *Adallas* ſurprized us in that mutual aſ-pect, which poſſibly had ſomething more of tenderneſs and paſſion in it, than ordinary looks. The ſight made him fall into a fury which he could not diſſemble, and raiſing his voyce more than before, " Ah! this is too much, *cryed he,* this is too much to be decla-'red to a ſpirit which was but too well informed of this truth before; your looks do ſuffici-'ently interpret your thoughts, and thou want'ſt but a little, thou too too audacious ſtran-'ger, of forcing me beyond the limits which I would preſcribe to my juſt reſentments; in 'the name of the gods do not provoke any farther, a Soul tormented with the moſt cruel 'paſſions, and leave me ſome houres at liberty to deliberate of thy deſtiny and mine. " My 'deſtiny, *ſaid* Ariobarzanes *(who began to be moved, and would not have endured ſo much, if 'he had not been afraid to diſpleaſe me)* would not be at thy diſpoſing, if I had not pro-'longed thine by my Valour. " I know it too well, *interrupted* Adallas, I know it too 'well; and if the memory of it were not freſh, thou ſhould'ſt not ſee me waver, as I 'do, in a cruel uncertainty.

Ariobarzanes went out of the Cabin without making any Reply, but not without ex-preſſing to me, by a ſtollen look, the divers agitations of his Soul, and the violence he uſed to himſelf upon my conſideration. I ſaw him go out with an emotion, which it was im-poſſible for me abſolutely to diſſemble; and *Adallas* being intereſſed, preſently perceived it, and reproached me with it upon the place. I took little care to juſtifie my ſelf before a man to whom I thought my ſelf to owe no Duty; and if I did take any, 'twas more for *A-riobarzanes*'s ſecurity, than out of any reſpect to my ſelf. When he was gone forth, the King conſtraining me to ſit down by his Beds-ſide, ſet his paſſion before my eyes, in the moſt moving terms that it could furniſh him withall, and repreſented to me the pains and the hazards to which he had expoſed himſelf in following me, as proofs of affection, for which he judged I was very reduceable to him; but the more he ſpake of it, the more repugnance I had to hear him; and at laſt my patience being tired, I ſo much encouraged my ſelf, that contemning all the power he could have over me, and looking upon him with a diſdain, not conformable to the thoughts we ordinarily have for a Brother and a King. " *Adallas,* '*ſaid I to him,* Do not think thou haſt found any favourable change in thy condition by this 'encounter, and think that *Olympia* is not ſo fallen into thy hands, but that ſhe can get out 'of them when ſhe pleaſes; the wayes are alwayes open to perſons, who like her, know

'how

'how to condemn death; and thou may'ſt be well aſſured, that to flie thy Arms, ſhe will 'make no difficulty to caſt her ſelf into the embraces of death. Do not think therefore to 'triumph over my former Reſolutions, by the power which Fortune ſeems to have given 'thee over me; and believe with an abſolute certainty, that at that moment when thou 'ſhalt go about to abuſe it, I will either throw my ſelf into the Sea in thy preſence, or ſheath 'a weapon in my Breaſt; or if theſe means of avoiding thy Tyranny, be taken from me 'by force, I will infallibly obtain that by faſting, which may be denied me by any other aſ-ſiſtance.

I ſpake theſe words with ſuch a reſolute action, that *Adallas* did not doubt, but that I had Courage enough to execute what I expreſſed; and having a freſh example of what I had lately done, he certainly believed, that a perſon who had braved death with ſo much aſ-ſurance, and by the memory of the dangers which ſhe had lately eſcaped, was not flag-gered at all in her deſigns, was capable of undertaking any thing, and of throwing her ſelf into greater extremities than the former, when ſhe ſhould ſee her ſelf conſtrained to it. The reflection he made upon it, kept him a long time from ſpeaking, lifting every mo-ment his eyes to Heaven, and uſing ſuch geſtures as did ſufficiently expreſs the trouble and the inquietude of his ſpirit. At laſt breaking ſilence, and looking upon me with an action full of the marks of his paſſion, " *Olympia, ſaid he to me*, the gods are my witneſſes, 'that if it were in my power to ceaſe from loving you, I would cure my ſelf of this paſſi-'on which is ſo diſagreeable to you for our common repoſe, and that henceforward I have 'ſo little hope to conquer your inclinations, that I would no longer endeavour to conteſt 'with them; but ſeeing that in the violence whereunto my love is arrived, this hope is for-'bidden me, I cannot *Olympia*, I cannot promiſe you that I will ceaſe to love you. Neither 'will I promiſe you, that I will give you no more teſtimonies of my love by my diſcourſe 'and actions; it will be difficult for me to live near you, without making that appear to you 'which takes up my whole life. I will love you to my Grave, and to my Grave I will re-'ſerve to you, that I cannot ceaſe to love; but I will promiſe you, and do now promiſe you 'before all the gods, That I will never employ any thing whil'ſt I live, but love, perſeve-'rance, and all the devoirs of a true lover to perſwade you, without having recourſe to the 'Authority which my Birth gives me, and I was heretofore reſolved to make uſe of. Yes, '*Olympia*, you may be very certain, that you ſhall never be forced to give me thoſe teſti-'monies of your affection which I might deſire, if you be not induced to do it by my love 'and ſervices, and with the aſſurance you may return without fear into a Kingdom, where 'you ſhall reign as in my heart; but withall believe aſſuredly, that I will never conſent 'whil'ſt I breath to anothers happineſs, but will rather undo all, and bury my ſelf in the 'ruines of our Family, than permit that any body elſe ſhould obtain that of you, which 'you ſo cruelly deny me. In fine, *Olympia*, I will never enjoy you by force, nor will I 'ever ſuffer any other to poſſeſs you, as long as I ſhall have any life left to hinder it; and if 'it be poſſible for me, I will be the death of all thoſe who ſhall have the intention to 'do it.

Theſe words made me tremble upon *Aricbarzanes*'s Account, to whom this menace was particularly addreſſed; but finding ſome conſolation in the promiſe which *Adallas* made me, never to force me to marry him, I thought it beſt to make uſe of this good motion, in expectation that Heaven might ſend me more abſolute aſſiſtance; and that by time, and the Accidents which might happen in my life, there might arrive a greater change in my For-tune. " Sir, *ſaid I to him upon this thought*, you would undoubtedly obtain a very glo-'rious Victory, if you could baniſh out of your Soul this paſſion which is ſo fatal to your 'repoſe, and ſo injurious to your Reputation, and you ſecure me but from one half of my 'pains in reſerving to your ſelf the liberty of loving me, and of continuing to give me te-'ſtimonies of that fury which you call love. Yet I will endure them more patiently, than 'the violence which I feared at your hands; and if you obſerve the promiſe you have 'made me, never to uſe your Authority to conſtrain me, I will be contented to wait till the 'gods ſhall change your inclinations, without uſing any extremity againſt my life.

The King being well pleaſed to ſee me a little recompoſed, confirmed his promiſe to me, and I conceived ſome ſmall hope, that time might work ſome favourable revolution in my Fortune.

In the mean time the Chyrurgions prayed the King to give ſome intermiſſion to this long and vehement Converſation, if he would not have his wounds grow worſe; and twas with a great deal of conſtraint that he reſolved to keep ſilence, and to let me go from him for ſome few houres. I had the liberty to walk in the Veſſel, and ſo had *Ariobarzanes* too, the King having taken no care to retain him any other way, knowing very well that he had no means to get out of his power, but by throwing himſelf amongſt the waves; but though I ſaw him, and had a thouſand things to ſay to him, yet I durſt not ſpeak to him, ſeeing my ſelf obſerved by all the Kings Retinue, who were as ſo many Spies, and could not have informed him that I entred into a particular Converſation with *Ariobarzanes*, without redoubling his Jealouſie, which might have broken out into Tragical effects; yet my looks, which I did not retain with ſo much Circumſpection as in the Kings preſence, did partly declare my thoughts to him; and fearing leſt they ſhould fail in the diſcovery of my mind, one time, when I ſaw his eyes fixed upon me, I took my Bodkin out of my Head, and making as if I played with it, and made ſome letters upon one of the boards of the Veſſel; after I had amuſed my ſelf in that manner for a while, at laſt I wrote my intention there in a few words, making him a ſmall ſign with a private wink, that when I was gone from thence, he ſhould come and read what I had written. *Ariobarzanes* eaſily apprehended my deſign, and coming into the place a little after I was gone, he did not fail to look what I had written; and though the letters were ill made upon the wood, yet he made a ſhift, with ſome trouble, to read theſe few words, " Bridle your great Courage, if you love me, 'endure any thing at the Kings hands, ſo long as his reſentments go no farther than words, 'and endeavour to gain his heart by ſubmiſſion and ſervices. *Ariobarzanes read theſe words, which immediately after he ſcratched out with a Bodkin, only ſubſcribing*, I will obey.

In the mean time we were all attended upon by the Kings Officers, and though they knew the reſentment he had againſt *Ariobarzanes*, they could not chooſe but love him for his rare qualities, remembring the wonders he had done in their defence, to which they were ſenſible that they were beholding for their lives. That little of the day which remained, and the Night following paſt away, before we ſaw the King again, there being another Cabin in the Veſſel, whereinto I was put with my Maids; and *Ariobarzanes* being accommodated amongſt the men, who all looked upon him with Veneration.

The next day the Chyrurgions ſeeing that the Kings wounds grew worſe, and knowing that the Sea, and the agitation of the Veſſel were naught for him, they told him that he muſt of neceſſity land at the neareſt Port, and continue there till his wounds were in a better condition, if he would not put his life in great danger. *Adallas* received this News with impatience, and yet he was neceſſitated to reſolve upon it; and being not far diſtant from the Coaſts of *Cilicia*, and the Iſland of *Cyprus*, he commanded the Veſſel to put in to land with all ſpeed; not in *Cilicia*, for he knew that there it was where I would have choſen my Retreat; and he was afraid to ſee the King our Uncle, who probably would not have approved of the wicked intentions he had for me; but in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, where in the next Town he might attend the cure of his wounds. Yet he ordered his men to conceal his Name, and not to diſcover him to any body, during all the time he ſhould be forced to continue there. This order being given, and the Veſſel being turned that way, the King made me be called, and after his firſt Diſcourſes, which were ſtill of the ordinary ſtile, and that he had told me that he had reſolved what to do with *Ariamenes* (whom he knew by that Name) he commanded him to be brought into his Chamber. The Prince came in, and approached his Bed with a countenance which were no marks of fear, and which cauſed admiration and love in all thoſe that ſaw him. The King looked upon him a while without ſpeaking, and then beginning to diſcourſe with a more compoſed action than the day before, " *Ariamenes, ſaid he*, The gods are my Witneſſes, that I look upon the 'benefit which I have received from thee in ſuch a manner, that if it were not counterpoy-'zed by the outrage thou haſt done me, I have neither Eſtate nor Dignities, no not ſo much 'as a Crown, but what I would make thee partaker of as my Deliverer, and the Preſerver 'of my life. And the ſame gods know likewiſe, that the offence which I have received 'from thee, doth ſo ſenſibly move me, That if it were not equalized by the greatneſs of the 'Service which thou haſt rendred me, there is no conſideration or humane power which 'could hinder me from taking away thy life. I have therefore been obliged to ſeek out a

'middle way between the offence and the benefit, to moderate the reſentments which are 'due to both; and ſeeing I am not permitted to deſtroy my moſt cruel Enemy, becauſe he 'is the Defender of my life, I do not owe that acknowledgment to the Defender of my life, 'which I intended him, becauſe he is my greateſt, and moſt cruel Enemy. Know then that 'I acquit my ſelf of the obligation which I have for the Service which thou haſt rendred 'me, in leaving thee thy life and liberty, offering thee according to my promiſe, the conve-'niencies of conveying thy ſelf into any part of the World whither thou wouldeſt retire, 'except my Dominions; and I ſatisfie my revenge and my repoſe as much as I can, by with-'holding the Recompences which I deſigned for thee in my Court, by forbidding thee ever 'to ſet foot in any part of the World, where thou may'ſt ſee *Olympia*'s face again; and 'proteſting to thee by all the powers of Heaven, that all the powers upon Earth ſhall not 'ſave thy life, if after this prohibition thou falleſt again into my power in my own Domi-'nions; prepare thy ſelf therefore to be gone as ſoon as we come a ſhoar, and demand a-'ny thing that may be neceſſary for thy Equipage or Conduct; but remember that our 'ſeparation muſt be eternal, and that thou can'ſt not ever dream of ſeeing *Olympia* again, 'without expoſing thy ſelf to an inevitable death.

Adallas ſpake in this manner, and I trembled all the while that his Diſcourſe laſted; but *Ariobarzanes* hearkned to him without changing his countenance, or ſhewing any ſign of paſſion, though he laid a great deal of violence upon himſelf to obey the command which I impoſed upon him, to endure the Kings threatnings with patience; and when he had done ſpeaking, the Prince looking upon him in a reſolute manner, "Sir, *ſaid he*, I never did 'you any injury, nor have I rendred you any Service, but what you have already requited; 'and as my death ought not to ſatisfie for thoſe outrages wherewith you reproach me, ſee-'ing it is certain that you never received any from me; ſo you owe me no Recompence, 'for having expoſed my life for the defence of yours, ſeeing you ſaved my life afterwards, 'by freeing me from a place, where in all probability I ſhould quickly have ſeen an end of 'it. By this only benefit, I acknowledge my ſelf paid for the Service I have rendred you, 'and I acquit you of it, deſiring nothing elſe of your liberality, but the liberty you have 'offered me to retire into any Dominions but yours, and to a place whether it ſhall pleaſe 'the gods to conduct my Deſtiny. He would not ſpeak any more, for fear of letting fall ſome word that might diſpleaſe me, or diſcover our intelligence; neither would he receive any thing that the King offered him for his Conduct, and to put him into Equipage; and I was not troubled at it, remembring that I had ſeen him have a Picture Caſe, which he had formerly received from the King his Father, with the Portraicture of that Prince, enriched with Diamonds of a great value, which would yield him above Thirty Talents at the firſt Town he came to, though he ſold them for half their worth. The King, by the refuſal he made of his aſſiſtance, confirmed himſelf in the belief he had, That he was of no mean extraction, and that thought rendred him the more ſuſpitious and redoubtable to him, and yet he confeſſed in his preſence, that it was his misfortune to obſerve in a man, whom he nei-ther could, nor ought to love, all the qualities that might attract both love and admiration.

I will not tell you how *Ariobarzanes* reſented our ſeparation, for we had not the liberty to ſpeak together; but for my part, my fair Princeſſes, I confeſs I was ſo ſenſible of it, that I had no room for comfort in my Soul; and it was no ſmall redoubling of my grief, to ſee my ſelf in a condition, and in a place where I could no way diſcover it, and where I was obliged to a cruel and rigorous conſtraint. I ventured for all that once more to write ſome words to *Ariobarzanes*, by that means which I had formerly made uſe of; and having ta-ken my time, as before, though with a little more trouble and fear. I was ſo continually afraid to expoſe him to ſome danger, I gave him opportunity to read theſe few words en-graved upon the ſame Plank, and with the ſame Bodkin which had rendred us the former Office. "Wait, as I do, upon the leaſure of Heaven for ſome change in our Fortune, en-'deavour it if you can without expoſing your ſelf; but be ſure you do not make your ſelf 'known, and if you cannot ſee me without putting your life in danger, in the Name of the 'gods never ſee more. I could not write theſe laſt words without ſhedding ſome tears, and *Ariobarzanes* could not read them, without having need of all his conſtancy to diſſemble his grief. He preſently blotted out that which I had writ, and added theſe few words be-low, "I will love you to my Grave, I will ſee you again whatſoever befalls; and I ſhall

'expoſe

'expose nothing that is mine, when in seeing you, I shall only hazard that life which I have 'devoted to you. It being somewhat difficult to grave upon the Wood, we could not write longer Letters; and after I had blotted out this last, I would not venture any more, for fear that at last we might have been surprized.

Nevertheless I found opportunity to let *Ericia* speak with him, and she being much less observed than I, it being no strange matter, that upon the acquaintance which they had contracted in the time which they had been together, they should have some Discourse, she took her time to assure him from me, of the firmness of my affection, and to protest to him, That though I was not resolved ever to bestow my self upon him upon my own single motion, in assuming a liberty which would be condemned by persons of my Birth; yet for all that, I would do all that possibly I could, never to be any ones else but his; and I would govern my self so in that design, that he should never have any cause to accuse me: She told him, That as for his part, he might take any course that his affection and prudence should direct him to, and provided, he did not hazard his life too rashly. I had so good an opinion of him, as to commit to his Conduct whatsoever might concern me; but above all, he should keep himself from being known to be a Kings Son, and be assured, that the equality of our conditions rendring him more suspitious and redoubtable to *Adallas*, would be infallibly fatal to him. *Ariobarzanes* received these Testimonies of my affection with great expressions of content and comfort, and after that he had loaded *Ericia* with a thousand protestations of eternal fidelity, 'Assure my Princess, *added he*, That no difficulty, no fear of death shall be able to deprive her of one moment of my life that I will 'live to serve her; that I will see her again, and find out wayes for her to make me happy, if 'her goodness continues favourable to me: Let her never fear my Conduct, as young and 'as passionate as I am, I will manage her interests in that manner, that she shall never receive 'any displeasure upon that account. In the mean time, my good and generous *Ericia*, keep 'her still, if you can possibly, in these inclinations of pity which she hath for me, and represent to her, if you please, that she cannot forget her faithful *Ariobarzanes*, without committing a cruelty which the gods will never pardon. He made her divers other very passionate Discourses, till he thought the length of their Conversation might make it be suspected. *Ericia* tenderly affected me with the Report she made me of it, and it was easie for *Adallas* to perswade himself more and more, by the sadness which he observed in my countenance, that the departure of *Ariamenes* did not leave me without displeasure.

In the mean time we drew near to the Isle of *Cyprus*, and the City of *Carpasia*, which was the nearest Port. The King made us go ashour, and caused himself to be carried out of the Vessel, to one of the Houses in the City, but he was minded to see *Ariobarzanes* gone first, and when the Prince took his leave of him, "Farewell *Ariamenes*, *said he*, Accuse 'my misfortune, and not my ingratitude, that I cannot be thy Friend; and be sure to remember, that we must never meet again; and that *Thrace* is a Countrey fatal to thy life, 'whether thou must never come, but with a resolution to lose it. "I know it, Sir, *said* '*Ariamenes*, and I shall remember it without doubt; but if we ever do see one another again, it may possibly be in such a manner, that the second view may be as welcome to thee 'as the first. *Adallas* possibly did not understand these last words, at least he made him no Reply, neither did *Ariobarzanes* give him time to do it; but having taken his leave of me with a profound Reverence, which *Adallas*'s presence could not hinder him from expressing to me, he turned his back, and all alone, and on foot, he took a different way from that which we went. I confess that I was as sensible of this separation, as if I had lost one half of my self; but I was forced to dissemble my grief by a cruel constraint, and I could not so easily do it, but that *Adallas* found occasion in the charging of my countenance, to make me divers reproaches. We went to the City, where without discovering our selves, we were well lodged, and there the Kings Chyrurgions took care of his recovery.

You will wonder, my Princesses, That having made you a long Relation of the great Combat, wherein the King my Brother received his wounds, I have not told you the cause of it, nor who the persons were against whom he fought; but indeed the King himself was ignorant of it, and so were all those that were with him; and the Kings wounds having hindred him in the time of the Victory from thinking to take some Prisoners, who might have acquainted him with the Truth; when he had an intention to do it afterwards, it was

too late, and he could find no body that could give him any information. At the beginning of the Combat, he thought they had been Pirats who had set upon him; but he perceived afterwards, that his Enemies aimed more at his life, than at booty; and they were too cruelly violent in the pursuit of him, to be carried on by no other interest, but the desire of Pillage, as ordinary Pirats are. At that time they could make no farther discovery, but time and things which hapned afterwards, acquainted them with the Truth, as you shall likewise understand by the Sequel of my Discourse.

The King knowing very well, that there were in his Kingdom some persons ill-affected to his Service, and that at his departure, he had left things disposed to some Insurrection, fearing lest his long absence, and the uncertainty of his life, might cause a great prejudice to his Affairs, sent some of his Followers in his Vessel, to go and assure his people, That he had a design to return very speedily to them, and to retain them within the limits of their Duty, as much as possibly they could. In the mean time, the Chyrurgions employed themselves with a great deal of care in the curing of his wounds; they were not dangerous, but the Sea, and the violent passions wherewith the Kings mind had been disturbed, had exasperated them, and rendred the cure of them more difficult. In this place every one was ignorant of the Name and Quality of the King, and the Countrey being very quiet, his Equipage did not make him suspected, and his servants were ready with an Answer, telling those who asked them, That he was a Lord of Quality born upon the Frontiers of *Thrace*, and had been wounded by Pirats, who were frequently met withall upon those Seas.

In the interim I was guarded like a Prisoner, though in all other respects I was treated and served like a Queen; and the King, who remembred what I had undertaken a little before, and fearing to lose me by a second flight; or being afraid lest *Ariobarzanes*, who might be concealed in that Island, should use some endeavour to see me, and possibly to get me out of his hands, caused me to be so strictly watched, that I had scarce liberty to go into my Chamber which joined close to his; and during all the time that his Chyrurgions permitted him to see any body, I was forced to be continually by his Beds-side, and consequently always exposed to his cruel persecution. Yet when he saw my spirit exasperated with a little more than ordinary violence, he gave me a little intermission, and protested to me, that he would inviolably observe the promise he had made me, not to force my inclinations; but that was not capable of giving me any repose, but what was perpetually disturbed by his pursuits, which I could not endure without horrour: And if I may dare to confess it, my fair Princesses, that was not able to comfort me for *Ariobarzanes* absence. His Image, since I must conceal nothing from you, continued in such a manner engraved in my memory, and the remembrance of his excellent qualities, and the testimonies which he had given me of his love, was so present, and so dear to my memory, that nothing could intermingle with them, though but for a few moments, without causing me a great displeasure. The Conversation which I had with my faithful *Ericia*, was all my comfort; and those hours when I had the liberty to converse with her without Witnesses, I used all the expressions that a real affection could put into the mouth of a person that is very sensible of it; and received from her mouth, all that in that condition could afford any consolation to my sorrows. Alas! How many times hath she dried up the tears which the consideration of my misfortunes made me shed, promising me some change in my condition, by the sight, and by the cares of *Ariobarzanes*? And how often, against her own thoughts, hath she flattered a grief, which she judged to be capable of bringing me to my Grave? The Name of *Ariobarzanes* was Musick in my ears, but I could not so much as fancy a real hope of seeing him again; and I found so little probability of it, and so little safety for him, that I could not comprehend how it might be done, and indeed I did not know whether I might desire it or not. *Ericia* said I sometimes to that Maid, "My misfortunes are real, and my happiness is nothing but 'illusion. I know that I am really tormented by the cruel persecution of *Adallas*; that I 'did really expose my self to the mercy of a tempestuous Sea; that I suffered shipwrack in 'an Island where I had almost perished by famine, with those persons who were dear to me; 'and I know very well, that by the countenance of my ill Fortune, I am really fallen into '*Adallas*'s power; but as for all that concerns *Ariobarzanes*, it seems no more to me, than 'a Dream or a Vision: But alas! such a Vision as hath imprinted deeper Characters in my 'heart, than the most real things. In the very Arms of death, *Ariobarzanes* appeared to

'me

'me like a flaſh of lightning, he inflamed me the firſt moment, and in a ſhort time after diſ-
'appeared from my eyes with the ſame ſuddenneſs. Whatſoever Beauty, Valour, Wit, and
'all the moſt excellent qualities could contribute to accompliſhment, was preſented to me
'in the perſon of a man unknown; and at a time when I expected nothing elſe but death,
'this admirable Maſter-piece of perfection immediately opened himſelf a paſſage to my
'heart, and it ſeems my deſtiny ſhewed him to me by ſo extraordinary a way, only to ſub-
'due a Soul till then invincible, to that paſſion; and when it had wrought its effect, when
'the miſerable *Olympia* was upon ſuch terms, whereunto ſhe never thought to ſee her ſelf
'reduced, the ſame deſtiny ſnatched away *Ariobarzanes*, deprived me of that which made
'me in love with life, and deprived me of it ſo, that I ſhall ſee him again no more. No *E-*
'*ricia*, I ſhall never ſee him more; and the gods who have ſent him to me by a prodigious
'Adventure, do not work Miracles every day in our favour. I will not ſuſpect the ſpirit
'of *Ariobarzanes* of inconſtancy, or infidelity, and I believe what you tell me, That he
'will be alwayes faithful to me; but what Advantage will that be to my happineſs? And
'how can he ſerve me, without expoſing himſelf to that death wherewith *Adallas* hath ſo
'cruelly threatned him? Beſides, Is it reaſonable that I ſhould deſire the return of that
'poor Prince? And if I love him really, ought I to deſire that, to come and ſee me, he
'ſhould throw himſelf into ſuch a manifeſt danger? Ah! No *Ericia*, let us never hope it,
'let us never deſire it, and let us ſeek our utmoſt conſolations in our tears. As I ended theſe
words, I ſhed a great quantity of tears, and all that the poor *Ericia* could alledge to me,
did but very little diminiſh my grief. 'Tis true, that having accuſtomed my ſelf from my
infancy to an abſolute reſignation to the will of the gods, I endeavoured to practice it in
this Adventure, and in that indeed it was that I found ſome eaſe, alwayes hoping that the
Divine goodneſs would favour innocent deſigns, or at leaſt would give me conſtancy e-
nough to ſupport whatſoever it had reſolved as to my deſtiny.

Lingring out my dayes in this manner, two whole Months were ſlip't away before the
Kings wounds were cured, and he was not yet in a condition to go to Sea again, when the
two men whom he had ſent into his Kingdom, returned back in the ſame Veſſel which he
had furniſhed them with, and brought him the ſaddeſt, and the moſt unpleaſing News that
he could receive, which was, in a word, of a general commotion, and almoſt the total loſs
of all his Dominions. This hapned in ſuch a manner as I am going to relate to you in a few
words. The King *Adallas* our Father, was not ſetled in the poſſeſſion of *Thrace*, till af-
ter he had had great War with a Neighbouring Prince, Sovereign of *Taurica Cherſoneſus*;
and pretending to the Kingdom of *Thrace*, by a great many Reaſons that he alledged, ſay-
ing, That he was deſcended from the lawful Kings of that Kingdom; and quarrelling upon
theſe pretenſions, with the King my Father as an Uſurper; divers perſons affirmed that his
pretenſions were juſt enough, and grounded their Diſcourſe upon very probable Argu-
ments; but howſoever it was, there was a great deal of blood ſhed in this quarrel, and
though the King my Father was more ſtrong in men, and had larger Dominions than his E-
nemy, the events of the War were a long while doubtful; and poſſibly it would not have
been ended a long time, if *Anthony* had not interpoſed his Authority to bring them to a-
greement a little before that War, wherein he decided the Empire of the Univerſe with
Auguſtus, and in which the King my Father kept him faithful Company, and ſerved him
with his Perſon, and his Forces. Theſe two Princes, either willingly, or out of fear, remit-
ted their intereſts into *Anthonies* hands, who being favourable to our Family, diſmiſſed the
King of *Cherſoneſus* from the pretenſions he had to the Crown of *Thrace*; yet leaving him
a ſmall part of that Kingdom joining to *Cherſoneſus*, which his Father, and all his Predece-
ſſors had alwayes poſſeſſed, by means of a Tribute which they annually paid to the King of
Thrace, which he obliged him to pay as before. After this Accord, my Father continued
peaceable in his Dominions; and the King of *Taurica*, though he thought himſelf ill-u-
ſed, lived at peace with his Neighbour, whom he knew to be more ſtrong than he; but he
dyed almoſt at the ſame time that the King my Father did, and left his Dominions to a Son
which he had almoſt of the ſame Age with the King my Brother, a fierce and haughty man,
but of exceeding Valour, and born with all the neceſſary qualities for a great Warrior. He
had already acquired great Reputation in the War which the Queen of *Dacia* made in
Scythia: And though he had ſome diſadvantage againſt the Valiant *Alcamenes* Prince of
the

the *Scythians*, and had been constrained to renounce the pretensions he had to the Princess of *Dacia*, 'twas certain for all that, that he had rendred his Name famous by a hundred gallant Actions. This Prince named *Merodates*, being not contented with what was allotted him, but complaining of the injustice which was done him by the judgment of *Anthony*, after the death of my Father, was oftentimes upon the point of taking up Arms to begin the War afresh upon the old pretensions of his Family; but he saw himself unequal in Forces, and though he was rash enough, yet being prudent withall, he dissembled part of his designs in expectation of an occasion to discover them, when he should be in a condition publickly to undertake the execution of them, endeavouring in the mean while to gain and keep some intelligences in *Thrace*, and sowing the seeds of Discontentment and Rebellion in the minds of the *Thracians*, who are naturally inconstant and unfaithful; and to whom besides, I know not by what misfortune, my Brothers Government was not very agreeable.

Adallas having had some suspition of *Merodates*'s practices, and seeing him otherwise very slow and backward to pay him the Tribute which he owed him for the Lands which he permitted him to possess in *Thrace*, after he had caused it to be sharply demanded of him; and not receiving present satisfaction, he sent his Troops into those places which he held in *Thrace*; and they being ill furnished for defence against the Forces of a mighty King, *Adallas* quickly made himself Master of them, and absolutely dispossessed *Merodates*, leaving nothing in his power within the limits of *Thrace*. After this *Adallas* might believe that his Enemy would lose no opportunity he could meet with to revenge himself; and knowing him to be haughty and full of Courage, he had a reason to fear him, or at least not to leave him in a condition to express his resentments; and yet the gods, whom the unlawful passion of the King my Brother had provoked against him, permitted him to be so blinded, That he did not only neglect to put himself into a condition to keep his Enemy within his limits; but as destiny would have it, a little while after I flying from his Court and Kingdom, as I have related to you, his passion did so transport him, and did so close his eyes against all other considerations, that without foreseeing the evils which apparently threatned him, he committed the whole Government of his Dominions into the hands of his Favourite *Eurimedes*, and running whither his Folly carried him. He went to Sea with one single Vessel, and being attended only with a hundred men, taking no greater Equipage with him which might discover him in the design he had to search all the Seas all *incognito*, till he had met with me. He had been two Months at Sea to no purpose, when he landed at the little Island where we had suffered Shipwrack; and as I told you, we had stayed two Months in *Cyprus*, when these two men came back to us, and brought us News of the Disasters which in those four Months were hapned in his Kingdom.

They informed us then, That a little after his departure, *Merodates* seeing so fair an occasion for his revenge, and for the recovery of his Countrey, came in with all the Forces he could raise; and the places being defended but with very small Garrisons, part of them had their Throats cut by the Inhabitants, part of them were forced to yield, and the rest being intimidated, marched out upon composition, leaving *Merodates* absolute Master of that which he had lost not long before. And seeing himself possessor of that which lawfully belonged to him, he did not bound his Ambition there, but after he had strengthned his Troops with divers Levies which the Countries which were reconquered furnished him withall, and which he sent for out of *Chersonesus*, to make a strong Attempt; with a considerable Body of an Army he marched into *Thrace*, and being prudently Politick, he wasted all with Fire and Sword that made any resistance; and used all those very gently who submitted to him without farther trouble. The whole Kingdom seeing it self deprived of its King, and being disfurnished of Forces, and necessary preparations to withstand a sharp War, was very much staggered; and those whom *Merodates* had a long time practised withall, did not fail to publish all abroad, That their King had abandoned them, and that they were fools and wretches to suffer themselves to be killed, and to expose themselves to all the miseries of a cruel and a bloody War, to preserve their Fidelity to a Prince who delivered them up to their Enemies, and had quitted the defence of his Kingdom, and his Subjects, to go and fill the world with the report of the horrible love which he bare his Sister: And to this *Merodates* added *Manifestos*, which he spread all about, by which he endeavoured

red to make the King odious to a people which he had had so little care to protect, & exhorted them to put themselves under the dominion of a Prince descended from their lawful Kings, a Prince, who instead of abandoning them, would defend them with his blood, against all the powers upon earth. To this, he adjoined great promises to those who should come in to his Party, and great threatnings to those who should make any resistance. And in brief, he had wrought in such manner, either by his perswasions, or by the terrour of his Arms, that a great many persons of considerable quality, either intimidated, or corrupted, or discontented and ill-affected, joined with his Party, and divers Cities opened their Gates to him.

Eurimedes, to whom the King had left the Government of the Kingdom, had used all possible Remedies with all Fidelity and diligence, and of all the Troops which he could raise; and in levying and conduct whereof, he had employed and encouraged those persons of quality which were well-affected to the Service of their King, having composed the Body of an Army of more than Twenty thousand men; he marched against *Merodates*, and too unadvisedly gave him Battel. The dispute was doubtful, cruel and bloody, but at last the Victory fell to *Merodates*; and *Eurimedes* being vanquished, hardly saved himself, with part of his Cavalry, all his Infantry being cut in pieces. After this Victory, the insolent *Merodates* marched directly towards *Bizantium*, causing himself to be stiled King of *Thrace*, and receiving every day the Towns which submitted to his obedience. There were some, which by the strength of their situation, or the Valour and Fidelity of the Inhabitants, caused some trouble to the Conqueror; but at last he made himself Master of them, and used those so rigorously who had resisted to extremity, that it was much to be feared, that the rest were discouraged, and would rather follow the example of the others, who by their facility in yielding to the Vanquisher, had received all manner of good usage. *Eurimedes* was near to *Bizantium*, where he raised new Forces, and a great many Loyal persons came in to him; but it was believed, that he would not be a long time in a condition to hazard a second Battel, neither was it judged safe for him to venture it, though he had Forces equal to those of *Merodates*. In the mean time he fortified the City, and the Haven of *Bizantium*, and by his orders, and example, divers Governors put their Garrisons into a posture of defence; but there was a general terror amongst all, little Fidelity in the hearts of the meaner People; and in brief, a great deal of danger of the loss of the whole Kingdom, if the gods, and the presence of the King did not prevent it.

This was the News which was reported to *Adallas*, and which, maugre his passion, caused a great deal of trouble and grief in his Soul. He continued a good while not able to open his mouth, and afterwards turning his eyes toward me, and prefacing his intended Discourse with some sighs, "Behold Madam, *said he*, behold the fruits of the Love I bear 'you; it is not sufficient, that for your sake I should be deprived of my Repose, but for 'your sake too I must lose the Kingdom of my Ancestors. "By this, Sir, *answered I*, you 'may judge how much that Love displeases the gods, seeing they punish you for it with so 'extream a rigor; and if you would appease them, and render them more favourable to 'you, you must rid your self of that unjust passion which hath provoked them against you. "All the afflictions they can lay upon me, *replied the passionate Prince*, shall never reduce 'me to that; and if to the loss of my Crown, they do not add the loss of my life too, they 'shall never deprive me of the Love which I have for *Olympia*, to whom I would willingly 'have sacrificed Crowns and Empires far greater than that which I have received from my 'Ancestors. Ah! Sir, *added I*, if you would make good use of the instruction which 'you received from Heaven, you might yet without doubt gain assistances thence, which 'might resettle you upon your Throne, and would give you an absolute Victory over those 'Enemies to whom your unjust passion only hath given all the Courage they had to invade 'your Dominions. Let us talk no more of it, *cryed the furious* Adallas, let us talk no 'more of it; but let us go without any farther delay to the assistance of a Kingdom which 'is not quite lost: There possibly in a little time, you shall see what vengeance I will take 'upon my Enemies, or at least by my utter overthrow, you shall be perpetually freed from 'a wretch who lives only to persecute you with his Love, and not to be beloved by you. Upon these words, though he was not as yet fully cured, he commanded that all things should be prepared for our departure against the next Morning, as well to accomode the Vessel if

it

it had any need, as alſo for the proviſion of Neceſſaries for our Voyage.

In effect all things being prepared as well as they could be in ſo ſhort a time, the next day we put to Sea, and began to make towards *Thrace* with all our Sails. We proſecuted our Voyage with a great deal of diligence and ſucceſs for the firſt dayes; and *Adallas* being inflamed with a deſire of Revenge, did continually encourage the induſtry of his Mariners. We had already paſſed by *Apolbuſa*, *Eramnuſa*, and *Chelidonia*; we had Coaſted *Rhodes* and *Doris* upon the right hand, and left *Crete* behind us upon the left hand; when as we were ſailing forward amongſt the Iſles called the *Cyclades*, the gods, who were really angry with *Adallas*, were pleaſed that we ſhould be ſurprized with a furious Tempeſt, which, after it had toſſed our Veſſel divers dayes with great danger of our lives, made us turn back the ſame way, and conſtrained us to land in the Iſle of *Crete*.

The King my Brother almoſt dyed with diſpleaſure, when he ſaw himſelf ſo cruelly croſſed in his intentions; but he had cauſe enough to exerciſe all his patience, when he was forced to wait above ſix weeks in *Crete*, till the wind, which all that while was contrary to us, changed to a favourable point, and gave him opportunity of putting to Sea again. You need not doubt, but that this obſtacle put him almoſt into deſpair; and ſeeing that above two Months were ſlip't away, ſince he had received intelligence of the unfortunate condition of his Affairs, he had reaſon to fear that they were grown much worſe, and that his Enemies had gained time enough to corrupt the Fidelity of his Subjects, or to reduce them by force to the utmoſt extremities. He received News in *Crete* too (whereas in other places he continued always concealed) and the wind which oppoſed our going toward *Thrace*, being very favourable to them who came from the Coaſts of *Thrace* into *Crete*, gave him opportunity oftentimes to ſee ſome perſons, who could give him a confuſed Relation of that which came to their knowledge, by the general Report concerning the eſtate of his Kingdom. They told him, That all things there were in a far greater diſorder than before; that *Eurimedes*, Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, having been conſtrained to come to a ſecond Battel, was defeated, and himſelf killed upon the place; and after this laſt Victory, *Merodates* had hardly found any reſiſtance in the Field; only they thought that the City of *Bizantium*, and the Countrey thereabout, continued faithful, and in a defenſive poſture, by his care, who having been *Eurimedes*'s Lieutenant a little before his death, had ſince ſucceeded him in his charge, and, as they ſaid, defended thoſe ſmall remainders with a great deal of Valor. *Adallas* had much ado to diſſemble his grief before thoſe who made him theſe Reports, not knowing who he was; and in the impatience which tormented him, he would poſſibly have ſunk under his ſorrows, if that fooliſh Love which did predominate in his Soul above all the other paſſions, had not made him loſe, or at leaſt laid aſide ſome part of the ſenſibility which he might have for all other Affairs.

At laſt, after ſix weeks expectation, as I told you before, the wind which had been ſo directly oppoſite to us, giving place to that which we had ſo much deſired, we went to Sea again, and continued our Voyage with our former diligence. We quickly recovered the *Cyclades*, we left *Eubea* upon our left hand, and ſailed on in the *Egean* Sea. But when we were paſt the Iſle of *Lesbos*, the King underſtanding by the Diſcourſe he had heard, That he could not land in ſafety in any part of *Thrace*, but only at *Bizantium*, which continued faithful to him ſtill, he was very much troubled to think what way he ſhould take. And it was not without reaſon that he was ſo ſollicitous, ſeeing that to get into the Straight of *Bizantium*, he muſt of neceſſity ſail all along the Coaſt of the *Taurica Cherſoneſus*, which was his Enemies Countrey, and paſs through all the *Helleſpont* to enter into *Propontis*, which he could not do without a great deal of danger, there being no doubt but that his Enemies had Ships at Sea, either to take him, or deſtroy him there; and he almoſt certainly believing (as indeed the Truth was) that the Encounter which he already had at Sea, whereby he ws reduced into ſuch great danger, was with the men which *Merodates* had ſent out upon that deſign. He was forced for all that to reſolve upon ſomething, and ſeeing no other means to land, being naturally very Couragious, he ventured the paſſage; and upon this occaſion, either by his good Fortune, or the negligence of his Enemies who left the Sea free, having enough to do at Land, the gods were favourable to him, and we ſailed through the Straight along all the Coaſt of *Cherſoneſus*, and entred into *Propontis* without meeting with any oppoſition. When we were paſt the Straight, we kept out at Sea, and ſailed at a further

ther diſtance from the Coaſt, for fear of falling into Enemies hands, not knowing which way to get to *Bizantium* without great danger.

We continued two dayes in this uncertainty, and the third day we diſcovered a Veſſel which made towards us. *Adallas* was in doubt a while, whether he ſhould come near it or no, becauſe of the danger there was of meeting Enemies ſooner than Friends; but his Affairs being in a condition which obliged him to venture very much, and that without hazarding himſelf there was little probability for him to recover that which he had loſt, he determined to try his Fortune, and to enquire of thoſe perſons who were in the Veſſel, in what condition the Port of *Bizantium* was, and by what means he might land there, in caſe he found them to be his Friends, and faithful Subjects; and if they were his Enemies, he reſolved to fight them. With this Reſolution he advanced towards the Veſſel, which coming directly to us, and no way avoiding us, afforded us all the facility we could deſire of coming near to it. There was immediately a ſignal of Peace given from our Ship, and the other having returned the like, they both came cloſe up to each other, and the perſons which were on Board began to ſpeak one to another; but *Soſias*, who was the moſt conſiderable man about the King, no ſooner ſaw the Captain of the other Veſſel, but he knew him to be *Nicocles*, one of his familiar Friends, and one of the Kings faithful Servants. Upon this happy Encounter, *Soſias*, after a joyful Exclamation, called *Nicocles* by his Name, and he had no ſooner made himſelf known to him, but *Nicocles*, who knew very well that *Soſias* went from *Bizantium* with the King, running to the ſide of his Veſſel, *Soſias*, cryed he, *Where is the King? Where is the King?* At theſe words, the King who had concealed himſelf behind ſome of his Servants, knowing the perſon, and the affection of *Nicocles*, came out before them, and diſcovering himſelf to him, *Here he is, Nicocles*, cryed he, *Here he is.* *Nicocles* being not miſtaken either in the voice or countenance of his Prince, immediately leaped into our Ship, followed by the principal of his Companions, and embracing the knees of his King with tears of joy, he gave him to underſtand, That all Fidelity was not extinguiſhed in his Subjects hearts.

The King having ſpent ſome time in the firſt motions of his joy, and having ſhewed him too that I was in the Ship, began at laſt to queſtion him about the condition of Affairs, and by what means he might land at *Bizantium*. "*Sir*, ſaid *Nicocles*, You may go to *Bizan-*
"*tium* with all the facility that may be; and the Valour of that perſon who now poſſeſſes
"*Eurimedes* s place, hath removed the Enemies Troops ſo far from the City, that they can-
"not hinder your landing, neither have they any Ships upon this Sea which you need to fear. He began after that to make a brief Relation to the King of all that he had heard before concerning the firſt proceedings of *Merodates* in *Thrace*, the taking of almoſt all the Towns in the Kingdom, and the event of the two Battels which he had gained; in the laſt of which, the faithful *Eurimedes* loſt his life; and continuing his Diſcourſe concerning thoſe things which were not as yet come to the Kings knowledge: Sir, *ſaid he*, In the beginning of this War, a young ſtranger who ſought occaſions of ſignalizing himſelf, having been informed of the Juſtice of your ſide, liſted himſelf in your Troops, and in the firſt Battel, applying himſelf particularly to *Eurimedes*, he not only ſaved his life, but ſhewed him likewiſe ſo many other effects of an admirable Valour, that the General admiring his gallant Actions, and acknowledging the particular Service he had received from him, after his Retreat, gave him the Command of Two thouſand Horſe, being the greateſt part of our Cavalry that was left, and put him into ſo much Reputation by the *Elogiums* which he beſtowed upon him, That all your faithful Subjects looked upon him without envy in the imployment which was beſtowed upon him; and he behaved himſelf ſo in it, That if he had commanded ſtronger Forces, there was great probability, that he would have ſtopped the progreſs of *Merodates*. With his Two thouſand Horſe, he daily skirmiſhed with the Enemy, whil'ſt *Eurimedes* raiſed more men; and being conducted by ſuch perſons as were better acquainted with the Countrey than himſelf, he continually beat up their quarters, and did ſo much incommodate *Merodates*, that he with his ſmall body, was more formidable to the Enemy, than all the Forces of *Thrace*. At all the Sieges which they undertook, he perpetually plagued them; and by his continual Incurſions, and the Supplies he frequently put into the Garriſons, he hindred, without doubt, the loſs of a good part of our Towns; but at laſt the great Number of our Enemies, ſeconded by the

Valor of their Prince, who is really one of the moſt Valiant and Couragious Captains upon Earth; and the Diſloyalty, or weakneſs of part of the *Thracians*, prevailed againſt all the reſiſtance we could make, and conſtrained the Valiant ſtranger to retire to the main body of the Army, which *Eurimedes* recruited with all poſſible ſpeed. *Eurimedes* ſeeing in what manner he had uſed the employment which he had given him, he advanced him to higher Offices, in the Function whereof, we looked upon him without diſpleaſure, ſo courteouſly and generouſly did he make uſe of his Fortune, and ſo worthy of it was he eſteemed by all the World for the gallant Actions he was daily ſeen to do. He came at laſt to be Lieutenant-General under *Eurimedes*, and in the abſence of *Eurimedes*, no body made any difficulty to receive Orders from him. In brief, *Merodates* with a puiſſant Army fell upon us, and it was within two dayes Journey of *Bizantium, as I told your Majeſty before*, that *Eurimedes* was conſtrained to fight the ſecond Battel, which he loſt, and wherein he was killed by *Merodates* his own hand. His brave young Lieutenant was not preſent at this Action; for by *Eurimedes* his Orders, he was gone with Four thouſand men to guard a Paſs, which a Part of *Merodates*'s Troops would have gained to cut off our Retreat to *Bizantium*. That Valiant man was Victorious on his ſide, and the Troops which preſented themſelves to him, were defeated with ſo conſiderable a loſs, that if on the other ſide we had not been abſolutely ruined, ſuch a notable advantage was capable of repairing ſome of our loſt Affairs. A few dayes after, being deſperately grieved at the loſs of the Battel, and of the General too, he rallied up the Reliques of the Army about *Bizantium*, and though they were in a pitiful condition, yet he made a ſhift with thoſe which he had ſaved on his ſide, to patch up a body, which he intrenched ſome Furlongs off from *Bizantium*, having the City behind their backs, that they might receive aſſiſtance thence, and make uſe of it for a retreating place, in caſe they were forced to it. We had divers perſons which in all probability might better pretend to the Command of our Troops, than the young ſtranger, and yet by the greatneſs of his Actions, and the Affection, which though a ſtranger, he expreſſed to our Party, he had ſo gained the hearts and admiration of all men, that there was no perſon amongſt thoſe which could expect that Command, but prayed him to accept of it, and ſubmitted to him without any mark of repugnance. Not long after, the Victorious *Merodates* came and encamped before our Trenches, and made divers Attempts to force them; but by the diligence and Valor of our young Chieftain, he had the diſadvantage in all the Aſſaults he made; and believing that he was not obliged to any great circumſpection in the Guard of his Camp, becauſe he knew the weakneſs of our Troops, he gave an opportunity to our valiant Captain to make ſuch a furious Sally one Night upon his men, who were either aſleep, or ill-guarded, That we killed him above Four thouſand men upon the place, and returned into our Trenches, having loſt but an Hundred men. *Merodates* was almoſt in deſpair at this loſs, but a few dayes after, he thought himſelf to be in a poſſibility of Revenge, by reaſon of a ſupply of above Fifteen thouſand men which came in to him. His Army being thus augmented, he believed he ſhould eaſily force us in our Lines; and the judgment of our General was, That we could defend them no longer, and therefore he ordered us to retire into the City, which we did in very good order. The next day *Merodates* paſſed our Trenches, and laid Siege before *Bizantium*; but upon his Approaches, there was one of the braveſt Combats in the World, in which our chief Commander charged up to *Merodates*, who fought in the foremoſt Ranks, and killed his Horſe betwixt his Legs. It would be a difficult thing for me, Sir, to relate to your Majeſty all the Actions which paſſed in a Siege but of a few dayes continuance; there was not a day, but our General made furious Sallies, and he never returned within the compaſs of our walls, but covered with the blood of his Enemies, and after he had ſignalized himſelf by ſome admirable Exploit: But the moſt important Action he did in the judgment of all the beſt Souldiers, was to ſink or burn all the Ships which *Merodates* had ſent to beſiege us by Sea, as well as by Land. Our valiant General having put thoſe few Veſſels we had in the Haven into a good condition to fight, embarked himſelf with ſome choice men, and fell upon the Enemies Navy with ſo much Vigor and good Conduct, that though he was weaker in Number, he did not fail to burn a great part of it, and took or ſunk all the reſt before *Merodates*'s face, who from the ſhoar beheld the defeat of his men, without being able to aſſiſt them; and yet that he might take advantage by the abſence of the General, and thoſe For-

ces

ces that were engaged with him, he prepared all his Army to give an Aſſault to the City at the ſame time; but he thought of it too late, and the forwardeſt of his men were hardly engaged in fight againſt thoſe who ſtayed behind with the Inhabitants for the defence of the City; but our Victorious General returned into the City, and came time enough to viſit all the places where his preſence was neceſſary, to give Orders, to fight in perſon with his ordinary Valor: And in brief, to defend our walls with ſo much Gallantry, that *Merodates*'s Troops were forced to retire thence with loſs and confuſion. Some dayes after, this Naval Victory having opened a free paſſage by Sea, there came to us by the *Boſphorus*, a conſiderable ſupply of men, which *Eurimedes* had ordered to be raiſed upon the Coaſt of *Timia*, *Colonia*, and other places near the *Enxine* Sea, conducted by *Euriſtheus*; and our General had no ſooner joined them to thoſe which he had before, but he thought himſelf too ſtrong to be Cooped up, and began to weary his Enemies in ſuch a manner with his continual Sallies, that at laſt *Merodates* perceiving very well, that he had no hope to take ſuch a City as *Bizantium* by force, being defended by ſuch a Governor, and furniſhed, beſides the great Number of Inhabitants, with above Ten thouſand Souldiers, reſolved to employ his Army againſt that which remained unconquered in *Thrace*, and ſo raiſed his Siege, after he had loſt there in leſs than Fifteen dayes, by Sea and Land, above Twelve thouſand men. Our valiant General, though he knew that in drawing his Forces out of the City, he favoured *Merodates*'s Deſign, who had a great deſire to draw them into the Field, went out for all that with a ſmall flying Army, to diſturb the Enemy in their march and quarters; which he performed in ſuch a manner, charging them at all the narrow and difficult Paſſes, giving them Alarums every Night, which made them continually ſtand to their Arms, depriving them of all their Convoyes, and cutting off their Proviſions on every ſide, that *Merodates*, as we underſtood by ſome Priſoners we had taken, was ready to fall into deſpair. Divers times he would have engaged us to a Battel, but our General not being in a condition with a Body of Six or ſeven thouſand men, to fight an Army of above Thirty thouſand, knew very well how to avoid the occaſion, and to hinder himſelf from being forced to it; and alwayes when *Merodates* ſent out any looſe Party of his Troops to fall upon us, our brave Captain fought with them with ſo much Valor, that the Victory was abſolutely ours. By this continual torment, he hindred the Enemy from making any progreſs, and from laying Siege to any of the places which were left untaken. 'Tis but four dayes ſince, That he having intelligence that they had a Deſign againſt *Bergula*, which they thought to carry preſently, becauſe it was unprovided with Souldiers, though they were already encamped before it, and all the Paſſages whereby it might be relieved, were ſtop't before our Arrival; yet for all that he fell upon one of the quarters with ſo much Vigor, that he opened himſelf a way, and put Six hundred men into the place, leaving about Twelve hundred dead upon the Turfe. He is at this preſent about that place to haraſs the Army upon all its motions, waiting for greater Forces which are expected from divers parts, which I am ſent to meet, whil'ſt *Euriſtheus*, with Four thouſand Souldiers only, and the Inhabitants, continues Commander in *Bizantium*. This, Sir, is all the information I can give you of the condition of your Affairs, which certainly have begun to change their face, ſince the gods for our defence have ſent this ſtranger to command us. He hath not been able with an handful of men to drive out a puiſſant and victorious Army, commanded by ſo valiant a Captain as *Merodates* is; or rather, he hath not been able without men, to recover almoſt a whole Kingdom which you have loſt; but 'tis certain, That he hath defended the remainders of it, after a prodigious manner, he hath very much heartned your Subjects, and diſheartned your Enemies, by ſtopping the courſe of their Conqueſts, when they feared no obſtacle of their Victory; and by making them loſe above Twenty thouſand men in the ſpace of Two Months, and fighting ſo valiantly in your quarrel; That if it be the will of the gods, as I hope it is, that you ſhould preſerve your Kingdom, 'tis certain that you owe the preſervation of it to him.

Niceeles expreſſed himſelf in this manner; and the King, who had hearkned to him with wonderful Attention: "You have told me ſtrange things, *ſaid he*, of that man to 'whom I have ſo great an obligation; and I really believe, as well as you, that I owe the 'preſervation of my Kingdom to him, if the gods be pleaſed that the Crown of *Thrace* 'ſhall continue ſtill upon my Head; but in giving me this contracted Relation of his gal-

'lant Actions, you have not told me his Name; and though he be a ſtranger, yet it is not 'probable but that you know it in all this time. "We continued ignorant of it, *replied* '*Nicocles*, as long as this valiant man continued amongſt us without any conſiderable em-'ployment; but when he had made himſelf known by the brave things he did for your Ser-'vice, and *Eurimedes* had advanced him to the dignity of his Lieutenant, we underſtood 'that his Name was *Ariamenes*. At the Name of *Ariamenes*, which I knew to be that which *Aricbarzanes* had taken to conceal his true Name, I preſently changed colour; and the King, who very well remembred the Name of *Ariamenes*, could not hear it named without trouble and emotion. "What, *ſaid he, with an action which partly expreſſed the* '*agitation of his Soul*, Is your General named *Ariamenes*? "*Yes Sir, added* Nicocles, *and* '*I believe he is an Armenian by Birth*. "Not long ſince, *replied Adallas*, I knew a man of 'that Name, and ſuch a man as you deſcribe that ſtranger to be, to whom, as Fortune would 'have it, I was beholding for my life; and if it ſhould fall out to be the ſame to whom I am 'obliged for the preſervation of my Kingdom, I ſhould be the moſt unhappy Prince upon 'the Earth. He ſtop't awhile at theſe words, caſting his eyes ever now and then upon my Viſage, to obſerve the changes of it; and really I had much ado to keep my countenance, and there was trouble enough in it to diſcover part of my thoughts; but when he had kept ſilence about a quarter of an hour, reſuming his Diſcourſe with a more compoſed Action. "There may be divers perſons in the world, *ſaid he*, that bear the Name of *Ariamenes*, 'and there is little probability, that a man whom I did ſo expreſly enjoin never to ſet foot 'in my Dominions, ſhould be gotten thither ſo long before me, with ſo little care of con-'cealing himſelf, and with ſo little precaution in relation to this life: We ſhall ſee how 'Fortune hath ordered it, and I heartily deſire of the gods, that I may find it to be another '*Ariamenes*.

Having ſpoken theſe words, and endeavouring perfectly to compoſe himſelf, he proceeded to queſtion *Nicocles* concerning the condition of the City, and in what manner he might land there; and being informed that he ſhould find no more hindrance in entring into *Bizantium*, than if the Kingdom were in a profound peace; he advanced towards the City, under the Conduct of *Nicocles*, whom he cauſed to return back to bear him Company. And being it was very early when he met with *Nicocles*, before the end of that day we arrived at the Port of *Bizantium*, without finding any other Veſſels but our own, which *Euriſthenes* by *Ariamenes* orders, cauſed to lie out at Sea for the ſecurity of our Party; and as ſoon as they came near us, *Nicocles* crying immediately out to them, *That it was the King*; and the King ſhewing himſelf to them, they came about him with great exclamations of joy, lowdly ecchoing out the Name of their Prince on every ſide.

"But, *my fair Princeſſes*, I am afraid that the length of this Relation is offenſive to 'you, and if you think good, I will defer the remainder of it till to morrow. "No, no, '*interrupted Candace*, my dear Princeſs, in the Name of the gods, do not leave us upon 'theſe terms, if you your ſelf be not incommodated with the pains you take upon this oc-'caſion. I would not loſe the remainder of it for any thing, except it were to meet with 'my *Ceſario*; and I aſſure my ſelf, that the Princeſs of the *Parthians* will willingly beſtow 'part of the Night in giving Attention to ſo lovely a Story. *Eliſa* confirmed *Candace*'s Diſcourſe, by as urgent requeſts as hers; and the fair *Olympia*, who deſired to pleaſe them both as much as poſſibly ſhe could, continued her Story in theſe terms.

The End of the Firſt Book.

HYMEN'S *PRÆLUDIA:*
OR,
Love's Maſter-piece.

PART. VII. LIB. II.

ARGUMENT.

Olympia *continues her Hiſtory.* Adallas *after his Arrival in* Thrace, *uſes his utmoſt endeavours to raiſe Forces for the recovery of his Kingdom; and marches out of* Bizantium, *to join with* Ariamenes; *he finds him to be the ſame that had formerly ſaved his life. He looks upon him as his Rival, with a furious Jealouſie; and being blinded with that paſſion, notwithſtanding the ſignal Services he had done him, ſends him Priſoner to* Bizantium, *with an intention to ſacrifice him to his indignation.* Adallas *gives* Merodates *Battel, who defeats him, and takes him Priſoner.* Ariamenes *is ſet at liberty by* Olympia, *and made General of the remaining Forces. He marches againſt* Merodates, *and fights him, kills him with his own hand, and totally routs his Army. He draws* Adallas *by a neat policy to promiſe him* Olympia, *and thereupon reſtores him to his Crown and Liberty.* Adallas *is very backward in the performance of his promiſe, but being urged to it, flies out into fury. At laſt he ſeems to be better adviſed, and ſends* Olympia *with* Ariamenes, *whoſe true Name is* Ariobarzanes, *towards* Armenia; *but commands* Euribiades, *who was to conduct them, to throw him into the Sea, and to bring back* Olympia. *A party in the Ship takes* Ariobarzanes's *part; and after a bloody Fight, the remainder of the men on both ſides, are taken by Pirats.* Ariobarzanes *and* Olympia *are parted. She is carried to* Alexandria, *and there ſold for a Slave. She is bought by* Cornelius, *and beſtowed upon* Eliſa.

IT is not neceſſary that I ſhould give you a particular Relation of all that paſſed at our entrance into *Bizantium*; the King was received there with all manner of Applauſe, and Acclamations of Joy; and the people which had been, and might be ſtill afraid of falling under the Dominion of a ſtranger; at the ſight of their King, made uſe of all expreſſions of rejoycing and tenderneſs that he could deſire. I might be bold to ſay, that I had my ſhare in that welcome Reception; and I was not ſo ill beloved amongſt my Brothers Subjects, but that I obſerved a great deal of ſatisfaction amongſt them for my Return. The King, as it concerned him, began immediately to take care for the reſtauration of his Affairs; he viſited thoſe few Forces which he had left; he took notice what Arms and Proviſions were in the City, and what Number of Inhabitants were capable to bear Arms; he liberally rewarded thoſe who had given him any particular proofs of Fidelity, and ſent Meſſengers to all places which continu d under his obedience, to give them intelligence of his Return, and to exhort them to perſevere in their firſt intentions, and to aſſiſt him with all the Forces they could raiſe, to drive his cruel Enemy out of his Dominions, and reſtore them to Peace and Liberty.

His urgent Neceſſities inforced him to beſtow ſome dayes upon theſe employments, and for that time I was releaſed from his cruel Perſecutions, and had a little more leaſure than ordinary

ordinary to diſcourſe with *Ericia* concerning thoſe things which troubled me. Truly, my mind had not taſted one jot of Repoſe, ſince the time I had underſtood that the valiant Defender of *Thrace* was named *Ariamenes*; and though there was little probability that *Ariobarzanes*, being known to the King under the Name of *Ariamenes*, after the cruel threatnings he had made him, ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to expoſe himſelf to a manifeſt danger, without taking ſo much care as to conceal his Name in the Countrey of ſo cruel an Enemy; yet by the Report which was made us of his Youth, his Beauty and Valor, and of all the admirable marks by which I knew *Ariobarzanes*, I could not imagine it to be any body elſe but he; and when *Ericia* endeavoured to oppoſe my opinion by contrary probabilities. " *Ericia*, ſaid I, Let us not deceive our ſelves, ſeeing we know not whether the gods ' ſend me *Ariamenes* again, for my good or bad Fortune; this prodigious Valor, this mar- ' vellous Beauty which are repreſented unto us in the perſon of the brave Defender of ' *Thrace*, cannot be in any but our *Ariamenes*, and any other *Ariamenes* but ours, would ' want ſome of theſe admirable parts which *Ariobarzanes* is compoſed of. This bold con- ' fidence which he hath to come and caſt himſelf into the Arms of his Enemy, doth really ' proceed from that Courage which we have obſerved in him. That great Courage makes ' him believe, that he ought not to fear a man to whom he is not inferior; and that per- ' ſwades him, that without baſeneſs and unworthineſs, he could not diſguize in his Domini- ' ons, that Name under which he had formerly made himſelf known to him; and beſides, ' he may probably believe, that after he hath done ſuch great Services for the King, or ra- ' ther, after he hath preſerved his Kingdom by his Valor only, he might preſent himſelf to ' him under the ſame Name of the Defender of his life. Howſoever it be, *Ericia*, my ' heart tells me, that it is no other *Ariamenes* but mine; and that he loves me ſufficiently, ' to undertake more difficult, and more dangerous things upon my Account; I know not ' whether I ſhall be deceived or not, but in this uncertainty, *Ericia*, I am ignorant whether ' I ſhould rejoyce, or afflict my ſelf. 'Tis true, I cannot but be very joyful to underſtand ' that *Ariobarzanes* is not far from us, and that the King is newly obliged to him for the pre- ' ſervation of his Kingdom; and yet I cannot but tremble for fear, when I know that he ' comes to expoſe himſelf to the cruelty of a jealous King, who hath ſo terribly threatned ' him. I told him indeed, That he ſhould gain the Kings good will by ſubmiſſion and Ser- ' vices, but I did not deſire that he ſhould move him, or ſerve him in ſuch a dangerous man- ' ner; or rather, I did not deſire that he ſhould uſe ſo little caution in the preſervation of a ' life which is more dear to me than mine own. Theſe were almoſt the very words I ſpoke to *Ericia*, and that affectionate Maid making her real thoughts give way in part to the deſire ſhe had to comfort me, repreſented to me, that though this *Ariamenes* were the real *Ariobarzanes*, yet I could have no reaſon to fear any thing upon his Account, and that the King, without rendring himſelf deteſtable to all the World, could not conſerve one thought of enmity againſt him, after he had received ſuch important Services from him, there was more probability that *Adallas* would make all his reſentments give place to others more full of reaſon and acknowledgment; and if *Ariobarzanes* diſcovered himſelf to be what really he was, he might expect the recompence he pretended to, from a King ſo mightily obliged to him. I partly flattered my ſelf with *Ericia*'s Diſcourſe, and did neither quite reject it, nor abſolutely give credit to it.

The King was no leſs troubled in mind than I, at this Name of *Ariamenes*; but that he could not imagine, that any man would have been ſo bold, as to come alone to brave him ſo publickly in his Kingdom, after the prohibitions he made him to the contrary, ſo he began to change the opinion he had received, that it might be he; and not being ignorant how much need he had ſtill of the Valor and Service of that ſtranger, whoſoever he might be, he deſired, in giving him intelligence of his Arrival, to aſſure him of his Acknowledgment, and to confirm him in the zeal which he expreſſed for his Service. Upon this Deſign, ſending one of his Servants to him with orders to conſult with him concerning all neceſſary Affairs, he gave him a Letter, of which, I believe, theſe were the very words.

Adallas King of *Thrace*, to the General *Ariamenes.*

I Should be ungrateful, if I did not confeſs, that I owe to your Valor and generous Aſſiſtance, the preſervation of whatſoever is left me in my Dominions; and though you are but a ſtranger, you have done that for a Prince, to whom you had no obligation, which poſſibly the moſt faithful Subjects never did for their lawful Prince. I have no recompence to offer you which can equalize the greatneſs of your Services; but if your gallant Actions can find any elſewhere, beſides in the glory of the performance of them, you ſhall make your own choice in a Kingdom, where all things ſhall be at the Service of its valiant Defender.

If the King had ſent one of thoſe men to *Ariamenes*, who had made the Voyage with him, he might have been ſatisfied at his return of the truth of his doubts; but whether it was by chance, or by deſign, he put *Nicocles* upon the employment, the ſame that we met at Sea, who had never ſeen the face of *Ariamenes*, but in *Thrace*. However it was, *Nicocles* went to find him out, with order to confer with him about the Kings deſigns, and to underſtand the condition of his Forces, and of the Enemies Army. In the mean time the King received the ſame day by Sea, the ſupplies which *Nicocles* had made mention of to him; and he hoped, that within a few dayes, from the places which continued under his obedience, and had not as yet been attempted by the Enemies, he ſhould receive Forces conſiderable enough to take the Field, and go and join with *Ariamenes*, in a condition to give Battel to *Merodates*. He had reaſon to expect this Recruit, for the Levies were begun before the death of *Eurimedes*, and continued afterwards by the cares of *Ariamenes*, ſo that in all likelihood they were in a condition to march. Since the time we had arrived at *Bizantium*, the King forgot nothing that was to be done, in order to their employment in his Service at their Arrival; and in the interim, *Nicocles* being returned, and having informed him, that *Ariamenes* with his ſmall Body, attended ſtill upon *Merodates* his Army, and had no other deſign at preſent, but to raiſe the Siege of *Bergula*, which the Enemies had inveſted, he gave him his Letter, which contained theſe words.

The Stranger *Ariamenes*, to the King of *Thrace.*

THE Services which I have rendred your Majeſty, are too inconſiderable to merit the acknowledgment which you vouchſafe them, and I have been too well paid for the aſſiſtance I have given to your Subjects, by the honour they have done me, in making me their General. 'Tis an honour that I never was ambitious of, becauſe I deſerved it not; and yet I did not refuſe it, becauſe it gave me an opportunity to ſerve you; I will reſign it into the hands of that perſon whom your Majeſty ſhall judge worthy to command your Troops; and while it is in mine, I will behave my ſelf in it with all the fidelity you might expect from the moſt affectionate of your Subjects.'

By theſe words, which made no mention of what was paſt, nor expreſſed any precedent Acquaintance, the King ſtill perſwaded himſelf, that this *Ariamenes* was not the *Ariamenes* that he was afraid of; and I confeſs, that when he read them in my preſence, I became partly of his opinion, and loſt ſome part either of the hope or the fear which I had conceived. In the mean time, the News came to the King the next day, that *Ariamenes* with a part of his ſmall Body, had cut in pieces Four thouſand men, whom *Merodates* had ſent to guard a Convoy; and did ſo weaken him by degrees, that if the Deſtinies continued to be favourable to him, in a ſmall time *Merodates* would have no advantage in the Field. This News filled the Kings heart with freſh hopes, and to augment them the more, within leſs than ſix dayes, there came from the Coaſts of *Thinia*, Three thouſand Horſe; and from *Halmidaſſus*, and the Promontory of *Philia*, above Seven thouſand Foot. With this grand ſupply, and Four thouſand Souldiers which were ſtill in the City, the King, who had intelligence beſides, that Four or five thouſand men raiſed in the Countrey of *Apollonia*, were gone to join with *Ariamenes*'s Troops, would ſtay no longer in *Bizantium*; and leaving only the Inhabi-

Inhabitants for the defence of the City, he made up a Body of about Fifteen thousand men, which he was resolved to lead in person towards that which *Ariamenes* commanded, which at that time wanted very little of being as strong as the Kings.

I continued in the City at some liberty, from the importunity which I received continually from the King, and yet so strictly guarded, though under pretence of doing me honor, that if I would have undertaken a second flight, it would not have been in my power to have done it. In the interim, *my fair Princesses*, without my troubling you with a long Narration, you may imagine what the perplexities were which tormented me, and how my spirit was continually agitated between hope and fear; the desire of seeing *Ariobarzanes* again, and the fear lest he should throw himself into too great a danger for the sight of me. I should never have done, if I should go about to represent to you all the thoughts which possessed me, and repeat all the Discourses I had with *Ericia* upon that Subject. I will proceed with the remainder of my Story, and will tell you, That upon the third day of his march, the King arrived at *Ariamenes*'s quarters, from whence the General came forth at the Head of Five hundred Horse to receive him, about a Hundred Furlongs from off his Camp. The King no sooner saw the body appear, but he knew that it was that valiant man to whom he was so redueable, and disposing himself to receive him according to the greatness of the obligation he had to him, he caused the Troops that marched before him, to open to the right and left, to give him free passage. The valiant *Ariamenes*, as I was informed since, wore Arms that day all glittering with gold and precious stones; a little Morion, after the Greek fashion, shaded with Twenty white Feathers, covered the top of his Head, leaving his Face all uncovered, and a great quantity of Hair naturally Curled, which fell in great rings as low as his Armour; his Horse was black, bedapled with white spots, whose gallant stately Pace was less remarkable, than the good Grace and Horsemanship of him that rode him. Before he came to the King, he was looked upon with so much Admiration by all that stood in his way, that they could not forbear to express it by their Acclamations, which came to the Kings ears, and caused a greater curiosity in him to see such an extraordinary person.

As soon as *Ariamenes* saw the King he alighted, to accost him with the Respect due to the Royal Dignity, and in the Head of his Party, he marched towards him with such a Majesty, as could not be found in any common person. As he drew near, the King took notice of his proportion and countenance, and when he was nigh enough to be plainly discerned, the King, without difficulty, knew him to be the true *Ariamenes*, that *Ariamenes*, whom he hated, as much as I loved him; and the same *Ariamenes*, to whom he was redueable for his life. Never was astonishment like to that of *Adallas*, and never in the most surprizing Adventure did a mind appear so troubled, as *Adallas*'s did at this sight. He stood as immoveable as a piece of Marble, and *Ariamenes*, though he observed his emotion, accosted him with a confident countenance, did reverence to him with a great deal of grace and humility, the King not using any gesture, whereby it might be judged that he perceived his action. *Ariamenes*, who was prepared for part of what he saw, did not seem ever a jot the more daunted for it, and beginning to speak with an action that sufficiently expressed his confidence, whil'st the King, and all that were about him, made their silence speak the greatness of their astonishment. "Sir, *said he*, If I have offended in disobeying the Command which you laid upon me, I come to put the Offender into the hands of your Justice; and if by some small Service I have repaired part of that fault, I come to beg my pardon for the recompence that is due to me for it.

This first Discourse of *Ariamenes*, though it was bold, and proceeded from a Courage truly Royal, yet it was full of humility, and did sufficiently express the intention he had, according to the request I made to him, to work upon *Adallas* his spirit, by submission and services. But the King was not so sensible of it, as probably he should have been, and beholding *Ariamenes* with eyes sparkling with rage, "What Audaciousness, *said he*, and what foolish rashness is this of thine, to come, after the express prohibition I had made thee, not only to shew thy self publickly in my Dominions, but to put thy self in the Head of my Subjects, and to present thy self to me with as much assurance, as if I were not thy irreconcileable Enemy, and as if I had not protested to thee before all the gods, That no consideration should save thy life, if thou ever did'st set foot in *Thrace*? "It

may

'may be, *replied Ariobarzanes*, I came into your Country by chance, and the deſire of 'doing you Service, hath ſtayed me there; I have done it poſſibly with ſucceſs enough, 'and if I have reſolved to declare my Name, and to preſent my ſelf before you, after the 'threatnings you had made me, 'tis at a time, when for the Service I have rendred you, I 'might expect from a Soul that is truly Royal, more recompences, than puniſhments; and 'more acknowledgment, than ill uſage. "Thou knoweſt, *ſaid* Adallas, *full of fury*, 'That the moſt preſſing obligations cannot produce that effect between us; and that the 'ſame neceſſity which poſſibly made me to be ungrateful to thee, when I was beholding to 'thee for my life, will not permit me to look upon thoſe leſs important Services which thou 'haſt rendred me in the defence of my Dominions. Beſides, Thou can'ſt not deny, but 'that thy ruine appears more odious now than formerly, and thou could'ſt not come into '*Thrace*, through ſo many dangers as threatned thee, but by the inſtigation of thy Love, 'and it may be of *Olympia*'s Commands. Thou comeſt to ruine the Repoſe of my Soul, 'in endeavouring the peace of my Kingdom; and thou waſt not ignorant, that the injury 'thou didſt me in my heart, was more ſenſible to me, than the Service thou could'ſt render 'me in the defence of my Kingdom. After all this, judge what thy deſtiny ought to be, 'and do not complain of me, if that which thou didſt expect from a King obliged to thy 'Valor, be not found in an injured and deſperate Lover.

As he finiſhed theſe words, he turned towards *Soſias* and *Euſthenes*, the Captains of his Guards, and commanded them to ſeize upon the perſon of *Ariamenes*, and to be reſponſible for him upon pain of death. At this Command, all thoſe who had followed *Ariamenes*, and who with the reſt of the Army, had conceived a marvellous Affection for him, could not forbear to murmur aloud at it, and thoſe that came along with the King, who were acquainted with the merit and ſervices of *Ariamenes*, could not hear it without a deal of diſpleaſure. *Ariamenes* ſeemed to be the leaſt troubled at it, and if he was, 'twas only with ſome motions of Choler; and that Paſſion, of which till then he had rendred himſelf Maſter, upon the conſideration of his Love, could not be ſo abſolutely reſtrained in a fierce and fiery ſpirit as *Ariobarzanes*'s was, but that at laſt it would in ſome meaſure appear. "I 'ſhould lye, *ſaid he to the King*, if I ſhould ſay, that I expected any other uſage from 'thee; and thy Actions have ſo much congruity with that gallant Paſſion, by which thou 'would'ſt excuſe thy ingratitude, that the value of thy life and Kingdom could not make 'me expect any other recompence, than what thou beſtoweſt upon me. It ſuffices me for 'my ſatisfaction, to ſee thee declare that thou art beholding to me for thy life, before thoſe 'who know already, that thou art obliged to me for the preſervation of thy Kingdom; and 'I am ſufficiently ſatisfied and revenged upon thee, by the ſhame which I leave thee, for 'uſing thoſe ſo, to whom thou confeſſeſt that thou oweſt thy Crown and life.

After theſe words, ſeeing *Soſias* and *Euſthenes*, though very much troubled at the employment, to draw near him, and demand his Sword: "This Sword, *ſaid he*, *laying his 'hand upon the Hilt*, hath done too good ſervice in the defence of your King and you, to 'endure to paſs out of my hand into hands unworthy to bear it; but ſeeing that it is to no 'purpoſe to defend it againſt an Army, I render it to the Princeſs *Olympia*, and 'tis to her 'only, *continued he, throwing it at* Soſias's *feet*; that I charge you to preſent it, as being 'the only perſon in *Thrace*, who can deſerve that honour, and that hath reaſon to glory, 'that ſhe hath made *Ariamenes* yield up his Arms.

Theſe words pronounced with an admirable Grace, re-inflamed the Kings anger afreſh, and not being able to diſſemble it, "Thou haſt pronounced the ſentence of thine own 'death, *ſaid he*, in pronouncing the Name of *Olympia*; and that fatal Love whereof 'thou makeſt ſo publick a Declaration, in throwing thy ſelf into thy Grave, ſhall give a 'fair example to ſuch audacious Youngſters as thou art, to be more regular in their Ambition. "Thou may'ſt judge what thou pleaſeſt of my thoughts, *replied Ariamenes*; but 'if I love the Princeſs *Olympia*, know ſhe is not offended by my Love, as ſhe is highly injured by thine; and ſeeing that I am neither her Brother, as thou art, nor of a Birth inferior to hers, ſhe might receive that from me without wronging her ſelf, which ſhe can-'not endure from thee without deteſtation. Upon theſe words, the King had almoſt made his indignation appear in ſome Tragical effect, and ſeeing himſelf covered with ſhame and confuſion, by the reproaches of *Ariamenes*, he was ready to run him through with his

Sword; at last retaining himself, though with much difficulty: "I endure any thing, *said* 'he, from a man whom I can punish at my pleasure, a man devoted to death by my just re-'sentments, and his own confession. Take him out of my presence, and whil'st there is or-'der taken for his punishment, we will learn if his Birth be not inferior to mine. "Thou 'shalt know it possibly, *replied* Ariamenes, sooner than thou desirest; and upon this hint 'which I have given thee, consider more than once, how thou wilt proceed against the Son 'of a greater King than he of *Thrace*. Having spoken these words, he turned another way, without having any longer Conversation with the King, who being unwilling to have him conducted into the Army, where he was adored by his Souldiers, and where he was afraid of some Commotion, if the Souldiery had seen their valiant General a Prisoner, commanded *Eusthenes* to carry him to *Bizantium*, with a Convoy of Five hundred Horse, and to stay there to Guard him, till he received farther Orders; but he expressly forbade him, upon pain of death, to permit me to see him, protesting to him, That if any such thing happened, he would never pardon him.

Eusthenes having received this Order with regret, and yet being forced to obey it, caused *Ariamenes* to mount upon another Horse instead of his own, and putting him into the middle of the Troop which was to conduct him, he caused him to march towards *Bizantium*. Before that he arrived there, the Report of his being taken, and of all that had passed upon this occasion, was already spread abroad, and I was one of the first persons that had the Relation brought to them. You may imagine what effect this News produced upon my spirit, and you need not doubt but that this sad Adventure made me fall into the most violent grief that any Soul could be sensible of. Indeed the danger whereunto I saw this young Prince, whom I loved, as much as his merit and affection did oblige me to do, exposed for the love of me, did so nearly touch me, that I should tell you nothing but the Truth, if I should protest to you, That I would willingly have been in his place, and have been made the mark of all the mischief that was aimed at him. By the new proofs which he had given me of his Affection, in coming without any care of his life, to make such a generous and noble search after opportunities of seeing me, and serving his most cruel Enemy upon my Account, he had, as I conceived, so far obliged me, That I could not without ingratitude, deny him him as much Affection as he expressed to me. And in that, *my fair Princesses*, I acquitted my self as I ought, loving him as dearly, and as sincerely as my Soul was capable to do; O gods! what did I not think? what did I say at this cruel News? And what Testimonies did I not give to all the persons which came near me, how much I interested my self in this Accident! One while I complained of the cruelty and ingratitude of *Adallas*, which could not but render him odious to all the world, for the unworthy usage which he shewed to the valiant Defender of his Dominions, and the preserver of his life. Another while I accused *Aricbarzanes* of rashness, and want of consideration, as to my Repose, for coming and casting himself so imprudently into the hands of a man almost mad with Jealousie, who had so seriously threatned him; and sometimes I checked my self, knowing very well that I had partly contributed to this disaster, by the indulgence which I had shewed to the Affection of *Aricbarzanes*, or rather to mine own, which made me approve of all that the young Prince could undertake to see and serve me. Upon these considerations, I almost drowned my self in tears, and did so afflict my self, that had it not been for *Ericia*'s comforting of me, I believe my grief would have been able to have laid me in my Grave.

In the mean while, it was no small consolation to me in my displeasure, to see how all the world participated in it; and the Inhabitants of *Bizantium*, who a few dayes before had seen *Ariamenes* behave himself with so much Generosity and Valor in the defence of their lives and liberties, or rather had looked upon him as their miraculous preserver, and had still a fresh remembrance of the prodigious Actions which they had seen him do for their interest, could not see him brought prisoner into their City, being accused for nothing but for loving the Princess *Olympia*, without expressing publickly how much they were discontented at it, and plainly declaring, That the King did very ill to Treat a man so, to whom he was indebted for his Crown, and to whom, by his own confession, he was beholding for his life too. And when *Eusthenes* caused him to pass through the streets, to convey him to the place where they were wont to secure considerable prisoners, he could hardly hinder the

the people from breaking out into Sedition, and attempting to take him by violence out of his hands.

What fear ſoever I had of exaſperating the Kings ſpirit, yet not believing that it was any longer neceſſary to uſe ſo much diſſimulation to pleaſe a Prince who did not Treat me, nor look upon me as his Siſter, I ſent preſently to demand of *Euſthenes*, if I might not be permitted to ſee *Ariobarzanes*. But he came himſelf to make his own Apology, and to tell me, That the King had expreſly forbidden him upon pain of death. This redoubling of my grief, made me flie out more than poſſibly I ſhould have done, and I could not forbear, in *Euſthenes* his preſence, to exceed the bounds of moderation, which till then I had better obſerved. "Well, *ſaid I to him, with my eyes covered with tears*, Let the King 'finiſh his ſhameful perſecutions with the utmoſt cruelties that he can exerciſe againſt me, 'and let him join to that horrible and fooliſh paſſion which already renders him the Fable 'of the whole world, a cruelty and an ingratitude towards his generous Deliverer, which 'will make his Name deteſtable to all Princes; He cannot render himſelf blacker than he 'is, neither can he ever work any thing upon *Olympia's* ſpirit, but horror and repugnance. After I had ſpoken theſe words, I ſhut my ſelf up in my Cloſet, where I paſſed the remainder of that day in the ſaddeſt condition imaginable. The next day I received a Letter from the King, by a Meſſenger whom he ſent from the Camp, whereof theſe were the very words.

The King of *Thrace*, to the Princeſs *Olympia*.

IT is no time for you to deny that which Ariamenes *himſelf hath openly declared to me. He loves you, Madam, and is beloved by you. The knowledge of this, is ſufficient to be the death of* Adallas; *but it is capable too, of making him ſacrifice that Rival to his juſt reſentments. I owe very much to him without doubt; but according to the ſenſe of Nature, I owe no leſs to my ſelf; and I had rather ſtain my reputation a little with ingratitude, than make the preſervation of his life an eternal torment to mine own. In brief,* Olympia, *as our common misfortune will have it, he muſt dye, and dye he ſhall, without doubt; if to ſave a man whom you love, but ought not to love; you do not beſtow your ſelf upon him whom you love not, but ought to love. If you make this attempt upon your inclinations for his ſafety, he will have no cauſe to accuſe you; and doubtleſs he will have reaſon to complain of you at his death, if you refuſe to ſave his life, the preſervation whereof depends upon you. Conſult with your affection hereupon, and be reſolved with your ſelf, that you cannot preſerve the life of* Ariamenes, *but by beſtowing* Olympia *upon me.*

You may very well comprehend, *my fair Princeſſes*, how much this Letter augmented my Affliction, and you need not doubt, but that I found a great occaſion to torment my ſelf in that cruel choice which *Adallas* preſented to me. This Letter made me weep, it made me deplore my misfortune in very pitiful expreſſions, and make imprecations too againſt the cruelties of this unnatural Brother. But whatſoever care I had of the ſafety of *Ariobarzanes*, or whatſoever fear I might receive from the menaces of *Adallas*, I did not waver at all in the reſolution I was to take; and knowing very well, that *Ariobarzanes* would not take it as a Courteſie to receive his life at my hands, if he muſt purchaſe it by my beſtowing my ſelf upon his Rival, I conſulted no farther, either with my Affection, or my Duty, what Anſwer I ſhould return to *Adallas*, but ſent it him immediately by the man which had brought me his Letter; and I believe I wrote to him in theſe, or the like words.

The Princeſs *Olympia*, to the King of *Thrace*.

I Could not hear of the Captivity of Ariamenes, *without bearing a ſhare with all your faithful Subjects in their affliction for the misfortune of their valiant Defender. That Captive whom you intend to put to death before you know him, might expect other recompences from you,*

and you would not be in a condition to threaten his life, if he had neglected the preservation of yours; nor to keep him Prisoner in Bizantium, *if at the rate of his own blood he had not defended the walls of it. His destiny is in your hands, or rather in the hands of the gods, whose power is superior to that of Kings, and who may still put you into a condition of having need of an* Ariamenes. *If I could contribute to his safety, doubtless I would do it at any rate but what you demand: But as for that, 'tis possible that* Ariamenes *himself would not accept of his life upon these conditions, but would be generous enough not to desire that I should save it by so horrible an action. If he does not love me, I should be too blame to do that for the preservation of his life, which I have always avoided at the peril of mine own; and if he does love me, as you accuse him, he will receive his death more cruelly, by my bestowing* Olympia *upon you, than by those means which you have to destroy him. In brief, If the gods will have him live, they can free him out of your hands; and if he must dye, I had rather that he should dye by your ingratitude, than by mine.*

Though these words, if you take them in a contrary sense to mine, expressed some indifference as to *Ariobarzanes*'s life, and though it was my intention too to persuade the King that I loved him less than I did; yet the gods know, that his life was dearer to me than mine own, and I would willingly have given mine (if *Adallas* would have been so contented) for the preservation of his. But though by a prodigious change, I could have wrought my inclinations to *Adallas*'s will, yet I had too good an opinion of the Affection and Courage of *Ariobarzanes*, to believe that he would receive his life in exchange of his hopes, or consent, upon my consideration, that to purchase his liberty, I should throw my self into that misfortune which I had so much avoided, and against which I had so much horror and repugnance. Besides, I could not absolutely believe, that the King, whatsoever he threatned, was resolved to put him to death, after such pressing and known obligations; and it was probable, that unless he had the heart of a Tyger, and his eyes closed against all considerations of honour, *Adallas* would never proceed to those extremities. In the interim, I found a way to prevail with *Eusthenes*, who of himself was not disaffected to *Ariobarzanes*, not to permit me to see him, but to give way that I might have a Note conveyed to him by *Ericia*'s Brother, who was in my Service, and in whom I had a great deal of confidence; the Note was in these terms.

The Princess *Olympia*, to *Ariamenes*.

IF you were in another Condition, doubtless I should complain of the injury you have done me in coming, as you have done, to cast away a life which you know is not indifferent to me; but it would ill become me to reproach you, whil'st you are a Prisoner for my sake; and I ought rather to use my endeavours to set you free at any rate, but what is demanded of me, in expectation of a better opportunity to accuse you of the little care you have had of your own safety and my repose. You may judge how far I participate in your disgrace, by the interest I have in it, and the thoughts I have for you; they are, and always shall be such as are due to the merit of your person and affection, and I should render my self unworthy of the testimonies you have given me of it, if I did not look upon your misfortune as mine own.

Ariobarzanes received a great deal of consolation by the reading of my Letter, and as nothing was capable of making any strong impression upon so great a Courage as his, but what had relation to his love; so he was more contented in his imprisonment after this testimony of my Affection, than he could have been in the absolute enjoyment of his liberty, if he had been uncertain what thoughts I had for him. By the liberty which *Eusthenes* gave him to do it (yet with all possible secresie) he had the means to discourse with *Ericia*'s Brother, whom I sent to him, and who, according to the charge I had given him to that purpose, gave him a full Account in what manner I supported his Captivity, how I dalt with the King upon that Account, and how I was resolved not to suffer him to perish upon my occasion, without bearing of him Company. *Ariobarzanes* received these marks of my friendship, with all the testimonies of a perfect acknowledgment; and after he had expressed

prefsed as much to *Ericia's* Brother in the most extatical words that the most violent Affection could furnish him withall, he gave him a Letter with the same secresie and precaution, whereof these were the words.

Ariamenes, to the Princess *Olympia.*

I Do not think my self unfortunate, since that my fair Princess takes a share in my misfortune, and my Fetters are now more worthy of Envy, than Commiseration. I beg your pardon for what I have undertaken, to gain a sight of you; I cannot justifie my self in it, since you have received some displeasure upon that Account. But in truth, it was a very difficult thing to have seen, to have adored the Princess Olympia, *and to live without a second sight of her. 'Tis true, that happiness which hath been sought with some danger, and is of too high a value to be obtained any other way, is cruelly denied me. And this, my fair Princess, is all the misfortune of my life, and all that can be worthy of pity in my condition. I am too much obliged to your goodness, for having refused those conditions which the King hath offered you for my safety, and, as you know very well, that no consideration could have rendred you excuseable of a crime before the gods or men, if you had accepted of them; so you are not ignorant, that by bestowing the Princess* Olympia *upon* Adallas, *you would put* Ariamenes *to a far more cruel death, than* Adallas *could do either by Sword or Poyson. I will not go about to confirm you in that resolution, being sufficiently acquainted with your vertue, to believe, that it will be as immoveable, as the fidelity of* Ariamenes.

His Letter was of no larger extent, though he had matter enough, because he left it to *Ericia's* Brother to acquaint me with all their Discourse. He did so divers times, because I took a pleasure to make him repeat all the words which he had heard from *Artobarzanes's* mouth; and by the Relation which he made me of his passionate Discourses, and his resolution to suffer a thousand deaths for my sake, if he was capable of suffering so many, with joy and patience; he did so confirm me in the affection I had for him, that he would have been unjust, if he had desired any more of me. But alas! after I had done discoursing with *Ericia's* Brother, I had scarcely read over this Letter once more, but I received another from the King, which turned me into Ice with fear; and these were the very expressions of it.

The King of *Thrace*, to the Princess of *Olympia.*

YOU have signed the death of Ariamenes *by the Letters which you wrote to me; and since you consent to his death, all humane considerations shall not be able to secure him from it. I should have given you your share of the spectacle which I intend, before this, but that I was minded to participate of it my self, and am detained here by some occasions which are strong enough to retard my vengeance a few dayes. I am marching to give* Merodates *Battel, and to morrow, without any farther delay, the decision of our Fortune will appear. After my Victory, I will turn all my Arms against* Ariamenes; *and when I shall have no other Enemies to fight with, I shall the better execute my vengeance against the last, and the most dangerous of my Enemies.*

I know not how very well to represent to you what my resentments were upon the reading of this Letter, and I had much ado to contain my self within the limits of that respect and consideration which was due to *Adallas*; I returned him no Answer in writing, but contented my self only to say to him who brought me his Letter, "Tell the King, that the 'success of Battels is in the hands of the gods, and that he ought not to dispose so confident-'ly of that which he will do after the Victory; and yet his threatnings shall not hinder me 'from praying to the gods for the prosperity of his Arms, and the interest of my Coun-'trey; but let him consider more than twice, what will be the event of the design which he 'hath against *Ariamenes's* life, and let him expect, if he treats him ill, to draw upon himself 'a greater and more puissant Enemy, than *Merodates* is.

I will not trouble you with the Relation of my fears and inquietudes; but to abridge this Narration, I will paſs to *Adallas*'s Camp, and will tell you, that the King my Brother ſeeing his Forces augmented, and thoſe of his Enemy weakned, thought himſelf ſtrong enough to give him Battel, and his paſſion depriving him in part of his ordinary rationality, and hindring him from foreſeeing all the conſequences that might happen thereupon, he dared *Merodates* to an Encounter, and marched out of his Camp to advance towards him. *Merodates* being a very valiant and well experienced Captain, and who might with leſs hazard give Battel in his Enemies Countrey, than if he had been in his own, joyfully accepted of it, and marched to meet *Adallas* in the beſt order that can be imagined. I will not entertain you either with the preparations, or the particulars of that dayes Action, having too little skill in War to be able to give you a pertinent Account; I will only tell you, that after both Princes had provided on either ſide whatſoever they thought neceſſary for their advantage, they gave Battel: The Engagement was cruel and doubtful, the Commanders and Souldiers did wonders, and diſputed the advantage with the effuſion of a great deal of blood, and the death of divers thouſands of men. But at laſt the ſame Fortune which had accompanied *Merodates* in the two former Battels, attended him likewiſe in the the third, and about the end of the day, our Troops turning their backs, abandoned the Victory to him, and the liberty of their King, who ſcorning to owe his ſafety to a baſe flight, and fighting with a great deal of Valor, was thrown to the ground, and taken Priſoner with divers of his Souldiers, who were reſolved to be Companions of his deſtiny. Behold the ſucceſs of the proud and inſolent Propoſitions of men, and behold this ingrateful and audacious Prince, who a few hours before haſtning, as he thought, to a Victory, only to go and ſheath his Sword in the boſome of his Benefactor, ſaw himſelf the ſame day a Priſoner to his Enemy, and to ſuch an Enemy, who, to confirm his Conqueſt, which was but ill-aſſured, ſo long as the lawful King of *Thrace* was living, was very likely to make uſe of the ſame deſigns againſt him, which he had againſt *Ariamenes*, and might do it with ſo much the more Juſtice, becauſe that in putting him to death, he ſhould only deſtroy an Enemy, whom a Conqueror could not in policy permit to live, and not the Deliverer and Defender of his State and life.

I do not doubt but that the unfortunate *Adallas* made theſe reflections in his impriſonment, and was cruelly tormented with Sorrow, Fear and Repentance. Yet *Merodates* Treated him very civilly; and though the greateſt Polititians about him, counſelled him to ſend him out of the World as ſoon as might be, and repreſented to him, that after his death, he need not fear any oppoſition in *Thrace*, where otherwiſe he could never hope to be quiet, as long as *Adallas* was living; yet he was not forward to frame any ſuch reſolution, but believed that the death of a great King was not of ſo ſmall a conſequence, to be ſo ſuddenly and ſo eaſily reſolved upon. Beſides, in gaining the Victory, he had loſt almoſt as many men as we, and his Forces not being in a condition to make a hot purſuit, gave time to ours to retire under the conduct of ſome of their Commanders, who led them back towards *Bizantium* in good order. This conſideration making *Merodates* judge, that as yet he was not abſolute Maſter of *Thrace*, eſpecially as long as *Ariamenes*, whoſe Valor he was too well acquainted with, and whoſe confinement he had heard of, was in the ſervice of his Enemy, hindred him from determining what to do with him, and contented himſelf at preſent to keep him in ſecure Cuſtody, cauſing him to be ſerved like a Prince in his condition. He had the curioſity to ſee him the ſame day that he was taken, and though in other things he carried himſelf very modeſtly towards him, yet he could not forbear to tell him, That the gods had puniſhed him for two Crimes, wherewith his Reputation was very much blemiſhed in the eye of the World, which were, his unjuſt and irrational love to his Siſter, and his ingratitude towards his Benefactor; *and to theſe words, added he*, "You "were much to blame, to deprive your ſelf, in a time of neceſſity, of ſuch an aſſiſtance as "you had received from the Valor of *Ariamenes*; had it not been for him, I had been long "ſince Maſter of *Thrace*; and if he had commanded your Troops this day, I durſt not "have promiſed my ſelf that I ſhould have been Victorious. The King being full of grief and confuſion, gave no Anſwer to *Merodates*'s words, wherein, he knew there was a great deal of Juſtice and Truth; and *Merodates* not deſiring to make any inſolent uſe of his Fortune, did not importune him any farther.

In

In the mean time, *my fair Princeſſes*, you may partly conjecture what my thoughts were, when this News was brought to *Bizantium*; and how my Soul was divided between the paſſions which aſſaulted it. 'Tis certain, that I was ſorry to hear of the defeat of our men, the loſs of a Kingdom, which in all probability was upon the brink of ruine; and the Captivity of a Prince, who, though he had not thoſe intentions for me which he ought, was nevertheleſs my Brother, and my King. The gods are my witneſſes, that I was very much afflicted at his misfortune and ours; but they will pardon me, and you too, my Princeſſes, if I confeſs to you, That the repugnance which I had againſt *Adallas*'s love, the reſentment wherein I did very much intereſs my ſelf, of his ingratitude to *Ariamenes*, and the fear I was in for *Ariobarzanes*'s life, did ſo ſuſpend the judgment I ſhould have made of my Fortune, that certainly I did not beſtow all the tears I ſhould have done, upon the calamity of our Family, and which at another time, without doubt, I ſhould have ſhed. I could not think with my ſelf, that the King my Brother was a Priſoner to his Enemies, and in great danger of his life; that the Affairs of the Kingdom were in an undone condition, and that we were in all probability, upon the point of ſeeing our ſelves expoſed to the miſeries of Tyranny and Captivity, without being ſenſible of a great deal of diſpleaſure: But upon the other ſide, I could not conceive that I was freed from the cruel importunity of *Adallas*, that *Ariamenes* had eſcaped the cruel deſign which he had taken againſt his life, and that I might poſſibly have the opportunity to reſtore him abſolutely to his liberty, and to put him again into a condition of giving me new marks of his Affection, without receiving a great deal of comfort upon that ſcore, and the gods were pleaſed immediately to make it as compleat as I could deſire. For the Inhabitants of *Bizantium* had no ſooner heard of the loſs of the Battel, and the Captivity of the King, but after they had beſtowed a few hours upon the firſt All-arms, and the firſt Affright which ordinarily renders the people incapable of all reſolution, after they had repleniſhed the City with their cryes and groans, rather out of fear, and the conſideration of their own intereſt, than out of the love they bare to their Prince. They aſſembled at laſt in great Troops, and putting the moſt conſiderable men formoſt, they marched towards the Palace where I was, crying out aloud in the ſtreets; That I was their only lawful Princeſs, and that in the Abſence and Captivity of their King, they could addreſs themſelves to no body but me, nor receive Orders from any one but my ſelf. No body contradicted this Diſcourſe of the people; or if it was diſapproved by ſome, their Party was the weaker, and they durſt not rely upon it. You need not doubt, but that I received a great deal of ſatisfaction, when I ſaw all the people at my feet, to give me the abſolute Command over them, and to pray me to adviſe with my Council to find ſome means to ſave the remainders of *Thrace*, if it was poſſible.

I could not have wiſhed for an handſomer occaſion of ſetting *Ariamenes* at liberty, and ſeeing the people ſo well diſpoſed to follow my will. "My Friends, *ſaid I to the chief of them*, the King hath great cauſe to be ſatisfied in your Fidelity, and I will acquaint him 'with it, when the gods ſhall be pleaſed to reſtore him to us; but I am too weak to under-'take your defence, and the recovery of his liberty; you have need of ſome valiant man 'to repulſe the fury of your Enemies, which threatens your gates and lives, and to command 'the remainder of your Forces. The people having ſignified to me by their loud out-cries, That they approved of my opinion, and having prayed me divers times to appoint them a Commander, "Where can you find one, *added I*, than in the perſon of *Ariamenes*? 'Was it not he, that with a handful of men defended your Walls againſt the ſame Enemies 'that threaten you? Was it not he, that repulſed them with loſs and confuſion, though they 'were much ſtronger than now they are? Was it not he, that defeated them by Sea, and by 'Land, in all manner of Encounters? And briefly, Was it not he alone, that ſaved you 'either from Death or Captivity? What hinders you from knocking off his Fetters, which 'he wears for nothing elſe, but for having defended you too well, and from making him 'once more your General? Go, my Friends, and reſtore liberty to your generous Defend-'er, to a great Prince, who of his own good will, hath been prodigal of his blood and life 'for your intereſts; to the Son of a great King, whom your King being reduceable to him 'for his life, and the preſervation of his Dominions, hath impriſoned only upon a motive 'which honeſt Men, and his faithful Subjects cannot approve of. Do not fear that your 'Prince will complain of you, if you reſtore him to liberty, he will only make uſe of it to

'endeavour

'endeavour his; and beſides the aſſurance I give you, that the King will look upon his 'Action, as the greateſt Service he could receive from you, if there be any fault, lay it all 'upon me, ſeeing I adviſe and order you to do it, and will go along with you my ſelf to put 'that in execution which I have propounded to you.

Theſe words being pronounced with a great deal of Action, were ſo far from finding any contradiction, that they were ſeconded by a general ſhout of all the people, who publickly deſired *Ariamenes*, and began to proclaim his praiſes, and the greatneſs of his Actions with ſo much affection, that it eaſily made me underſtand, that by the Propoſition I had made to them, I had only prevented the Deſign which they had to deſire him of me. *Euſthenes* himſelf who had him in Cuſtody, ſignified to me, That he deſired nothing but an abſolute Command from me for his diſcharge to the King. And in fine, having found all the facility I could deſire, I was willing to render the Prince ſome part of what I owed him, to go break his Chains my ſelf, and draw him out of a danger whereinto he was fallen only for the love of me. This Action had ſomething of very handſome in it, and being attended by all the people who loudly ecchoed out the Name of *Ariamenes*, I went to the place where he was impriſoned, I cauſed the Gates to be opened to me with Authority; and being accompanied by the principal Citizens of *Bizantium*, I went to his very Chamber. He had already heard of the Succeſs of the Battel, and the Kings being taken, and that was it which hindred him from being ſurprized, as he would have been without doubt at another time. He ſeemed for all that to be very much aſtoniſhed at the ſight of me, and running to me, after he had employed ſome moments in recollecting himſelf, he fell upon his knees before me without ſpeaking a word. My confuſion was no leſs than his, out of the fear I had to expreſs my Affection too largely in this Encounter: And yet ſummoning up all my Courage to aſſiſt me in the Action which I was to do, after I had reached him my hand to raiſe him up: "We come, *ſaid I*, to free you from a place, where the *Thracians* cannot 'without too much ſhame behold their valiant Defender; and we are ſorry, that we cannot 'acknowledge the greatneſs of your Services, by a recompence more worthy of you. Re'ceive *Ariamenes*, receive your liberty from the hand of *Olympia*, but for her ſake, endea'vour the recovery of the King her Brothers freedom with your accuſtomed Valor; and 'in regard of the Service you receive from the Siſter, forget the offence you have re'ceived from the Brother. I hope thus much from your Generoſity, and upon that con'fidence, I deſire you, together with all the people who implore your aſſiſtance, to reaſſume 'the Command which heretofore you accepted over them, and over the Forces which are 'left us, and to employ that Valor whereof you have given them ſuch admirable proofs, for 'their protection, and the ſafety of their Prince.

Ariobarzanes hearkned to all this Diſcourſe upon his knees, and beginning to ſpeak in the ſame poſture after I had done ſpeaking: "Madam, *ſaid he*, I receive the liberty you 'reſtore me, and the Command you lay upon me, with that reſpect I ought to do; and 'looking upon your benefits as favours which I have not merited, I will likewiſe look upon 'the uſage which I have received from the King your Brother, rather as a juſt Chaſtiſement, 'than as an injury. That which my memory may retain of it, ſhall not hinder me from 'employing my life ſtill in his ſervice; and though I may expect to be requited for it, as I 'was for the reſt of my former Actions, yet I find a very glorious recompence in the honor 'of obeying you, and I will neglect nothing, that I may worthily acquit my ſelf of the 'employment which you beſtow upon me, having ſuch a Number of perſons about you, 'amongſt whom you might make a more juſt Election. This was the Anſwer which he returned me in the preſence of all the Company, and riſing up at my Requeſt, he went out of the Priſon, and being followed by a numerous multitude of people, he reconducted me to the Palace.

Though Love at that time was poſſibly the moſt powerfully predominant in him, yet his firſt cares were employed in the functions of the charge which he had reaſſumed, and with an admirable Generoſity trampling under foot the injury which he had freſhly received from *Adallas*, he had nothing ſo ſtrongly imprinted in his ſpirit, as the deſire of reſtoring his liberty, and with the hazard of his own life, to endeavour the defence of his Enemies Subjects and Dominions. He ſpent the reſt of that day in viſiting the Magazines of Arms and Proviſions, in reviewing the Forces which we had left, and the Number of the Inhabi-

tants

rants capable to bear Arms in that important necessity of State; in giving orders for the curing of the wounded, for furnishing those with Arms who had lost them, for recruiting the Companies, and choosing new Officers in the places of those who had been killed or taken; and briefly, in all such things as a person well versed, as he was, in the Art of War, might practice upon such an occasion. He found good store of Arms and Provisions, and by the supputation which he made of the Souldiers, and the Inhabitants, he found that upon our urgent necessity, he could raise of the one and the other, above Fifteen thousand men. This discovery having filled them with joy and confidence of the success of his Designs, he resolved not to permit the ardour of the Inhabitants to languish, which might in time grow cold; but to lead them out to fight, whil'st *Mirodates* was weakned by the loss he had received in the last Battel. He communicated his resolution to the chief of them that were about him, by whom it was approved; and after he had given them instructions, and necessary orders to dispose all things, he came in the Evening to give me a Visit.

You may judge, *my Princesses*, how joyful I was, that I could discourse freely with him in my Chamber, and in the Palace of the Kings of *Thrace*, who could not do it before, but only in a little desert Island, where the fear of death which was alwayes before our eyes, was capable to disturb our Conversations. His contentments likewise seemed to me more absolute, than those he tasted in his first acquaintance with me, and when he saw himself near me, where no suspitious person could over-hear him, he expressed his thoughts in such passionate terms, that I was perswaded that few persons till that time, had loved more strongly and more really than he. When his passion had given vent to its first emotions, and I had assured him, that my acknowledgment and affection towards him, was as great as he could rationally desire, I began to blame him for the little care he had had of his life, and the interest which I had in it; in coming to expose himself, as he had done, to the mercy of a jealous and implacable Enemy, having used no precaution to conceal himself in the Dominions of a man, who by his Oath, was in a manner engaged to destroy him; and from whom, according to former probabilities, and the remembrance of the former effects of his ingratitude, he could expect nothing but all manner of ill usage. By this Reproach, and the Request I made to him besides, *Ariobarzanes* being engaged to give me an Account of what he had done, since our parting in the Isle of *Cyprus*, and how he came into *Thrace*, and into the Army which *Eurimedes* commanded, informed me in a few words, That after the King had dismissed him at *Carpasia*, retiring from us, he spent some dayes in a private place of the City, to find out some means to see me; but afterwards seeing that his endeavours were but in vain, and that I was so strictly Guarded, his Design was to go and stay for us in *Thrace*, not doubting, but that immediately after the King was cured, we would take our way thither, hoping he should find some favourable occasion there to see me again, and possibly to do some other Service for *Adallas*, which might mollifie his heart, and make him expres more acknowledgment for it, than he had done for the former. He told me, that he was confirmed in this intention, by the Discourse which he heard a few dayes after amongst some Merchants of the Isle of *Lesbos*, from whom he understood, that there was a War begun in *Thrace*, that the Prince of *Taurica Chersonesus*, was entred with an Army into those Countries, which *Adallas* had taken from him, and that there was a great deal of likelihood, that by reason of the Kings Absence, the Countrey would be exposed to great Desolations. He told me likewise, that he made his advantage of this Discourse, without discovering any thing to the *Lesbians*, or to any other persons that he kept company with, what he knew concerning the King of *Thrace*, supposing that it was his Design to conceal himself, and being unwilling to do him a bad Office. A few dayes after, seeing those *Lesbians* ready to return into their own Countrey, he prayed them to receive him into their Vessel, and to let him bear them company into their Island, which he had a Design to see, which they did very willingly, and being arrived at *Lesbos*, by the assistance of those Merchants, he sold part of those Diamonds which he had in his Picture-Case, and by that means had wherewithall to put himself in a good Equipage, and to furnish himself with all things necessary. From *Lesbos*, he easily got into *Thrace*, where he found all the Frontier towards *Chersonesus* in Arms, there he took Servants, bought himself Horses, and fair Arms, and entred himself in our Troops, where he continued a while unknown, and without any in-

tention to discover himself; but afterwards having the happiness to do some signal Actions, he declared himself under the Name of *Ariamenes*; and Fortune having been so favourable to him under the conduct of *Eurimedes*, as to let him render some important Services to the King and Countrey of *Trace*, he hoped, before his Arrival, he should do something for him so great and consider. ble, that he might present himself to him with confidence, and expect from him some effects of acknowledgment, rather than be afraid of his Menaces. Things succeeded as he had expected, and upon that confidence he believed, That without dishonour, he could not disguize himself from a King, who was beholding to him for his Crown and life.

Finishing this Relation with the greatest Grace in the World: "The pardon which I am 'still to beg of you, *added he*, is not for concealing from the King your Brother, the 'thoughts of Adoration I have for you, and for not having been so far Master of my Cou-'rage, as to yield to any other power but yours: But in fine, in the condition whereunto 'my Affairs were reduced, it was hard for him to be any longer ignorant of my thoughts, 'or rather, that the cruel suspitions which he had already conceived, should not be turned 'into certainties: And if in this rancounter I imprudently gave too much scope to my pas-'sion, I have received a punishment for it, which, as slight as it is, may partly mitigate the 'resentments of a Princess who is all goodness. "If I be displeased, *said I, interrupting him*, that the King had knowledge of the affection which you have for me, and 'very strong presumptions of that which I have for you, 'tis only in respect of the danger 'which you might incur upon that score, and not upon any other consideration; for I sup-'pose my self to have a sufficient Dispensation from that Duty which would be due to a 'Brother of another humor, whose approbation without doubt I should have waited for, 'before I had engaged my self in the friendship which I have expressed to you. But now '*Ariobarzanes*, that Affairs are in this condition, how are you resolved to deal with *Adal-'las*, if it please the gods that you free him out of the power of *Merodates*? what pre-'cautions will you take for your security, since you cannot expect it from your Services? 'And how will you put your self into a condition, that you need not fear the effects of *A-'dallas*'s Jealousie, which stifles all the good thoughts which the greatness of his Birth 'might inspire him with? "If my life were not devoted to your Service, *replied the 'Prince*, it would not possibly be worth the while to take so much care for the preservati-'on of it; and besides, whatsoever knowledge I have of the humor of a Prince, whom I 'dare not accuse of ingratitude, because he is your Brother, I hope that my latter Services 'will do that which the former could not; and that when he calls to mind the highness of 'his extraction, all the Roots of Vertue will not be so extirpated out of his Soul, but that 'he will find some reluctancy in himself, and be ashamed of what is past; but if this be not 'sufficient to secure me from danger, and if you desire that I should use more circumspecti-'on to assure my self, I will do it in obedience to you, and I will not put my self into *Adal-'las*'s power, till I may probably hope for more favourable usage, than formerly I have re-'ceived at his hands. With this intention, as also to render you the obedience which I owe 'you, I shall march out of *Bizantium* to morrow at the break of day, not thinking it con-'venient to let the ardor of your Souldiers grow cold, nor to permit *Merodates* to recruit 'himself, or possibly to give him time to put any thing in execution which may be fatal to 'the King. I hope by the assistance of the gods, and the Justice of our Cause, I shall free 'him out of his Enemies hands, and restore him to his Crown and liberty. But if this 'good hap betide me, my Divine Princess, and if I can vanquish both the Fortune of *Me-'rodates*, and the spirit of the King your Brother, Will you not be pleased to permit me to 'desire of him my supreme Felicity? And will you take it ill, that I endeavour to obtain 'the Princess *Olympia*, by the good will of the King her Brother? "You may believe, *an-'swered I without study*, That I shall be very much satisfied with it; but I see so little 'probability of it, that I will make no further reflection upon that Design of yours, and I 'shall beseech the gods to give you your hearts desire by some other way, though it be un-'known unto me. In the mean while, Go generous Prince, whether your Vertue, rather 'than any other consideration, calls you, and make the whole World admire at a Generosi-'ty without example, in hazarding your life for an ingrateful and cruel Enemy. But if you 'have any affection for *Olympia*, do not so far expose your self to those dangers which you

'are

'are going to encounter, but that you may remember what ſhare you have given me in 'your life, and what intereſt I have in the preſervation of it. As I uttered theſe words, my face was covered with a bluſh, and ſome tears fell from my eyes, at which *Ariobarzanes* was ſo moved, that throwing himſelf at my feet, maugre my reſiſtance, he embraced my knees a great while, breaking out into expreſſions ſo full of Tranſport, that the violence of his paſſion might eaſily be obſerved in them. In fine, after he had made me a thouſand ardent Proteſtations, and had received all the marks of friendſhip that in reaſon he could require of me, he went from me, when he believed he could not handſomly ſtay any longer, and left me full of hope for the ſucceſs of his Arms; but much more repleniſhed with fear in relation to his life, which he was about to expoſe to manifeſt dangers. This apprehenſion, and ſo many thoughts as accompanied it, did ſo turmoil me all that Night, that before I could cloſe my eyes, the Sun had ſaluted my Chamber with his earlieſt beams.

That day *Ariobarzanes*, as he had reſolved, marched out of *Bizantium*, leaving in the City, beſides the old and wounded men, but a very ſmall Number of Inhabitants for the defence of the Walls, and leading out with him to ſtrengthen his Forces, almoſt all the men that he judged capable of bearing Arms; thoſe which were to ſtay behind of either Sex, followed him as far as the Gates with loud acclamations; and they had all ſo much confidence in his Valor, That they looked upon him rather as one marching to a Triumph, than to a Battel, upon the deciſion whereof their deſtiny depended. Curioſity, or rather the force of my inclination, made me go that day to ſee him at the Head of his Troops; and though I was not quite ready, when they came to tell me that they were paſſing by the Palace-gate, I could not forbear running into a Gallery which was over the ſtreet, and there I ſtaid at a window till *Ariobarzanes* was marched by. Truly I was not diſſatisfied with the deſire I had to ſee him in that condition, and his whole perſon was of ſuch a compoſure, that if I had not been prepoſſeſſed with Affection, that ſight only would have been capable to give it birth in my Soul. His Arms were very magnificent and glorious, his Helmet being ſhaded with a Plume of Feathers, covered his Head, which he advanced with a redoubtable fierceneſs; his Horſe was proud and ſtately in his Pace, and all things did ſo accompany the comelineſs of his perſon, that no body could conceive any thing of him, but what was very great and extraordinary. He paſſed by without ſeeing me, not knowing that I ſaw him; for, becauſe of the condition I was in, I had thrown a Veil over me, and ſtood behind ſome of my women. After I had loſt the ſight of him, I accompanied him with a gale of ſighs, and taking little notice of the reſt, I retired into my Chamber, where my Soul was troubled all the reſt of that day, and thoſe that followed it, with all the inquietudes which in that condition of my Fortune might probably keep me Company.

'Tis not worth the while, *my Princeſſes*, and it would be too tedious and troubleſome to you, for me to repeat to you all the Diſcourſes which my Affection made me make in the abſence of *Ariobarzanes*, to deſcribe to you the different effects of my fears, and my hopes; and in brief, to acquaint you with thoſe things which you your ſelves may imagine, inſtead of relating thoſe things which as yet you know not, and which better deſerve your attention.

Ariobarzanes intended to march towards *Merodates* with all convenient ſpeed, but yet in ſuch a manner, that his Troops might not be weary when they ſhould come to fight; and he ordered their march ſo, that ſpending but a few dayes upon the way, he preſented himſelf to his Enemy, with his men freſh enough to give Battel the firſt day.

Merodates, becauſe of the inconveniency of his wounded men, and for other important Reaſons, was removed but a few Furlongs from the place where he had gained the Victory, and he had cauſed the King to be carried Priſoner into a little Town which lay behind him. He expected the coming of more Forces, with which he prepared to march directly to *Bizantium*, abſolutely to eſtabliſh a Dominion, which he thought could no longer be diſputed with him; and he ordered all things like a gallant Warrior as he was, when contrary to his expectation, and contrary to all probabilities, he ſaw *Ariobarzanes* incamped within ſight of him, in a likely capacity to bid him Battel. Never was aſtoniſhment like to that of *Merodates*, and though he was not capable of a Fright, yet this ſudden Return of an Enemies Army, whom he thought unable to make Head againſt him, and this new Obſtacle which he had not foreſeen in a Countrey whereof the King was his Priſoner, gave him cauſe

enough to look to himself, and to take new resolutions. He quickly guessed at the Truth, and believed that *Ariamenes* was at liberty, and that none but *Ariamenes* could put the *Bizantines* in Arms with so much suddenness, and lead them with so much confidence against such a redoubtable Enemy. The day following, he was confirmed in his opinion, and he received certain intelligence, that it was against that *Ariamenes*, whom he knew but too well to his cost, that he must dispute the establishment of his Monarchy; and as great and courageous as he was, it is certain that he was troubled at *Ariamenes*'s coming, and foresaw that there could not have come a greater Obstacle against him, to cross, and possibly to ruine his Designs.

In the mean time, *Ariamenes* was incamped but Thirty or forty Furlongs off from *Merodates*, and the two Camps could easily see each others Fires. *Ariamenes* knowing very well that he had to deal with one of the most valiant men, and one of the best Captains in the World, neglected nothing that might contribute to his advantages; and had so much desire to accomplish his Enterprize with that success and honour which he had proposed to himself, that he left nothing unthought of, which could be practised by the most experienced Captains upon the like occasion. In fine, he resolved, with the Advice of the Officers of his Army, whose Counsel he willingly hearkned to, not to lose time in slight skirmishes, nor to manage the business as he had done, whil'st he only commanded a small flying Camp against a mighty Army, but to give Battel (which at another time he would not have so easily ventured) before that *Merodates* proceeded to the utmost extremities against *Adallas*, as they feared he would, and as he was advised to do; but because he very well foresaw that he could not attach the Enemies in their Camp, without giving them a great deal of advantage, he resolved to march in Battalia towards the little Town where the King was kept Prisoner, as if he would storm that, and take it by Assault, not doubting but by that means he should oblige them to quit their Lines, and fight with the more Equality. He had fully taken this resolution, and gave Orders to put it in execution the next day, when they presented to him a Trumpeter from *Merodates*, with a Letter from that Prince. *Ariamenes* received him according to the ordinary Forms, and having taken the Letter, he opened it, and therein read these words.

Merodates King of *Thrace*, and *Tanrica Chersonesus*, to the General *Ariamenes*.

THough by thee alone, the progress of my Arms hath been stopped, and though I have found a greater Obstacle in thy single self, than in all the Forces of the Thracians: *Thou art too valiant to be hated by thy Enemies, and I really protest to thee, that I detested the ingratitude of* Adallas, *I regretted thy misfortune, and was joyful to hear of thy being at liberty. They that have freed thee from thy imprisonment, declaring themselves to be Friends to injured Vertue, have done that which I my self had a desire to do; and if they had not prevented me, I had made thee my Friend, instead of having thee for my Enemy. 'Tis very certain, that the esteem which I have of thy Valor, makes me sorry to see that thou imployest it still in the service of an ungrateful Prince, and that thou goest to fight with a Prince who desires thy Amity, in the quarrel of a man which hath nothing but prisons and punishments for thy recompence. Where is thy Resentment? Where is thy Courage* Ariamenes? *And not being a Subject to* Adallas, *What honest motive canst thou have to engage thy self in his Service, after the unworthy usage he hath shewn thee? Join thy self rather with his Enemies, to revenge the injury which thou hast received. Thou hast wayes enough to do it, without prejudice to thy honour; and if the love of* Olympia, *as the common opinion is, retains thee in her Brothers Service, consider, that by the assistance of my Arms, thou may'st obtain* Olympia, *whom thou wilt never obtain by her Brothers good will. I give thee my inviolable promise to put that Princess into thy power, with Dignities besides, which may satisfie thy Ambition. Let me know thy intention, before we put it to the hazard of a Battel, which may probably prove as fatal to* Ariamenes, *as to* Merodates; *and consider once more, that it will be in thine own power, without injuring thy Reputation, to be the Friend of* Merodates, *revenged upon* Adallas, *and possessor of* Olympia.

This

This was *Merodates*'s Letter, which *Ariobarzanes* read with ſome aſtoniſhment, and found it very different from what he expected. It was written with a great deal of Artifice, and likelihood of Truth, and *Merodates* had forgotten nothing which probably might move a man very much injured, and very amorous. All the reaſon in the World ſeemed to be upon his ſide, and certainly there were but few men whom this hope of becoming poſſeſſor of a perſon beloved by ſuch wayes as his juſt reſentment might in ſome ſort ſave his honour, would not have cauſed to waver, and it may be have abſolutely convinced; but the vertue of *Ariobarzanes* was very remote from this Propoſition, and neither all his reſentment againſt the Brother, nor all his love to the Siſter, kept him one moment unreſolved what in point of Duty to do. He gave the Letter ſmiling to ſome of his Officers which were near him, See, *ſaid he*, what opinion they have of us, and with what Arms they would encounter with us. In the mean time he returned an Anſwer to *Merodates*, which, as I take it, was in theſe Terms.

Prince *Ariamenes*, to *Merodates* Prince of *Cherſoneſus*.

IF thou hadſt really valued my Courage, thou would'ſt not have ventured upon the Propoſition which thou haſt made me, and 'tis but a bad Teſtimony of thy Amity and Eſteem, to counſel me to baſeneſs. When thou didſt deteſt Ingratitude, and bemoan my Diſgrace, thou didſt follow the motions of thy Vertue; but without doubt thou wert not guided by that, when thou didſt propoſe to me to betray a People who have abſolutely committed themſelves and their deſtiny to my Conduct. If I would be revenged upon Adallas, *it ſhould not be whil'ſt he is a Priſoner; and if I ſhould pretend to the poſſeſſion of* Olympia, *it ſhould not be by unworthy means; if it pleaſe the gods that I ſhall obtain her, ſhe will be much more gloriouſly acquired by me, when I ſhall have reſtored to her Family the Crown of her Anceſtors, when I ſhall have chaſed her Enemies out of her Country, and when I ſhall have brought back her Brother with Freedom and Victory, than when by a baſe Treaſon, I ſhall have diſhonoured all the Actions of my life, and rendred my ſelf unworthy of her Eſteem. I thank thee for the Dignities which thou offereſt me; but if thou kneweſt me, thou wouldſt poſſibly underſtand, that the Prince of* Cherſoneſus *hath no Dignities in his power that are worth* Ariamenes's *acceptance. Yet I will not diſdain thy Amity, when I may receive it without Reproach; and poſſibly thou wilt judge me more worthy of it than thou didſt before, when thou ſhalt have ſeen me in the Field, near enough to take an exact knowledge of me.*

This was the uſe that *Ariobarzanes* made of *Merodates*'s offers, and the next day, according to the deliberation which he had formerly taken, he diſlodged his Troops to march towards the Town where the King was kept Priſoner. As he had no deſign to conceal his march, ſo it was preſently taken notice of by *Merodates*; and being it was not *Merodates*'s intention to ſuffer that place to be taken, which he knew was not ſtrong enough to endure the firſt Aſſault, he diſcamped his Army, and marched to meet *Ariamenes*. His Troops were ſtronger ſtill than ours, and compoſed of men better verſed in War, than thoſe which we had drawn out from amongſt the Citizens of *Bizantium*; and this was that which eaſily diſpoſed him to a Battel, not believing that *Ariamenes*, as valiant as he was, could ſtop the courſe of his Victories and Fortune. The Armies having not far to march before they met, were quickly one in ſight of another, and then it was that their valiant Generals employed their utmoſt cares to facilitate the Victory. Neither of them forgot any thing that might conduce thereunto; and I underſtood afterwards, that *Ariamenes* having ranged his men in ſuch an order as my incapacity doth not permit me to deſcribe, made a ſpeech to them with ſo much Eloquence and Gallantry, that he inſpired them with a more than natural ardor, and animated them by his Diſcourſe and Example, to attempts beyond his expectation. I cannot inform you of the particulars of that Battel, which poſſibly was the moſt bloody, and the beſt diſputed, that was ever fought between two Armies of their ſtrength. Above eight long hours the Succeſs continued doubtful and uncertain, and in that time the Troops on either ſide were almoſt abſolutely defeated. The Generals were extreamly valiant, and their Souldiers ſeconded them with all their power. *Merodates*'s men

men had an advantage over ours, by reaſon of the Number of thoſe who were drawn out of *Bizantium*, who being a great deal leſs uſed to War than the reſt, much weakned our Party. But the brave *Ariamenes* did ſo well ſupply their default, and did ſo encourage them both by his words, and his great Actions, that he made them do that which could hardly have been expected from *Veteran* Souldiers; and in fine, confirmed them in the reſolution to ſuffer themſelves to be cut in pieces, or to purchaſe that day the peace and repoſe of their Countrey. Alas! how much blood did theſe gallant reſolutions of both Parties cauſe to be ſhed on either ſide, and how many deaths made that day famous in the memory of the *Thracians*! A great part of the day was ſpent, when at laſt that Fortune, which had ſo inſeparably accompanied *Merodates* againſt *Adallas* and *Eurimedes*, began to give ground before *Ariamenes*, and by the prodigious efforts of that young Prince, the remainder of the Troops of *Cherſoneſus* began by little and little to give way to ours, and looked as if they were about to quit the Victory. *Merodates* perceiving it, and being filled with deſpair, at the knowledge of it, did things above belief, to recover the advantage we had gotten, and to preſerve that which the precedent Battels had acquired him. He rode from rank to rank with a Martial countenance, and by his ardent endeavours turned his Forces more than once upon ours with ſuch an impetuoſity, as made the event of Battel a long time doubtful. *Ariamenes*, who had fought for him all that day, as much as the functions of his charge could permit him, having percieved him, and taken notice of him by ſeveral marks, charged up to him with an exclamation and an action which diſcovered him to his Enemy; and when he was near enough to be underſtood by him, "*Merodates*, cry-'ed he, there is blood enough ſhed, ſpare that which remains of thy Party, if thou can'ſt 'poſſibly, and let us finiſh the deſtiny of this day in our own perſons. Thou ſhalt ſee by 'that proof, whether I be worthy of thy Amity or not, and thou wilt not diſhonour thy 'Arms, in employing them againſt a Prince whoſe Birth is not inferior to thine. *Ariamenes* had leaſure to make this Diſcourſe to *Merodates*; and the two Chieftains were no ſooner met, but as if they had made an agreement together, it ſeemed that the Troops which they commanded, had ſuſpended all their intereſt to ſee their Fortune decided by the hands of their Generals, they both expreſſed a great deal of joy to ſee them ſo diſpoſed; and having confirmed them in it on either ſide, by a publick Order which they gave that none ſhould ſtir out of their places whil'ſt they were a fighting, they advanced one towards the other like two Lyons, or like ſomething more terrible, and with the firſt blows they ſhivered in pieces the Javelins which they had taken into their hands; and afterwards lifting up their redoubtable Swords, all dyed with the blood which they had ſhed, they gave each other ſuch blows, as ſtruck a Terror into the Spectators of either ſide.

I am no better ſkili'd in the Relation of a particular Combate, than of a Battel; and though this be worthy of eternal memory, yet I will report no more particularities to you, but will only tell you what I have heard ſince from *Ariobarzanes*, That *Merodates* gave Teſtimonies of an admirable Valor in that Combate, and reduced him oftentimes to ſuch terms, as not to hope for the Victory; but at laſt it declared it ſelf for *Ariamenes*, and the valiant *Merodates*, whoſe puiſſance, as they ſay, never yielded to any but the great King *Alcamenes*, after he had given his Enemy divers wounds, received one from him at laſt in the body, which made him fall from his Saddle, cold and pale, and deprived him of life in a few moments. *Ariobarzanes*, who was deſirous of the Victory, but not of the death of that great man, was very ſenſibly afflicted at his deſtiny; but not being in condition to give any long Teſtimonies of it, he contented himſelf to give Command that they ſhould take up the Prince, to give him all the aſſiſtance he was capable to receive; and beſtowing his thoughts upon his preſent neceſſity, he with his men ſuſtained the utmoſt fury of *Merodates*'s Troops, who being reſolved to revenge their Prince, or to periſh with him, fell upon ours with ſuch an impetuoſity, as deprived *Ariamenes* of the opportunity to put in execution the deſire which he had to compleat his Victory, without ſhedding any more blood, if it were poſſible. This fury of his Enemies was no great *Remora* to his Victory, and the *Thracians* having Routed them with a great deal of Valor, beſpread all the Field with their bodies, and left none of them alive, but what their Generals pity made them ſpare.

In the mean time *Ariamenes*, who in the greateſt heat of the Combat preſerved his judg-

ment

ment ſound and entire, having a Deſign in his Head which he deſired to bring to paſs, when he ſaw that the Victory could be no longer diſputed againſt him, commanded *Euſthenes* to haſten away at all full ſpeed with Three hundred Horſe to the Gates of that little Town, where the King was detained Priſoner, and to take Order that no body ſhould enter there to give the King intelligence of that dayes Succeſs. The buſineſs was done as he deſired, and *Euſthenes* did ſo cloſely block up all the Avenues to the Town, that not a man could carry in the News of what had paſſed.

A little after, the Conqueror *Ariamenes* having put his Camp in neceſſary order, as well in relation to the wounded men, the Priſoners, and the Booty, as to render to *Merodates*'s body the honors which were due to him, advanced in the Evening towards that little Town with part of his Troops, and preſented himſelf at the Gates, in a condition that cauſed Terror in thoſe that guarded them. He preſently gave order to parly with thoſe that commanded in the place, and ſome Officers coming out to him, upon faith given, he informed them what had paſſed, and ſhewed them ſuch evident marks of his Victory, that they could no longer doubt of it. In brief, he ſhewed them the means he had to force them in an hours time, and told them, that he would be very glad to ſpare their blood, and to give them free liberty to march away, provided they opened the Gates immediately, and engaged themſelves upon their lives, to take order that the King that was Priſoner there, ſhould have no intelligence of what had paſſed, before he had ſeen him. Theſe men being intimidated, were joyful to find ſafety and liberty in *Ariamenes*'s Propoſition; they promiſed him all that he deſired, and punctually executed it: So that *Ariamenes*, in leſs than half an hour, entred into the Town with a Party of thoſe that followed him, and went to wait upon the King before he could learn any News of what had paſſed. *Adallas* ſupported his impriſonment with a great deal of impatience, and reflecting upon the great intereſt that *Merodates* had to put him to death, to confirm his dominion over the *Thracians*, he was in continual fears, and expected every day with a great deal of Terror, what ſhould be reſolved in relation to his deſtiny. His unjuſt paſſion for me was not extinguiſhed by his impriſonment; but he was the leſs fixed upon that, becauſe he was conſtrained to beſtow part of his thoughts upon the preſſing conſiderations of his Fortune; and though he was ſtill jealous of *Ariamenes*, yet he had often repented that he had Treated him ſo, knowing what miſchief he had done himſelf, by depriving himſelf of the ſervice of that great man.

Ever ſince that moment when I ſet *Ariamenes* at liberty, he had employed the time with ſo much diligence, and made ſo little ſtay at *Bizantium*, and upon his march, that the King, (to whom thoſe that guarded him, had no Commiſſion to relate all the Truth) had no time to be advertiſed of it: So that when he ſaw *Ariamenes* come into his Chamber, he was as much ſurprized at his ſight, as at the moſt unexpected thing in the World, and not knowing how to take it, well or ill, he remained quite aſtoniſhed and confounded. Immediately at the ſight of this formidable Rival, his jealouſie revived, and ſo ſtrongly moved him; that he could hardly contain himſelf, looking upon him as his moſt cruel Enemy, though he had rendred him all the Offices of the firmeſt Amity. He was very much troubled to ſee him at liberty, and looking upon himſelf at the ſame time as a Priſoner, his Captivity ſeemed a great deal the more inſupportable; but reflecting likewiſe upon the generous humor of *Ariamenes*, and conſidering that this man, notwithſtanding the diſpleaſures he had done him, ſeemed to have been born on purpoſe for his conſervation, a little intereſt forcing its way through his paſſions, made him hope that this third view of *Ariamenes*, would be as advantagious to him as the two former. Theſe various cogitations agitating his ſpirit at the ſame time, and keeping him uncertain and unreſolved, did likewiſe keep him a great while unmoveable and ſilent; and by his action, and the changes of his countenance, made *Ariamenes* take notice of his diſtraction.

The Prince ſaluted the King with all the Civility and Reſpect that could be due to him in his better Fortune; and the King having received him with that trouble which I have endeavoured to repreſent to you, after he had ſtrove a little to diſſipate it: "What, *Ariamenes*, *ſaid he*, Have my Subjects betrayed me then? And hath their infidelity not only ſet you at liberty, but do you come likewiſe to affront me, whil'ſt I am my Enemies Priſoner? "Sir, *replied* Ariamenes, your Subjects have not betrayed you, in reſtoring liberty

'berty to a man from whom you have been accuſtomed to receive the moſt important Ser-
'vices; and poſſibly you know me well enough, to believe that I do not come to brave
'you in your misfortune, ſeeing I never preſented my ſelf to you, but for the preſervation
'of your life, or your Dominions. I know it to my ſorrow, *anſwered Adallas*; but I
'am no leſs ſenſible, that the loſs of my Crown and life too, would have been more ſweet,
'and more ſupportable to me, than the injury you do me. You know it as well as I; but
'in ſhort, What is your Deſign now? And do you come to me as a Friend, or as an Enemy?
"I come, *replied the Prince*, to give you your choice, and to ask your counſel what I
'am to do. 'Tis true, your people have freed me out of the Priſon to which you had com-
'mitted me, your Subjects have made me their General, to defend them againſt your Ene-
'mies and theirs. I have not poſſibly been very unwilling to reſume my former reſoluti-
'on, and I am come againſt *Merodates* with ſtrength and courage enough to recover all
'that he hath gained from you. In brief, I dare undertake within three dayes to reſtore you
'your liberty and your Crown, and not to leave one of your Enemies in *Thrace*, but either
'dead or Priſoner. I will engage my life and honour for the performance of this Propoſi-
'tion. But Sir, this is only your intereſt, and if I may be permitted to diſpute mine own
'with a Prince to whom I am ſo little obliged, I will tell you, That if I do not fight for your
'advantage, I can compaſs my own without fighting, and *Merodates* hath offered me that,
'which without doubt I ſhould never receive from you, though I ſhould readvance you
'from a Priſon to a Throne. I can chooſe whether I will hazard a Combat againſt a valiant
'man who eſteems me, and never did me wrong, for a Prince who hath ingratefully and in-
'juriouſly uſed me; I can revenge my ſelf of a cruel Enemy, and (which is more conſi-
'derable) I can do it without danger, I can acquire *Olympia*, who is all the aim of my life,
'whom I can never expect from the Services I can render you. Behold Sir, *continued he*,
'*preſenting* Merodates's *Letter to him*, behold the offers of your Enemy, and be pleaſed
'to take the pains after you have looked upon them, to give me your Advice what reſoluti-
'on I ſhould take.

The King hearkned to this Diſcourſe of *Ariobarzanes* with ſo much aſtoniſhment, that at preſent he knew not what Reply to make him, and only taking *Merodates*'s Letter, he read it over three or four times, making particular reflections upon thoſe places of it, where he promiſed him the poſſeſſion of *Olympia*, with ſuch a Tranſport, as might eaſily be perceived by his exterior Action. At laſt having read over thoſe words often enough which ſeemed ſo cruel to him, or rather having beſtowed ſome time in moderating his reſentment, and meditating what to ſay to *Ariamenes* upon this Subject; "I ſee very well, *ſaid he*, '*reſtoring him the Letter*, what Propoſitions my Enemy hath made you, and I acknow-
'ledge beſides, That in the condition whereunto my miſerable Fortune hath reduced me, if
'you join with *Merodates*, you may be revenged of me, you may acquire *Olympia*, and you
'may do all things without any difficulty. But *Ariamenes*, Where is that Generoſity,
'where is that Courage, which after the firſt effects of my ingratitude made you ſo Nobly
'expoſe your life for the defence of my Dominions? And with what honour can you take
'that Revenge which is propoſed to you, againſt a King in Priſon, and againſt a Prince,
'whoſe abſolute ruine doth depend upon you? *Ariamenes* being touched home with this
Diſcourſe, had much ado to perſevere in his Diſſimulation; and yet conſidering how neceſ-
ſary it was for him, "There is no conſideration of Honour and Generoſity, *replied he*,
'which obliges me to hazard my life any more for a Prince, who after ſuch Services as I
'have rendred him, confined me to a cruel Priſon, and had already condemned me to dye
'as a Malefactor. There are but few men in the World, who after ſuch uſage, would
'neglect the opportunity of being revenged; and though I ſhould have ſo much vertue as
'not to deſire the utter ruine of a helpleſs captive King; yet I ſhould not be blamed, if I
'did not bear Arms any longer for his Service. But to this conſideration of Reverge, is
'added the poſſeſſion of *Olympia*, and to the hope of that it is, that I have devoted my
'whole life. I ſhall infallibly obtain my deſire, if I lend an ear to the Propoſition of *Me-*
'*rodates*; and if I fight with *Merodates*, if I drive out your Enemies, if I reſtore your li-
'berty, and if I reſettle you upon your Throne, I ſhall not only render this Service to a
'cruel Enemy, who hath nothing but impriſonment and death for my recompence; but I
'ſhall put him into a condition to hinder me for ever from the poſſeſſion of *Olympia*, or

'rather

'rather I ſhall deprive my ſelf for ever of all hope of poſſeſſing *Olympia*. Nevertheleſs 'I have not accepted the offers of *Merodates*, though I have obtained permiſſion of him to 'ſee you, and I am ſtill in a condition, as I told you before, to expel every one of your Ene-'mies, and to reſtore you to the peaceable poſſeſſion of the Crown of your Anceſtors; but 'you muſt redeem your Scepter, your liberty, and poſſibly your life, at a rate which you are 'unwilling to give. If I do not perform what I promiſe you, I demand nothing of you; 'but if in three dayes I put you into the condition which I have propounded to you, I de-'mand the Princeſs *Olympia* of you as my recompence; if you can overcome that paſſi-'on which diſhonours you, and draws the indignation of the gods, and the averſion of men 'upon you; do not fear to diſparage your blood by an unworthy alliance. 'Tis *Ariobar-'zanes*, the Son of the late, and the Brother of the now King of *Armenia*, who hath 'ſerved you under the Name of *Ariamenes*, with as much reſpect as the meaneſt of your 'Subjects could have done; and this is a Truth wherein you ſhall be clearly ſatisfied, be-'fore I demand the performance of your promiſe; conſider now what reſolution you will 'take, and do not think it ſtrange, that reflecting upon your former Actions, I deſire to en-'gage you, and aſſure my ſelf upon your word.

Having ſpoken theſe words, *Ariobarzanes* held his peace, expecting *Adallas*'s Anſwer, who upon that Diſcourſe was fallen into a great perplexity, and as he imagined, ſeeing miſ-fortune on every ſide, knew not which way to turn himſelf to be leaſt unfortunate. The love he had for me, could not, without a great deal of violence, permit him to beſtow me upon another, and it ſeemed to him, that by this demand, he was robbed of a piece of his heart; but coming to conſider that he was without a Kingdom, without liberty, and poſ-ſibly upon the point to loſe life, as he ſaw there was a great deal of likelihood, he could not reſolve to loſe all, and periſh miſerably by perſevering in a deteſtable paſſion, whereof he could never expect any good ſucceſs; poſſibly for a more hopeful love, he would have quit-ted both Crown and life without conſideration; but at laſt he reſolved, or at leſt ſeemed to do ſo; and after he had held his eyes a long time fixed upon the ground, raiſing them up to *A-riobarzanes*'s face: "*Ariamenes*, *ſaid he*, or *Ariobarzanes* Prince, or whoſoever you 'are, you reduce me to a cruel extremity; and if the Service which you promiſe me, and 'whereof I plainly perceive the neceſſity and the importance, could be recompenſed by one 'half of that Kingdom which you offer to reſtore me, it would be much more eaſie for 'me to part with it to you without regret, than to yield up *Olympia* to you, and not dye. 'But if you be reſolved upon it, and if nothing be capable to ſatisfie you, but to give you '*Olympia*, well, *added he*, *with a ſigh*, ſince my ill Fortune and my Reaſon, which my 'paſſion hath ſo much ſtrugled with, will have it ſo; well then, I promiſe you *Olympia*, 'and engage my Royal word to you, which amongſt my other failings hath been alwayes 'inviolably obſerved, that if you perform what you promiſe, and if you be a Kings Son, as 'you aſſure me you are, I will render you poſſeſſor of *Olympia*. It was not without ex-preſſing ſufficient Teſtimonies of his grief, that the King uttered theſe words; and *Ario-barzanes* had no ſooner heard them, but turning himſelf towards thoſe which came into the Chamber with him, "*You are Witneſſes, my Friends*, ſaid he, *That the King hath engaged his word to me, and it highly concerns me to aſſure my ſelf further of it by your Teſtimony. There is no need of that aſſurance*, replied *Adallas*, *and whatſoever may befall me, I will never fail in the performance of my word.* "Since it is ſo, added the Prince, aſſuming a more 'pleaſant countenance than before, and that nothing is able to diſingage you from your 'promiſe, Know King of *Thrace*, that I did not ſtay till I had your word, before I rendred 'you the Service which you expect from me; I am more generous in effect, than I ſeemed 'to be in our Converſation; *Merodates* is dead by my hand, and all your Enemies be'r him 'Company; you are the King of the *Thracians* now in peace, and you may at this mo-'ment being free, a Conquerour, and abſolute, reſtore your preſence and perfect peace to 'your Subjects.

Having made an end of theſe words, *Ariobarzanes* obliged *Euriſtheus*, who was with him, to give the King a full Relation of all that had paſſed, which he did at length; and fil-ling the Kings mind with admiration at the gallant Actions of *Ariamenes*, he gave him a particular Account of the preſent condition of his Affairs, by the death of *Merodates*, and the defeat of all his Troops; after which, there was little probability that thoſe that were

left in the Towns which he had taken, would ſtay ſo much as a Summons. The King upon this Diſcourſe was aſſaulted with ſo many paſſions, and ſo many different perturbations, that it was hard to judge which of them would gain the Victory in his ſpirit. At laſt, after he had made long reflections upon the revolutions of his Fortune, and had turned his thoughts from the loſs of his Dominions, his Impriſonment, and the danger which had threatned his life, to the advantagious change which he had received in his condition by the Valor of *Ariobarzanes*; *O immortal gods*, ſaid he, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, *for what reaſon have you thus ſubjected my Genius to* Ariamenes's, *that in all the misfortunes of my life, I can receive no aſſiſtance from you, but by his means*? After that, turning himſelf towards him, with an Action compoſed of a great deal of ſweetneſs: "Be not offended, *ſaid he*, 'if it be ſome Affliction to me, to be ſo deeply indebted to you, being ſo unable to requite 'Services of ſo high a value. I acknowledge you, though it be a little of the lateſt, for 'my Benefactor, for my Defender, and for my perpetual Deliverer; and whatſoever I 'ſuffer, I will keep my word. "I doubt it not Sir, *ſaid Ariobarzanes*, and I would not 'have taken ſo much care to have obtained your promiſe, if I had not had an abſolute con-'fidence in it. By this Action you will too happily recompence my Services, and you will 'acquire the eſteem of the whole Earth, by knowing how to ſubdue an Enemy more hard 'to overcome than *Merodates* was. "Let us ſpeak no more of it, *added the King with 'a ſigh*, let us ſpeak no more of it, I will keep my word.

After theſe words, he continued a long time without ſpeaking; and in Concluſion, endeavouring to expreſs the ſatisfaction which was due to the change of his Fortune, and to ſhew himſelf to his people in a condition which might recover their affection, after ſome Diſcourſe he had with *Ariobarzanes*, and thoſe that were with him, concerning the neceſſity of his Affairs, and thoſe things which were ſtill left to do, he went out of the Houſe, and the Town which had ſerved for his Priſon, and went to ſhew himſelf to his Victorious Army, which ſaluted him with loud Acclamations, and gave him to underſtand, That Misfortunes are ſometimes advantagious to move, and to recall thoſe ſpirits which might be alienated by the miſcarriages of proſperity. He viewed the Field where the Battel was fought, where the marks of *Ariamenes's* Victory were ſtill freſh; and though he beheld them with ſome confuſion, yet he could not chooſe but give that Prince part of the praiſes which were due to him, and approve, at leaſt in ſhew, the Ardor which his Subjects expreſſed in obeying him, and fighting according to his Orders.

At the Requeſt of *Ariobarzanes*, the body of *Merodates* was uſed with a great deal of honour, and permiſſion was given to his Friends to carry it whether they pleaſed, to render it the honours of burial. *Ariamenes* likewiſe ſent back all the Priſoners, upon condition that they ſhould paſs to their Garriſons which were held ſtill by their Companions, and exhort them to retire within Fifteen dayes, which was the time allotted by the King, for their ſecure departure out of *Thrace*, according to the Paſs-ports which were delivered to them.

Thus was peace reſtored to *Thrace*, with ſuch a ſuddenneſs as was not imaginable, and by the Valor of one ſingle man, that Kingdom, upon the Eve of its total ruine, ſaw it ſelf reinſtated in a more peaceable and flouriſhing condition, than poſſibly it had ever been. The King returned to *Bizantium* as it were in Triumph, having the Victorious *Ariamenes* by his ſide, whom he honoured both according to the greatneſs of his Services, and the knowledge he had then of his real Birth. The people made them magnificent Receptions with the Deſcription whereof I will not trouble my ſelf, nor with other things which paſſed at the Kings return, and do uſually paſs upon occaſions of the like Nature. You may very well judge, *my Princeſſes*, that the report of all that had hapned, which had already reached my ears, was not unwelcome to me. 'Tis certain, that eſteeming and loving *Ariobarzanes* as I did, I could not but be very joyful to hear of the greatneſs of his Actions, and the promiſe which the King had made him; and having never had any other Deſign but to make him my Husband, when decency ſhould permit, a ſucceſs ſo conformable to my intentions, could not but give me a great deal of ſatisfaction. Yet I endeavoured to moderate the Teſtimonies I might give of it, ſo that I might not too much diſcover the inclination of my Soul; and when the King came to viſit me, with *Ariobarzanes*, whom he was pleaſed to bring along with him, I received them both in ſuch a manner, that it was hard for indifferent

ferent perſons to judge of the inſide of my heart by outward appearances. The King could not diſſemble ſo (for grief is not ſo eaſily maſtered as joy) and whatſoever endeavour he uſed, he had much ado to conceal his reſentment. He ſpake but little, and made no mention at all of what was paſt, being unwilling either to reproach me with the offence which I had done him in freeing *Ariobarzanes* out of Priſon without his Orders, or to thank me for the means I had given that Prince to reſtore him to his liberty and Kingdom. His Diſcourſe was cold, and full of conſtraint, and after ſome words, far different from thoſe which he had formerly uſed to me: "Siſter, *ſaid he*, I will do all that poſſibly I 'can, to repair thoſe faults which I may have committed, and in the mean time, I preſent the 'Prince *Ariobarzanes* unto you, whoſe Services can receive no other recompence, but the 'Princeſs *Olympia*. Speaking as your Brother, I ſhall ſay, that the greatneſs of his Ser-'vices are far above ſuch a recompence; but indeed he deſires no other, and I am engaged 'to procure him the poſſeſſion of you, by all the credit I have with you. I caſt down my 'eyes at theſe words with ſome ſhew of confuſion, and judging that I ought to make a 'Reply unto the Kings Diſcourſe: "Sir, *ſaid I*, I know the obedience which I ought to 'render you at all times, when together with the quality of my King, you reſume that of 'my Brother, and I will endeavour ſo to regulate my will by yours, that you ſhall have no 'cauſe to condemn me. "My will, *anſwered the King with his former coldneſs*, ſhall be 'ſuch for the future, that you may eaſily conform to it; and I ſhould be very ſorry, if I 'ſhould deſire any thing of you that might be diſadvantagious, or diſagreeable to you. All the reſt of our Converſation was as cold as this, except it were the Teſtimonies which I gave the King of the joy I reſented for his liberty, and the good ſucceſs of his Affairs; and *Ariobarzanes* intermingled his Diſcourſe with ours, when he thought himſelf obliged to it by an handſom opportunity, behaved himſelf like a modeſt perſon, who did reſpectfully conſider the violence which the King offered to himſelf for his ſake. He went back with him, as he came in his Company, and at this firſt Viſit we could have no particular converſe together; but the next day having had the opportunity to entertain him with more liberty, I expreſſed to him the contentment I had in this glorious ſucceſs of his Arms, and the ingenious policy he uſed to gain *Adallas* his promiſe, by ſuch Diſcourſes as ſufficiently ſignified to him that I really loved him, and would willingly obey the King my Brother, when he ſhould order me to marry him.

Ariobarzanes ſpake nothing to me but in the language of Tranſports, which ſufficiently diſcovering his paſſion, he made me a thouſand Diſcourſes, which I cannot repeat to you, becauſe the ſame paſſion made them to be without coherence and connexion; and before we parted, he deſired me to give him permiſſion to preſs the King as much as he could, to the performance of his promiſe. I ſaw him divers times beſides with a great deal of liberty, and I had the more facility to do it, becauſe the King did but rarely viſit me; and when he did, did it very privately, and did ſo reſtrain himſelf, that in his Converſation there was not a word intermingled concerning that love which I had ſo much deteſted. I underſtood by all manner of Tokens, that it was not extinguiſhed in his Soul; but I hoped, that when I ſhould be further off from him, abſence might diſſipate it; or rather, that when I ſhould be far diſtant from him, I ſhould no longer be afraid of the effects which it might produce, being fully reſolved, as ſoon as he had beſtowed me upon *Ariobarzanes*, to retire into *Armenia* with him, and not to ſtay any longer in the King my Brothers Court, for fear of being importuned by him at a time, when it would be more difficult for me to bear with him.

Divers dayes paſſed away, during which, the King rendred a great deal of honour and civility to *Ariobarzanes*, Treating him not only as a Kings Son, but as a King to whom he had thoſe obligations which he had to him, and by all manner of careſſes and magnificent preſents, he endeavoured to make him believe, that he would not be ungrateful to him for his good Offices; but he did not ſpeak a word of me, and *Ariobarzanes*, who out of reſpect, delayed as much as he could to require the performance of his promiſe, was very much diſpleaſed to ſee that he made no mention of me, and took this ſilence for a very bad Omen. He was oftentimes about to ſpeak to him of it firſt; but the King alwayes deprived him of all opportunities, by putting him upon Diſcourſes of a quite different Subject; and if he had found *Ariobarzanes* to have been of a timorous and unconfident ſpi-

rit, he would certainly have hindred him for whole years together, from being ſo bold as to open his mouth to that purpoſe. In the mean time he expreſſed a mortal ſadneſs in all his Actions; and whil'ſt his Subjects had made, and did every day make Bonfires for the News that came of the abſolute Retreat of all the Garriſons which *Merodates* had left in thoſe Towns which he had taken, that fire unluckily kindled in his Soul, hindred him from aſſiſting at the other, and did ſo far deprive him of all ſenſibility of his own happineſs, that inſtead of appearing like a Conqueror, and as one Triumphant in the judgment of his people, he could not have looked with a more ſorrowful countenance when he was Priſoner to *Merodates*. *Ariobarzanes* himſelf could not but look upon his misfortune with ſome pity; but as the cauſe of it was odious, ſo he could imagine no remedy for it; or at leaſt, the beſt he could find, was to haſten the execution of his Deſign, and to take me ſpeedily out of the ſight of that Prince, to remove me from his memory.

In fine, not being able to continue any longer in that ſilence which the King did but too ſtrictly obſerve, and diſpoſing himſelf to ſpeak to him of it one day in my Gallery, where they were a walking together, after he had prepared his mind for it by his precedent Diſcourſe, when the King ſaw that he could no longer avoid the hearing of that unwelcome propoſal, he was minded to prevent him, and looking upon the Prince with paſſion lively painted in his eyes: "Well, *Ariobarzanes*, ſaid he, *Muſt I then needs part with* Olympia *to you? Aricbarzanes* ſeemed aſtoniſhed at this Diſcourſe, and after that he had continued ſome moments without a Reply: *You ſhall not part with* Olympia *as a Lover*, ſaid he, *but you ſhall beſtow her upon me as her Brother. Whether as a Lover, or as a Brother*, anſwered *Adallas*, *I muſt keep my word; but you cannot exact it of me, and reduce me to the cruel neceſſity of a performance, without throwing death into my boſome.* "Sir, replied 'Ariobarzanes, if your diſtemper were of ſuch a nature, as that it might be remedied by 'an Action of Generoſity and Franchiſe, you ſhould poſſibly find more of it in me, than 'you have reaſon to expect; and it may be I ſhould have enough to force my inclinations 'in your favour, if inſtead of a Siſter from whom you can never expect any thing, you 'loved a Princeſs which might entertain your affections: But believe it Sir, I do no way 'contribute to your misfortune; and though I ſhould quit *Olympia*, you would have never 'the more ſatisfaction in the love you have for: And in brief, though *Ariobarzanes* were 'out of the world, the Princeſs *Olympia* would never marry the King her Brother. "Well, 'replied *Adallas*, with an Action full of Deſpair, That which the gods have Decreed, will 'come: And having ſpoken theſe words, he went and ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet, and would ſee no body all that day.

Ariobarzanes being troubled at this Converſation, and highly diſpleaſed to ſee himſelf a great deal farther off than he thought, from the effect of his hopes, came to render me a Viſit, with a countenance which partly diſcovered the diſpleaſure he reſented; and as ſoon as he had accoſted me, not being able to diſſemble that which he had upon his heart, "I 'ſee Madam, *ſaid he*, That I am not ſo near the Haven as I imagined; my Fortune is no 'more changed than *Adallas*'s mind, and I ſhall never ceaſe to be unhappy, becauſe he will 'never ceaſe to be ungrateful. Being inforced by the neceſſity of his Affairs, and the fear 'of death which threatned him, he gave me his word which he had no intention to keep; 'but either let him put me to death whil'ſt I am in his power, or let him not think to uſe me 'thus without anſwering it; and after that he hath gotten all the Services out of me which 'he could deſire, let him conſider more than once, that 'tis to no contemptible perſon that 'he hath engaged his word. He uttered theſe words with ſuch an Action as I never ſaw him uſe before; but he had no ſooner acquainted me with the cauſe of his anger, but I found it to be very juſt, and conjectured as well as he, that indeed the King had no deſign to perform his promiſe. I uſed all the Arguments that poſſibly I could to recompoſe his mind, and to mitigate his reſentments; but he was very uncapable of reliſhing my conſolations, neither was I in any good condition to give him any, really participating with him in his affliction; and when I would have preached patience to him, "There is no patience in the 'world, *ſaid he*, that can brook this uſage: If I do receive it, and you be not minded 'to attempt a ſecond flight for my ſake, and to truſt your ſelf to the conduct of a Prince to 'whom you have given hopes of poſſeſſing you, will you pleaſe to conſent, That I ſhould 'Arm all the Friends which the world can furniſh me with, and come in the Head of Fifty

'thouſand

'thousand men to demand of *Adallas* the execution of his promise? "All your intenti-
'ons are very just, *replied I*, but the effects of them are not so easie; and besides that,
'my Duty would oppose my retreat with you, which you seem to propose, the execution of
'it would be now impossible; and since my first flight, *Adallas* hath deprived me of all
'means to attempt a second, therefore there is no thinking upon that; and as for the War
'you speak of, I should think my self very unfortunate to cause so much blood to be shed
'upon my occasion; and besides, the distance is so great between your Countrey and ours,
'the passages by Sea so long, and so difficult for the conduct of an Army, and the events of
'War so doubtful, that I shall never advise you to follow that way. "What would you
'have me to do then, *cryed the afflicted* Ariobarzanes? And what means can I have to
'acquire you, if you disapprove of all that I have left? "I know not, *answered I*, and
'all that I can really protest to you, is, That I am as sensible of our common misfortune as
'you can desire, and I have still some hope to see *Adallas* in a better mind, if we manage
'his spirit gently, not knowing that ever he received any reproach for having failed of his
'word. By these Discourses, and some others, I disposed the spirit of *Ariobarzanes*,
which was naturally very courteous, to moderate his resentments, so long as things were not
grown desperate, and yet not to lose the opportunity of soliciting the King in a mild way,
and of moving him to a consideration of his honour engaged in his promise.

The next day the King who would not see any body after the last Conversation he had
had with *Ariobarzanes*, came out of his Chamber, and came almost all alone to visit me in
mine. *Ariobarzanes*, whether out of Design, or by Accident, I know not, came in imme-
diately after, and I saw very well, that the King and he could not look one upon the other
without changing of colour; but the King being resolved what he would say to me, the
Princes presence could not hinder him; and beginning to speak, though with a very ill assu-
red Action: *Madam*, said he, *If you could have Conquered those scruples which hindred
you from loving me, or rather, that strong aversion which hath been the only cause of all the
misfortunes of my life, by bestowing your self upon me, you would have married a King, and
have worn a very considerable Crown upon your Head; but if you marry* Ariobarzanes, *how
illustrious soever his Birth is, you can never hope to be a Queen; and the Scepter of the* Armenians *which is in his Brothers hands, so as it is never likely to come into his, will not exempt you
from passing your dayes amongst the* Armenians *as a private person.* This Discourse of the
Kings being made in *Ariobarzanes* presence, did very sensibly afflict me, and fearing lest the
Prince being interessed and obliged to make a Reply, should have done it too sharply, I
gave him a hint with my eye, that he should leave the care of it to me, and preventing him
just as he was about to open his mouth: *Sir*, said I to the King, *Though the Prince* Ario-
barzanes *could never hope for Crowns, his Birth is sublime enough to satisfie the Ambition of
the greatest Princess upon Earth; and the merit of his Person great enough, to make it pre-
ferrable before the greatest Kings: And besides, if Fortune second his Vertue, he may yet ex-
pect a Crown; and it is probable, that he that did so valiantly defend yours, or rather, that so
generously snatched it from your Enemies, to restore it to you, may make use of his Sword with
the same success, and Conquer one for himself.* "You may Madam, *added the impatient
'Prince, who could no longer contain himself,* You may add to that which your Goodness
'causes you to say on my behalf, That when the King your Brother was a Prisoner to *Me-
'rodates*, and saw his Throne turned Topsie-turvey, standing in fear of the Enemies Sword
'which hanged over his Head, he made no such reflection; but after he had represented
'very civilly to me, what nothing but Generosity could oblige me to do in his Favour,
'without demurring upon the want of a Crown with which he reproaches me, he promised
'me the Princess *Olympia* for my recompence. "Yes, cryed the King, quite transported
'with fury, Yes, I did promise thee *Olympia*; and since thou dost demand the performance
'of that promise with so much rigor, I will inviolably keep it; it shall never be objected
'to me that I break it, and I acquit my self of it from this moment, by putting *Olympia* in-
'to thy power, and giving thee leave to marry her. Did I promise thee any more? "No
'Sir, *immediately replied the Prince.* "I disengage my self then of my word, *answered
'Adallas*, in giving thee *Olympia*; Thou may'st marry her to day if thou wilt, but thou
'must resolve to dye to morrow; I have promised thee *Olympia*, but I did not promise thee
'to let thee live in possession of her, nor to let him triumph over my life, who hath pro-

ved

'ved my Murderer, in ſeeming the Defender of my people. Reſolve thy ſelf upon this 'choice when thou pleaſeſt; if there be any cruelty in it, thou haſt taught it me by thy ex-'ample; and if thou canſt reproach me with any thing, 'tis not with falſifying my word. I was ſo troubled and ſo terrified at theſe cruel words of *Adallas*, that I had hardly any ſenſibility or underſtanding left; and I was ſo extreamly amazed, that I had ſcarcely ſo much power as to caſt my eyes one while upon the cruel *Adallas*, and another while upon the unfortunate *Ariobarzanes*. But the Prince did hardly ſeem to be moved at all, and looking upon *Adallas* with an Action full of ſcorn, "The poſſeſſion of *Olympia* which thou of-'fereſt me, *ſaid he*, is of ſo high a value, that thou ſhalt not ſee me waver in the choice which 'thou preſenteſt to me; and ſince I cannot expect ſo glorious a recompence from ſuch an 'ungrateful and cruel perſon as thou art, without purchaſing it with my life, thou ſhalt ſee 'me yield it up to thy rage without regret, when thou haſt beſtowed that upon my love 'which thou oweſt unto it. Give me the Princeſs then to day, and ſince the gods do judge 'that I deſerve that happineſs for no longer a continuance, diſpoſe of my deſtiny to morrow 'as thou wilt. "Thou ſhalt be ſatisfied, *replied* Adallas, *more furious, and more tranſported 'than before*; and thou may'ſt, when thou pleaſeſt, enjoy a felicity which thou ſhalt ſurvive 'but for one dayes ſpace. "I have lived long enough for thy ends, *anſwered Ariobarzanes*, 'ſeeing that from the miſerable eſtate wherein I ſaw thee implore my Valor to ſave thy 'life, I have brought thee into a condition to threaten and attack mine. "If I offer any 'violence to thy life, *interrupted* Adallas, and if I ſacrifice it to my misfortune, 'tis accord-'ing to thy own will; but if thou loveſt it ſo well, as to free me of my promiſe, and to 'content thy ſelf with any other recompences but *Olympia*, thou ſhalt know that nothing 'but my misfortune makes me ungrateful, and that 'tis thy deſpair, rather than my inclinati-'on, that tranſports me to cruelty. *Keep thy ſelf*, replied the Prince, *keep thy ſelf to thy 'Propoſition, as I continue firm to mine; except* Olympia, *thou haſt nothing in thy power but what is far below me, and the leaſt of my Services; and with* Olympia, *whom thou oweſt me, I prefer the death which thou preſenteſt me with, before thy Friendſhip and thy Crown.*

During this Diſcourſe, having had time to recover out of my former aſtoniſhment, and to conſider the intereſt which it did concern me to take in that conteſtation, I did not permit it to go any farther without interruption, and not judging it convenient to diſſemble any part of my thoughts in that extremity of Affairs: "Do not think, *ſaid I*, Prince of '*Armenia*, That thy life and perſon are ſo inconſiderable to me, that I can conſent to the 'cruel agreement which thou makeſt with this ungrateful man; I ſhall be thine if the gods 'have ſo decreed it, whatſoever *Adallas* can do to hinder it; but I will not be thine only 'for a day, neither oughteſt thou to accept of any condition not common to us both; 'though the Propoſition of this Barbarian ſhould be put in execution, his Fortune would 'not be one jot the better; and though he were not my Brother, he hath rendred himſelf 'too unworthy of any hopes that he might have for the widow of *Ariobarzanes*. Reſerve 'thy life then for that which the gods have ordained it for; and if Heaven will not permit 'me to be thine, be aſſured that I will never be any mans elſe. *Ariobarzanes* being extreamly moved at my words, threw himſelf at my feet, notwithſtanding the preſence of *Adallas*, and all his conſtancy could not hinder him from bedewing them with ſome tears. The King not being able to endure this Action, and the words that I had ſpoken, which filled him with deſpite, flung out of the Chamber in a furious Tranſport, after that he had again proteſted that he would keep his reſolution; and *Ariobarzanes* ſtaying there after him, made me ſuch tender, and ſuch paſſionate Diſcourſes, that I could not forbear ſhedding an abundance of tears; and comforting him by the promiſe which I often made him That I would beſtow my ſelf upon him, as ſoon as I could do it without putting his life in danger.

We parted for that day without taking any reſolution, and we met again for ſome dayes after to ſeek out the moſt probable expedients to remedy our misfortune; but in the mean while, the noiſe of what had paſt being ſpread over all the Court, filled it with aſtoniſhment and confuſion; and the vertue of *Ariobarzanes* being dear to the *Thracians*, his Birth being known, and the memory of the great Actions which he had done in their favour being freſh, and the Kings promiſe divulged and received with joy, there was not a perſon in the Court to whom this laſt effect of the Kings ingratitude was not odious, and who did not take

take the liberty openly to murmur at it. At last the chief of the Council being assembled, went to the Palace, and ventured to represent to the King the consequences that might ensue upon this proceeding of his, as well by the aversion which he would cause in his peoples minds by the continuance of his failings, as by the danger of a War which he might draw upon him, causing *Armenia*, and the greatest part of *Asia* to take up Arms against him. And in brief, they remonstrated so many things to him, that though he heard them with impatience, and at first flew out with a great deal of violence, yet at last he told them, that he would think once more what he had to do, and the next day he would acquaint them with his resolution.

In the mean time, if on one side I afflicted my self, *Ariobarzanes* being full of fiery indignation, dreamed of nothing but revenge; and besides the interest of his love, considering the injurious usage he received, as an outrage which a Prince ought not to endure, he already thought of Arming all his Friends and Allies! Ah! 'Tis too much, *said he*, 'tis too 'much, to endure the ingratitude of a Barbarian patiently, and I ought not to have suffered 'so much, without making of him feel the effects of my just resentment; I shall not be so 'forsaken yet by the King my Brother, and the Princes our Allies, but that I can interess 'them in my quarrel. I will cover the Sea with Ships, and face *Bizantium* with other Sails 'than those of *Merodates*, which I burnt; and other Troops than those of *Chersonesus*, 'which I defeated for that ungrateful man; I may possibly put him again into the condition out of which I freed him, and it may be I may see him again in such an extremity, that 'he shall be glad to receive peace, and to offer me *Olympia*.

He had passed a whole Night in these imaginations, and the day following he was already fully resolved, when, contrary to his expectation, he was informed that the King was coming to visit him. He did so little look for this Visit, considering upon what terms the King and he parted, that he was surprized at it; and the King was come into his Chamber, before he had determined how to Treat with him. The King accosted him with a serene countenance, (though with a little care, one might have observed a great deal of constraint in it) and without deferring to acquaint him with the occasion of his Visit: "I come, *said he*, to beg 'your pardon for the faults which my passion made me commit, and to intreate you to impute all the effects of my ingratitude, to the same love whereof you are sensible, and 'which is the only cause of all our quarrels. I am resolved to keep my word with you inviolably, and to put *Olympia* into your power, as a recompence most justly due to the 'greatness of your Services, and the merit of your Person. But because it is only by your 'own word that we know that you are Prince of *Armenia*, though I will make no question 'of the Truth of it, yet to avoid the blame which otherwise I might incur, you may be 'pleased to give me leave to follow the Advice of my Council, who have desired, that the 'knowledge which you have given us of your Birth, should be confirmed to us before that 'you espouse the Princess. Yet I do not desire to detain her here till we have received that 'confirmation; that time perhaps would seem too long to the impatience of your love, and 'I shall be willing my self to send her out of my sight as soon as may be, that in her absence I may find a remedy for that cruel passion which hath been the cause of all my misfortunes. To morrow, without any longer delay, I will send her on Shipboard with you to 'go towards *Armenia* under your Conduct; but you must allow her to be accompanied 'by some person of Quality amongst my Subjects, and a Convoy agreeable to her condition; and you must promise me that you will not marry her, till you arrive at the King your 'Brothers Court, and have made your self known to the Princess, and those that bear her 'Company, to be the Prince *Ariobarzanes*. I owe this care at least to *Olympia*'s Quality, 'though I give absolute credit to that which you have told me concerning your Birth, and 'you must not take it ill, that out of decency I observe this formality in an Action of this importance.

Ariobarzanes was almost ravished with joy to hear these words from the King, and being well assured that he could make the Truth of what he had told us concerning his Birth appear in *Armenia*, both to me and to those that accompanied me; he found nothing disadvantagious to himself in the Kings Proposition, and therefore very readily embraced it. "Sir (*said he*) it was alwayes hoped, that your Vertue would render it self Mistriss 'of your passion; and that it could not absolutely forget it self, though it was obscured

with

'with ſome Clouds which love might produce in the ſublimeſt Souls. I receive the honour 'you do me with a great deal of joy and reſpect; and I ſhall not be diſſatisfied my ſelf to 'certifie the Princeſs, and the perſons of her Retinue of the Truth of my Birth, before I 'attain to the favour of enjoying her. I aſſure my ſelf, that the King my Brother will 'teſtifie to your Subjects how joyful he is of our Alliance; and that by this Action you 'will reſtore Tranquility to your mind, and all its luſtre to your former Reputation. After theſe words, and ſome others full of Civility, the King conducted him into my Chamber, where, to free me quickly out of the ſurprize I was in to ſee them come in together, conſidering what had paſſed between them at the laſt Viſit, he made me the ſame Diſcourſe that he had made to the Prince; he deſired me to pardon him for the diſpleaſures he had done me, and pray'd me to diſpoſe my ſelf to go the next day along with *Aricbarzanes*, being unwilling any longer to be expoſed to a ſight of that which would alwayes hinder his Cure, and might poſſibly caſt him again into thoſe misfortunes which he had lately eſcaped.

I do not deny, *my fair Princeſſes*, but that the Kings Diſcourſe filled me with as much joy as I was capable to receive; and though I endeavoured partly to diſſemble it, the jealous King perceived enough to renew his grief. I proteſted to him that I had no other Deſign but to obey him, and that whatſoever eſteem I had for *Aricbarzanes*, I had alwayes declared to him, that I would never give him any greater proofs of it, without the conſent of thoſe perſons to whom I owed that deference; I told him that I ſhould never have deſired to part from him, if I had not been too well acquainted with the bad effects which my preſence produced in relation to his repoſe and mine; and that ſince he deſired that I ſhould go, I would be ready when he pleaſed, promiſing him, according to *Aricbarzanes*'s Example, not to marry him, till I knew him very well to be Prince of *Armenia*. The King ſeemed to be very much ſatisfied when things were thus agreed, he made very magnificent Preſents to the Prince and me, and deſired us oftentimes to pardon him, if he could not yet reſolve upon this ſeparation without ſome Teſtimonies of grief. We did not think it ſtrange, but did rather wonder very much that he was ſo ſuddenly inclined to a thing which a little before he ſeemed ſo averſe from.

I will not detain you any longer with an unprofitable relation of thoſe things which ordinarily paſs in Actions of that Nature. I took my leave, and received the farewel's of the whole Court of *Thrace*, where without vanity I may ſpeak it, I left ſome regret to thoſe perſons who were acquainted with me, amongſt whom I had the good Fortune not to be hated, and employed the reſt of that day in neceſſary preparations for my departure. The next day all things were ready, and the joyful *Aricbarzanes* received me from the Kings hands to conduct me into a great and magnificent Veſſel, which *Euribiades* (a man of the greateſt Quality in *Thrace*, and one of the Kings chiefeſt Confidents) commanded for my Conduct, with Two hundred men for our Convoy. We took our leaves of the King and the whole Court which accompanied us to the Sea-ſide, and there were ſome tears ſhed upon both ſides, though in the Kings face and actions I found more moderation than I had expected. At laſt we went aboard the Veſſel, and ſet Sail from the Port of *Bizantium*, taking the way towards *Armenia* by the *Ægean* Sea, with a Deſign to go by Sea to the fartheſt part of *Cilicia*, and finiſh our Voyage from thence by Land. I know not how to repreſent to you the joy which appeared in the Diſcourſe, and all the Actions of *Aricbarzanes*, now he ſuppoſed himſelf to be upon the point of attaining to that which he accounted his ſupreme felicity; what Tranſports he expreſſed to me in all his words, what Careſſes and Preſents he made of thoſe which he had received from the King, to thoſe that were of our Convoy, and what greater recompence he promiſed them when he arrived in *Armenia*. For my part, I confeſs, I was very much ſatisfied to ſee my ſelf freed from *Adallas*'s perſecutions, and to ſee my ſelf upon the point of acknowledging freely the affections of a Prince very worthy of mine, and for whom I had conceived ſo much.

We paſſed the hours in a very pleaſing Converſation, and I did more and more diſcoer ſuch charms in the Princes diſpoſition, as redoubled my Amity. The memory of our paſt misfortunes began to grow out of date, and was left as far as *Thrace* behind us; and in ſhort, we thought our ſelves ſecure from all calamities, when Fortune made us know that ſhe was not reconciled to us, and that we had no reaſon to put any confidence in her conti-

nuall

nual volubility. We found our ſelves in greater miſeries, and more formidable dangers than thoſe which we had eſcaped, the Relation whereof you ſhall now receive, though I aſſure my ſelf it will not be without aſtoniſhment and horror.

We had ſailed four dayes with a favourable wind, and we had reaſon to hope for the ſame Tranquility in the reſt of our Voyage, when I ſaw one of the chief of thoſe who had Commiſſion to conduct us, named *Antenor*, a man full of Valor, and upon whom ſince the beginning of our Voyage the Prince had beſtowed particular marks of his eſteem, come into the Cabin where *Ariobarzanes* was with me. He accoſted us with an Action which ſignified the importance of thoſe things which he had to acquaint us with, and addreſſing himſelf to the Prince, without ſtanding upon thoſe Civilities which he was wont to render us: "Sir, *ſaid he*, Prepare your ſelf to defend your life with a ſmall number of men who 'deſire to dye at your feet. *Euribiades* hath lately acquainted us with the Kings intention, 'and ſhewed us an Order written with his own hand, by which we are commanded to throw 'you into the Sea, and to carry back the Princeſs to *Bizantium*. *Euribiades* is reſolved to 'put it in execution, though I have endeavoured as much as I could to divert him from it; 'and he hath now overpowred the reſiſtance which he found amongſt ſome of our Com-'panions, who were immediately ſtricken with horror at the News. There are above 'Thirty beſides my ſelf, who are reſolved to defend you to the laſt drop of their blood; you 'have almoſt ſuch a Number of Domeſticks who may Arm themſelves for the defence of 'their Prince, and for their own ſafety; and though our Enemies be thrice as many as we, 'your Valor will partly ſupply our weakneſs; and if we muſt periſh, as the danger is very 'great, we will firſt revenge our deaths by the deſtruction of ſome part of theſe Barbari-'ans. *Antenor* had leiſure to finiſh this Diſcourſe to us, by reaſon of the aſtoniſhment which had ſeized upon us at the beginning of it; and he had hardly done ſpeaking, nor I ſcarcely begun to cry out with Tranſport, when we ſaw that Number of generous men come into the Cabin, who were minded to dye in the defence of *Ariobarzanes*. The Prince being quickly reſolved, advanced towards them with a very aſſured countenance; and whil'ſt his Domeſticks drew up about us, and armed themſelves with all ſpeed, "My 'Friends, *ſaid he to them*, There was little probability that *Adallas* ſhould become 'vertuous, after thoſe Actions which he had committed; I am ſorry that your generoſity 'cauſts you into ſo great a danger for the love of me; but if I cannot diſſwade you from 'the Deſign which you have to expoſe your ſelves to death with me, let us dye at leaſt in 'ſuch a manner, that a good part of our Enemies may not rejoyce in our De-'ſtruction.

He had hardly done ſpeaking theſe words, but *Euribiades* plainly perceiving that his Deſign being diſcovered, he could not execute it but by open force, appeared in the Head of his men at the Cabin-door, I thruſt my ſelf before him with a great cry, and being deſirous to try if I could divert him from his reſolution by my preſence, and my Diſcourſe, "*Euribiades*, *ſaid I*, Do you ſo little conſider what you owe to your Princeſs, and will 'you murther him before her face, who ought to be her Husband, a Prince from whom you 'have received ſuch good Offices? "Madam, *briskly replied* Euribiades, I am very ſor-'ry that I have received this Commiſſion; but my life lies at ſtake, if I do not obey my 'King. "Begin with me then, *cryed I*, and make thy paſſage through my heart to 'hurt *Ariobarzanes*: Thou haſt no other way open to come at him, and thou muſt ſhed 'all my blood, before thou ſpilleſt the firſt drop of his. As I ſpake theſe words, I kept cloſe to the door, being reſolved to be killed there, rather than give them paſſage; and I plainly ſaw that my words immediately raiſed a murmur amongſt thoſe men, and in concluſion drew Ten or twelve more of them to our Party, who with the ſame Courage as the firſt, came to join with them, and entred into my Cabin by the other door, which belonged to *Ariobarzanes*'s Cabin. 'Twas the ſame way that *Euribiades* would have ruſhed in at with ſome of his Party, making ſome difficulty to paſs over me, and fearing to put me in danger of my life, betwixt the Swords of both Parties; but he found the Prince at the entry, who being compleatly Armed, and holding his Shield in his left hand, did ſo defend the paſſage againſt him, that the two firſt that came, fell dead at his feet. *Antenor* and his Companions, with the Princes Domeſticks, amounting in all to the Number of Seventy men, or thereabout, ranked themſelves about him, and did ſo encourage themſelves by his

Valor, that they quickly made *Euribiades* know, that without losing a good part of his men, he could not execute his Design: And 'tis certain, that if he had resolved to force his entrance into the Cabin, and to fight in a narrow place, where he could not make use of all his advantages, though he had been a great deal stronger, he would have gotten nothing but shame and loss; but judging that if they fought at large, the Prince, though endued with never so admirable Valor, would not be able with Threescore men to sustain the brunt of a Hundred and sixty, he commanded them to pull down the Boards of both Cabins, and to lay all the top of the Vessel open. That which he commanded, was put in execution with so much speed, that within a few moments there was no separation between the Cabins, and the rest of the Vessel; and the Prince was necessitated to resolve to defend himself by open force against his Enemies, who had liberty to assail him on every side; and so he did with such prodigious effects of Valor, that his Enemies trembled at it, and were more afraid of his fury, than of as many men more as made up their Number. Few that came near him, retired without receiving mortal wounds at his hands; and sometimes advancing before his Company, and flying amongst the Barbarians like a Lyon, he killed the boldest of them, and made the rest retreat to the side of the Vessel.

Whil'st these things passed, I sent up cryes and prayers towards Heaven, and detesting *Adallas*'s black infidelity, I begged assistance of the gods with a face quite drowned in tears. Above twenty men of the Princes party were already slain, and above forty of our Enemies, when *Ariobarzanes* seeing *Euribiades* eagerly pursuing his Destruction, and encouraging his men with his voice as much as was possible, he resolved either to hasten his own death, or to be the death of that cruel man. Though he had alwayes had this intention, he was so close beset, that he had not the opportunity to put it in execution; but then despising all Dangers and Obstacles, he flew immediately to him through all those that defended him, and in spite of all their resistance, he thrust his Sword into his body up to the Hilts. This revenge (which for all that he could not execute without receiving some slight wounds) redoubled his fierceness, and seeing him fall dead amongst his men, "Thou shalt not re-'joyce, *said he*, in the Success of thy Enterprize, and thou shalt not carry *Adallas* the 'News of *Ariobarzanes* death, now *Euribiades* is dead. His men were not discouraged for all that; for he had a Nephew amongst them, who being afflicted at the loss of his Uncle, animated them to revenge it, and fell on amongst the formost with a great deal of eagerness. What shall I say more unto you? The Combat was very hot, and was maintained in such a manner, that all the Vessel swam with blood, and the Deck was covered with dead bodies; the cryes of the wounded and dying men reached Heaven with a terrible noise; and I did so accompany them with mine, and my Maids, who melted into tears round about me, that possibly there was never seen such a spectacle of Desolation and Terror.

At last the valiant *Ariobarzanes* after he had done things above all credibility, and had covered himself from head to foot with the blood of his Enemies, with the assistance of his faithful Defenders, had sacrificed above a Hundred of them to his vengeance; but against Threescore and above that still opposed him, he had not above Twelve or Fifteen left, and those almost all covered over with wounds; and though by great good luck, and the assistance of his Arms he had received but very slight wounds, yet he was so wearied and tyred, that he could hardly heave up his Arm, or hold his Sword; and there was great probability that ere long he would fall amongst the rest, considering that he was neither immortal, nor invulnerable; when contrary to our expectation, the gods sent in to our assistance three men which the trouble we were in had hindred us from discovering, and which invironed our Ship before that we had scarcely perceived them. This sight having transported me with joy, I ran to the first men that I saw appear, and stretching out my hands to them in a supplicating posture, I conjured them to assist against the cruelty of our Enemies. Without returning any Answer to my words, they did what I desired of them; and after they had stayed a little while to look upon the inequality of the Combat, they grapled our Vessel, and entred in it three places at once. They presently assisted the weakest side, and having easily, by reason of their Number, cut in pieces the greatest part of our Enemies, the rest of them threw down their Arms, and cryed out for Quarter.

At the same time the Prince not being able to stand any longer for weakness and weariness,

neſs, ſate down amongſt the dead bodies, leaning his back againſt the Maſt, and letting his Head and Arms fall into a careleſs poſture, not having ſtrength either to thank his Defenders, or to ſtir out of his place. I preſently ran to him ſeeing him in that condition, and with the help of my Maids, diſcharging him of his Armor, I began to viſit his wounds, and endeavoured to ſtop his blood. They which had ſuccoured us, looked earneſtly upon me whil'ſt I was thus employed, and having ſeen the laſt effects of the Princes Valor with admiration, they gave order that the Chyrurgions which they had in their Company, ſhould viſit his wounds, and give him that aſſiſtance which was neceſſary. The Prince, through thoſe perſons that were buſied about his aſſiſtance, looking upon me with eyes that ſignified his acknowledgment and affection: *Madam*, ſaid he, *The remainders of this life of mine are not worth the pains you take for their preſervation; and I ſhould conjure you to take leſs care of them, if they were not in a manner neceſſary for your Service ſtill. Your life*, replied I, *is too dear to me to be neglected, and there is no reaſon why you ſhould defend it with ſo admirable a Valor to no purpoſe.* I ſpake theſe words to him, being full of a mortal apprehenſion; but it was immediately diſſipated by the ſearch and report of the Chyrurgions, who aſſured us, and made it evidently appear to us, that his wounds were of no importance, and that he would not be obliged, except he were ſo minded to keep his Bed the next day. When this aſſurance had expelled my fears, and had reſtored me to a condition of thinking upon our Fortune. I charged *Ericia* privately to forbid thoſe men of ours that were left, and thoſe of *Euribiades*'s Party which were ſaved, to diſcover the Truth of our condition without my leave, fearing that I might be fallen into the hands of ſome perſons, who upon conſideration of ſome intereſt, might put me again into the power of the King my Brother. My will was exactly performed by *Ericia*, and they that enquired, were only told that we were *Thracians*, and were going upon important occaſions into *Armenia*.

But obſerve, *my fair Princeſſes*, what our Fortune was, and how that pitileſs goddeſs did perſevere in perſecuting of us. I ſaw my dear *Ariobarzanes* miraculouſly eſcaped from a great danger, and it is certain that I reſented this happineſs with all the joy that my Soul was able to receive, but it was the will of Heaven to check it with too ſevere a moderation; and the ſame deſtiny which brought in men to our aſſiſtance, cauſed us to fall into the hands of Pirates; they were Pirates indeed who had reſcued us, and the moſt cruel of thoſe who had eſcaped from great *Pompeys* Victories. At firſt, the ſtrangeneſs of the Spectacle which was preſented to their eyes, and ſome ſmall ſenſe of humanity in relation to the pitiful condition wherein they found us, made them for a few moments ſuſpend their ordinary barbarouſneſs; but when their firſt aſtoniſhment was diſſipated, and they had time to bethink themſelves, they diſcovered their ordinary condition, and quickly made us know into what hands we were fallen. They began to ſhare as their own Goods all that was in our Veſſel, they clap't all our Souldiers into the Chain; and as for our parts whom they judged to have ſome Authority over the reſt, they told us that we muſt reſolve to ſupport the change of our Fortune; that of free perſons we were to become ſlaves, and muſt diſpoſe our ſelves to live in that condition, or find out ſome means to redeem our liberty at a high rate. This Diſcourſe did ſo amaze me at the firſt, that I knew not what Reply to make; but I was much more ſurprized, when I ſaw the Commanders of the three Veſſels conſult together about their ſhares, and knew by the concluſion of their Diſcourſe that I was to be ſeparated from my dear Prince, and he to whoſe lot I fell, urged me to go into his Ship. *Ariobarzanes*, as feeble and tyred as he was, having heard this Diſcourſe, cryed out as well as I, and raiſing himſelf upon the Mattreſs whereon he lay, "You ſhall not part us, 'ſaid he to the *Pirates*, you ſhall not part us, except you part my ſoul from my body; and 'my weakneſs ſhall not hinder me from diſpatching the firſt that ſhall go about to execute 'this cruelty againſt us. As he ſpake theſe words, he got quite up, whil'ſt I laying hold upon his Arm, "No, *Ariamenes*, ſaid I, I will not leave you, unleſs I leave my life too; and 'theſe cruel men may more eaſily deprive me of that, than force me to go from you. The Barbarians were not moved at all at this ſad Spectacle, and after that they had publickly declared that they would meet within a Month hard by *Alexandria*; he to whom I was appointed, taking me by the Arm, pulled me by force from *Ariobarzanes*, and with the aid of his Companions, carried me towards his Veſſel.

The Prince being furious and desperate at this sight, ran to his Sword, either to seek his death in my defence, or to be the death of those cruel men; but they fell upon him being weak and disarmed, and having gotten him down, they bound him fast, and put him into a condition that he could not give me any assistance. I had time to see that Action before I went out of the Vessel, and I was so much moved at it, that not being able to resist this last attack of my misfortune, I fell into a Swoon between the Arms of these men that carried me, and did not come again to my self, till after I had been a good while in the other Vessel, when that which carried away my dear *Ariobarzanes*, was possibly above a Thousand Furlongs distant from me. I know not how to tell you, *my fair Princesses*, what I did or said upon this terrible effect of my misfortune; all the constancy which I had made use of in all the other accidents of my life, abandoned me in this last, and exclamations seemed too weak to ease my grief; doubtless I had thrown my self into the Sea, if I had not been carefully looked to and prevented. In fine, I did so torment my self, that I was seized upon by a violent Fever, which within a few dayes reduced me to such a condition, that they despaired of my life. The only favour that I received from Fortune on this occasion, and which indeed was of no small concernment to me, was, that my faithful *Ericia* was the Companion of my Captivity, and none of my Maids but she were permitted to follow me. The rest of them fell to the other Commanders shares; and I should have sadly deplored their misfortune, if my own had not been great enough to take up all my thoughts. 'Twas great deal of comfort to me to see *Ericia* near me, & to hear and endure from her, that which her affection made her to speak to defend me from Despair. But in a short time my malady brought me to that pass, that nothing was expected but my death; yet the gods were not pleased that that should put a period to my misfortunes; and being escaped by *Ericia's* continual persecutions, who incessantly begged of me to preserve my life for *Ariobarzanes*, and promised me that by the goodness of the gods, I might be permitted to see him once again, I continued in such a condition for all that, that no body could know me. I alwayes thought that this sickness was my greatest happiness, and I have thanked the gods a Thousand times for sending it me as a defence of my honour; for it did so efface that little beauty which the Commander of the Pirates had observed in my face, and upon which he had some Design, that finding some remainders of it, and seeing that in a Months time I did not mend at all, he judged me more proper for the Grave, than for his Love, and so left me at quiet.

At the Months end we did not fail to go to *Alexandria*, where the Pirate valuing me no more than another, in the condition wherein he saw me, sold me to some Merchants of *Alexandria* with whom he had Commerce; and some dayes after those Merchants sold us to *Cornelius*, in whose Service we have continued with the rest of his Slaves above Two Months, just as you see us. I would not discover my self, nor use any endeavour to recover my liberty, because I remembred that *Ariobarzanes* had heard as well as I, when the Pirate who carried me away promised to be at *Alexandria*, and I did not doubt but if he could recover his liberty by any means, he would have affection enough for me to look after me, and to come to *Alexandria* in hope of hearing some News of me. The gods have been pleased that the effect should be conformable to my expectation, for this day have I seen *Ariobarzanes*, and I know that he is in *Alexandria*. If they permit that he be unfaithful to me, I shall only have prolonged my life for my greater misfortune, and to finish with a more violent grief than I should have been sensible of amongst the waves; but if he hath preserved his Fidelity, as I am willing to expect from his Vertue, and very great probabilities, I hope for a change in my Fortune as advantagious as I can desire, and such a one, *my fair Princesses*, as I would wish to see in yours.

The End of the Second Book.

HYMEN'S *PRÆLUDIA:*
OR,
Love's Maſter-piece.

PART. VII. LIB. III.

ARGUMENT.

Olympia *having finiſhed her Story,* Candace *and* Eliza *return to their Lodging, where they are viſited the next Morning by* Agrippa *and* Cornelius, *who preſent the two famous Poets* Virgil *and* Ovid *to the Princeſſes. Divers handſom Diſcourſes paſs amongſt them, which being ended,* Eliſa *and* Candace *deſire* Cornelius *to give them liberty to take a ſolitary walk along the Sea-ſhoar; He grants their Requeſt, though ſomewhat unwillingly, but appoints a Convoy to attend them at a diſtance to ſecure them from all ill accidents. As they are preparing to go,* Olympia *comes into the Chamber, and immediately after* Philadelph, Ariobarzanes *and* Arſinoe *come to viſit the Princeſſes. Their mutual Complements being ended,* Olympia *takes an occaſion to diſcovr her ſelf to* Ariobarzanes, *who is infinitely ſurprized with joy at the ſight of her. She goes with* Ariobarzanes *and* Arſinoe *to their Lodgings, and leaves* Eliſa *and* Candace *to their intended Journey. When they are all gone,* Agrippa *takes* Ovid *with him to his Chamber, and there engages him to give him a Relation of what had paſſed between the Princeſs* Julia *and himſelf; which having premiſed his love to* Cipaſſis *he does at large; and at the end of the Story,* Agrippa *is invited by* Cornelius *to ride out and meet the Princeſſes at their return from their walk.*

THE Princeſs of *Thrace* concluded the Relation of her Adventures in this manner, and the two fair Princeſſes who had hearkned to it with attention and aſtoniſhment, no ſooner heard the end of it, but they were very deſirous to expreſs what intereſt they took in her Fortune whatſoever it might be. The Queen being not ſo ſad as *Eliſa* was, and conſequently more capable to participate of anothe's misfortunes, or at leaſt to expreſs her ſelf upon that occaſion, began the Diſcourſe; and preſſing *Olympia's* hand with an Action full of the marks of her Amity, "My fair Princeſs, 'ſaid ſhe, I ſee very well that Fortune hath ſpared you no more than us; and that you may 'make the third with us, amongſt perſons of our Rank, who have been the moſt expoſed to 'her cruel perſecutions; but the gods be thanked that your miſhaps are arrived at their 'period, and by the coming of your well-beloved Prince, your condition is likely to be 'happily changed. "I ſhall look upon that change with a great deal of joy, *added the ſad 'Eliſa,* or at leaſt, *ſaid ſhe, recalling her ſelf,* with all the joy that can be reſented by a 'mind quite ſwallowed up of affliction. "I do not deſpair, *replied Candace,* but that we 'ſhall ſhortly receive the ſame conſolation upon your Account; and if I may give credit 'to the preſages which I have of your Fortune, you may very well expect it. "May it 'pleaſe the gods, *anſwered the deſolate Princeſs,* that your hopes may be well grounded; but

'but I have ſo little hope left that no good will ever happen to me, which will not infinitely 'ſurprize me. "I ſaid as much to you, *replied the Queen*, when I believed by all the pro- 'babilities in the World that *Ceſario* was ſlain in the Battel which he fought againſt *Tri- 'bazus*. "And I had not much greater grounds to hope, *added the Princeſs of Thrace*, 'when *Ariobarzanes* and I in the little Iſland, were reduced to extremities, from which we 'could not eſcape but by miracle.

Eliſa being unwilling to oppoſe their opinion, or at leaſt their Diſcourſe, made them no Reply, but with ſome tears which ſhe let fall from her fair eyes, and leaning her Head againſt *Candace*'s ſhoulder, with a pitiful and languiſhing Action, ſhe obliged her to bear her Company in her ſad employment. When they had taken a little Truce with ſorrow, they renewed to *Olympia* the offers they had made her; and after that they ſtayed a few moments longer with her, they bid her good Night, and retired themſelves into *Eliſa*'s Chamber, where they intended to lie together that Night. They were no ſooner come thither, but *Candace*, who had the deſire of going to ſeek out *Ceſario*, whom ſhe certainly believed ſhe had ſeen the day before alwayes preſent in her mind, began the Diſcourſe of him again to the Princeſs of the *Parthians*, and repreſenting to her the comfort ſhe her ſelf would receive by the ſight of Prince *Tiridates* her Uncle, found her abſolutely diſpoſed to accompany her in her walk that way.

Candace believed ſhe might oblige *Cornelius* to give them that liberty, without bearing of them company, when ſhe ſhould intreat him with the power ſhe had over him to comply ſo far with *Eliſa*'s ſadneſs, who deſired ſome hours of ſolitude. They were troubled how they ſhould do to find out *Tiridates*'s houſe by the name, not knowing the name of that Inhabitant of *Alexandria* to whom it belonged, nor deſiring to acquaint thoſe that accompanied them, that they had a premeditated Deſign to go and ſeek out that houſe; but *Clitie*, from whom they did not conceal themſelves in their Converſation, partly ſatisfied them in that reſpect, telling them that ſhe had exactly obſerved the ſituation of that houſe in that little time they had continued there; and that they needed only to paſs along by the Sea-ſhoar, and when they were near it, ſhe knew the place very well. *Candace* might with as much eaſe at leaſt have cauſed her ſelf to be conducted to the houſe where ſhe had ſeen her well-beloved Prince, and in all probability that was the ſhorteſt way to find him again; but ſhe was afraid to expoſe him to the ſight of thoſe perſons who were to accompany her, and knowing with what dangers his life was threatned, if he were known in thoſe Countries which were under *Auguſtus*'s Dominion, ſhe choſe rather to deprive her ſelf of the ſight of him for ſome few dayes, that he might the better remain concealed, and to confide abſolutely in the diſcretion and goodneſs of Prince *Tiridates*, to whom ſhe was already beholding for her life, and by his means ſhe hoped to convey News to *Ceſario*, and to receive News from him with facility.

In this Deſign, and ſome hours of interrupted ſleep, the two Princeſſes paſſed away the Night, and the next day they roſe more early than they had been wont to do, and dreſſed themſelves with a negligence, which, as exceſſive as it was, could diminiſh nothing of their admirable beauty. When they were in a condition to be ſeen, *Arippa* and *Cornelius* having ſent to deſire permiſſion, came to give them Good-morrow, and brought along with them two men whom they deſired to preſent and make known to them for the excellency of their wit, and the reputation which they had acquired throughout the extent of the *Roman* Empire. Theſe were *Virgil* and *Ovid*, two rare and famous men, who had been ſufficiently known to poſterity by the excellency of their writings.

Virgil had contracted a very near Amity with *Cornelius*, as part of thoſe works which he hath left behind him do make mention; and *Cornelius*, who was a paſſionate Lover of Poetry, and very happy in his own compoſition, as his works yet extant teſtifie, had obliged him to leave *Rome*, to come and ſpend ſome time with him at *Alexandria*, and there to exerciſe his ſublime and ſtately Muſe with greater liberty than amongſt the troubles of the Court. *Virgil* was eaſily perſwaded to give his Friend that ſatisfaction, and being a man abſolutely addicted to knowledge and ſtudy, he employed at that time the greateſt part of his hours in the compoſition of thoſe famous works which have acquired him ſo much glory.

Ovid was a man much different from *Virgil*, and though he had as much inclination to Poetry,

Poetry, and more facility in it than he, or all the men that ever applied themſelves that way, and did often publiſh very excellent and admirable productions of his wit, yet he made uſe of Poetry as a divertiſement, and not as his principal employment; or rather he ſerved himſelf with it as the beſt Interpreter he could employ in his amorous paſſions, wherein he had ſpent the better part of his dayes. As no perſon ever better knew, or better treated of Love than he; ſo impoſſibly there was never any perſon that had better reſented it, and it was well known that he had had very good Fortunes, and that the moſt Noble of the *Roman* Ladies had not been inſenſible of his affections. He had likewiſe, beſides the addreſs and charms of his diſpoſition, againſt which it was difficult to defend ones ſelf, all the qualities which might make a man beloved, or render him worthy of eſteem. He was a Knight of *Rome*, of an illuſtrious Birth, which intituled him to the moſt eminent Rank. He had paſſed his dayes at Court, and upon divers occaſions he had given proofs of his Courage, which had acquired him the eſteem of *Ceſar*, of *Agrippa*, and of all the Warriors; no leſs than the excellency of his wit, had gained him the general approbation, and particularly that of the Ladies, amongſt whom he was much careſſed & favoured. He was come to *Alexandria* along with *Agrippa* whom he waited upon, more for the qualities he was Maſter of, and the eſteem he had for perſons of merit, than for the great power he had in the Empire, and in *Ceſar*'s affection, which daily drew both Kings and Princes to attend upon him.

Agrippa and *Cornelius* preſented theſe two men to the Princeſſes, who had divers times heard them ſpoken of before, and received them with all manner of courteous entertainment and Civility. *Ovid* being the greater Gallant, and the Politer of the two, fell preſently into Diſcourſe, and being, beſides the advantages which his mind had received from Nature, admirably well verſed in Courtſhip, and not ignorant of any thing that might render his Converſation agreeable, did eaſily perſwade the Princeſſes by his firſt Diſcourſe, that he had very juſtly acquired the reputation which he poſſeſſed. *Agrippa* and *Cornelius* who had nothing ſo much upon their ſpirits as their paſſion, would willingly have beſtowed every moment of their converſe with the Princeſſes upon that, but beſides that the reſpect which they had for them, did partly deprive them of the liberty and boldneſs to declare their thoughts, the Company obſtructed the Deſign which poſſibly they had to do it, and they would have been very glad if they could have ſeverally diſcourſed their love to their Miſtreſſes; but they had taken an Order to prevent that, and *Candace* who had already ſuffered *Cornelius*'s firſt Diſcourſes with a great deal of diſpleaſure, and deſired to avoid them for the future, though ſhe could not do it more civilly, and with leſs danger of rendring a man her Enemy of whom ſhe had great need at that time, and to whom ſhe acknowledged her ſelf reduable, than by keeping her ſelf inſeparable cloſe to *Eliſa*: And in this manner ſhe did her Friend no leſs a good turn, to whom *Agrippa*'s growing paſſion had already given ſufficient ſuſpitions to make her very much afraid of it.

This man being full of Vertue and Diſcretion, and naturally very reſpectful to perſons of *Eliſa*'s Sex and Quality, not having the confidence openly to declare in her preſence that which he had upon his heart, endeavoured to expreſs himſelf a little more covertly, and taking an occaſion upon a Diſcourſe they had made before concerning ſome of *Ovids* and *Virgils Works*, and ſome gallant pieces of *Cornelius*'s, who was very happy that way: "Of 'all the Number of us that are here, *ſaid he*, I am the only ignorant perſon; and if *Ovid*, 'for that friendſhips ſake which is between us, could make me participate of his admirable 'Genius, I would ſerve my ſelf with it, as I aſſure my ſelf he hath often done, to declare 'under pretty Fictions the true reſentments of my Soul. "The gods, *replied* Ovid, would 'have given you this advantage, if it had been neceſſary for you; but in the condition 'wherein you are, and the great confidence which your excellent qualities may cauſe in 'you, you have no need of thoſe Fictions which Poetry might furniſh you withall to ex'preſs thoſe thoughts which with more boldneſs than any other perſon you may openly diſ'cover. "I cannot agree with you, *modeſtly anſwered* Agrippa, in the flattering Diſcourſe 'you make me, and I find in my ſelf but little reaſon for that confidence to which you 'would perſwade me; but though I were ſuch as you repreſent me, or as poſſibly our 'friendſhip would make you deſire me to be, I could not find any thing in the knowledge 'of it, that might diſpenſe with that which we owe to perſons worthy of our reſpects, and

'when

'when our Soul is once made a Subject to the Empire of a Beauty, and of a Beauty accom-
'panied with all other advantages, which may confirm its Domination; that boldness which
'carries us through in Combats, and dangerous Enterprizes, doth not accompany us before
'those Soveraign Mistresses, at whose feet our heart is disarmed of all its Forces: The bold-
'est man that is (if his boldness be not vitious, and do not pass the limits which reason
'ought to prescribe) loses without doubt a good part of his Audacity, when being upon
'the point to venture himself, the Beauty which is predominant over his spirit, darts him an
'imperious look, wherein he may read the condemnation of his rashness; or passes into
'such a coldness, as freezes up all his hopes, and stifles his expressions in his mouth. Upon
'such an Account as this, my dear *Ovid*, 'tis advantagious to have a particular Address to
'explain ones self, and by this means a man doth not so rashly commit himself to Fortune,
'which oftentimes is doubtful, and makes us fall into displeasures, which by a respectful si-
'lence we might have avoided." 'Tis certain, *said* Ovid, That by a respectful or timorous si-
'lence, which tyes up the tongue upon these occasions, one may secure himself from bad suc-
'cess, but then he continues in a condition which possibly is not to be preferred before that
'which may be feared from a venturous Declaration; yet it is not that I approve of an in-
'discreet presumption, or think it convenient to manifest presently to the person beloved
'the passionate thoughts a man hath for her, but in a little time, and with a little Discretion,
'one may easily find an opportunity, and do that handsomly and seasonably, which at ano-
'ther time would be inconvenient. To this end, I have alwayes thought it necessary to
'prevent the Declarations of our love by some Actions that may make it known to the
'Party beloved, and to prepossess her mind by those services and effects of compliance
'which ordinarily are produced by that passion, before we venture to express it by Dis-
'course; this way you are almost sure of the event, before you put it to the hazard; and
'if the person beloved be averse from your love, and is afraid of a fuller Declaration of it,
'than you have made by your Actions, she will never give you way to put it to the venture,
'but will so deprive you of all confidence and opportunities, that if you have never so lit-
'tle prudence left, you will never expose your self to it. "I do not doubt, *said the Queen*
'Candace *to* Ovid, *interrupting him*, but you have often practised the Lessons which you
'give to others, and have been sensible sometimes of that passion which you have so hand-
'somly described in your writings. "'Tis certain, Madam, *replied* Ovid, that I have not
'lived thus long without loving something, and that I have not received so much dulness and
'stupidity from Nature, as to have seen a great Number of considerable Beauties without
'any sensibility. "But if you have loved, *added the said* Elisa, being of the humor that
'you are, you did not suffer long before you discovered your love. "'Tis true, Madam,
'*answered he*, That I have loved, and have alwayes made my passion known to those per-
'sons who took notice of it, and in this I have carried my self differently according to oc-
'casions; according to the humour, and sometimes according to the quality of the persons
'that I loved. To those in whom I observed most facility, or most disposition to receive
'my love, I discovered it almost before it was formed; but when I was to deal with those
'that were more severe, I waited till time and my services had wrought some effect upon
'them; and if neither time nor my Actions rendred me that good Office which I expected,
'I served my self, as the great *Agrippa* lately told you, with such inventions as my wit
'could furnish me withall. Sometimes under other names, I let them see whatsoever my
'passion for them inspired my Pen withall, and when by little and little I had reduced them
'to approve of my thoughts, and to grant me that the person for whom I had conceived
'and expressed them, could not be offended at them; I did insensibly acquaint them with
'the Truth, and obliged them too to thank me for the respect I expressed to them by this
'Address. Sometimes in Heroical Epistles, upon which Argument I have composed some
'Elegies, which I perswaded them to read; in the passions of *Theseus*, *Achilles* and
'*Paris*, I let them see my own, and when I knew that I had moved them to pity *Paris*. I
'desired them to bestow the same compassion upon *Ovid*. I made use of divers other in-
'ventions which do not deserve to be related to you; but I may truly say without vanity,
'that which way soever I went to work, and though I never addressed my self to mean per-
'sons, yet 'tis certain for all that, that of all the persons to whom I discovered my passion,
'(which possibly have been a great Number) there was never any that was offended

'with

'with it, or at leaſt that ever expreſſed any anger upon that Account that laſted above a 'day.

The Company could not chooſe but ſmile at this Diſcourſe which *Ovid* made them with a great deal of grace and ingenuity, and *Cornelius* taking a hint: "You were very happy, '*ſaid he*, and all perſons that have loved, and ventured to declare themſelves as you did, 'have not had the ſame ſucceſs: He ſpake theſe words looking upon the Queen of *Ethiopia*, who not being able to be ſo far Miſtreſs of her reſentment, as to forbear a Reply. "'Twas, *ſaid ſhe*, becauſe they did not follow his Maxims, and wait as he did, till their Ser-'vices had gained the heart of the Party beloved, before they ventured to diſcover them-'ſelves. "Prudence, *added* Virgil, *who as yet had not interpoſed in their Diſcourſe*, is none 'of the vertues which ordinarily accompany love; and if *Ovid* had it either for the Com-'panion or Guide of his amorous Adventures, his paſſions have not been very violent. "I 'have had, *replied* Ovid, thoſe that were violent, and thoſe that were moderate; and 'though poſſibly I have reſented thoſe which were ſtrong enough to diſcompoſe that little 'prudence I might have received from Nature, yet in my loves I have made little uſe of the 'aſſiſtance of that vertue which is not over familiar to perſons of my humour, and have 'gone by another path, which the long uſage of that paſſion, and the inclination I have na-'turally to it, might have taught me above a great many other perſons; and thence it is, 'that poſſibly I have had better ſucceſs in my petit amorous projects, than our *Cato's* and 'Philoſophers would have had with all their prudence. And to anſwer *Cornelius*'s Diſ-'courſe, who accounts me very happy in compariſon of a great many others, I will confeſs 'my ſelf to be really happy, if I make my happineſs to conſiſt in a thing of nothing; and 'not being able to give my ſelf any other vanity, but only to cauſe the perſons whom I have 'loved, to endure the Diſcourſe of my love, I ſatisfied my ſelf with it, leaving to the more 'happy, and the more meritorious, the glory of having cauſed love in others, which is far 'to be preferred before the ſpeaking of it only. "You are very modeſt, *ſaid* Agrippa, '*looking upon* Ovid *with a ſmile*, but we are better acquainted with your Affairs than you 'are aware of, and your feigned *Corinna*, whom you have ſo handſomly diſguized to all 'the world, is not poſſibly ſo unknown to me as you imagine. *Ovid* bluſhed at *Agrippa*'s Diſcourſe, and expreſſed ſufficient trouble to oblige *Agrippa*, who was of no diſobliging humor, to repent himſelf of what he had ſaid. "Fear not, *added he to recompoſe him*, I 'will ſay no more of it; and that which you keep ſecret is ſo ſtill, ſeeing 'tis only the ſuſpi-'tion of your beſt Friend. "Sir, *replied* Ovid, I have no ſecret worthy of you, which I 'would have concealed from you, if you had had a deſire to know it. I ſhall try that, *an-'ſwered* Agrippa, perhaps before this day be paſt; and if you have any confidence in me, 'I promiſe you I will not abuſe it. *Ovid* made a Reply to this Diſcourſe with that reſpect which was due to ſuch a perſonage as *Agrippa* was; and *Agrippa*, whom his Dignities, and the greatneſs of his Actions had not made proud, received his Diſcourſe very civilly, and with a very good grace.

Immediately after, *Candace* having winked upon *Eliſa*, according to the Deſign they had, that fair Princeſs turning her ſelf towards *Cornelius*, prayed him to give them the op-portunity to walk a few hours that day along the ſhoar, and in the neighbouring wood to take the Aire, and to entertain their ſad thoughts at liberty. "You may abſolutely com-'mand what you pleaſe, *ſaid* Cornelius, and you ſhall have Chariots ready at what hour 'you pleaſe, both for your ſelves, and for thoſe perſons whom you will receive into your 'Company. "We two would be alone, if you pleaſe, *replied the Princeſs*, with our 'Maids, and the men that ſhall be neceſſary for our Conduct. "There is no likelihood, *ſaid* 'Agrippa, that you ſhould go out of the City ſo; and beſides that, it will be unconforma-'ble to your Quality, ſince the Accidents that lately hapned to the Princeſs *Cleopatra*, and 'to you Madam (*ſaid he, pointing to the Queen of* Ethiopia) we ſhould be blamed, if we 'did permit you to expoſe your ſelves to the ſame danger. "We have no more Enemies 'in this Countrey, *added* Candace, and if you do not grant us this liberty as we deſire it, 'we will not receive it any otherwiſe. Both *Cornelius* and *Agrippa* conteſted a long time with the Princeſſes to have permiſſion to bear them Company; but when they ſaw them fixed in their reſolution, they were conſtrained to comply, only prevailing with them to conſent that Twenty men ſhould follow them on Horſeback at a little diſtance, to ſecure

them in case of necessity, from such Accidents as might arrive. The business was thus resolved, and the two Lovers did so much the more willingly submit to the will of the Princesses, because they assured them that they desired to be alone only for that day, and afterwards they would not refuse their Company.

A little after they went forth to give the Princesses liberty to prepare for their going abroad, and to go to Dinner, the hour being near at hand; but they would not think upon either, before they had seen the Princess *Olympia*, to know the condition of her body, mind and fortune since the last Night; but as they were going out of their own Chamber to go to hers, they saw her come in with a more assured countenance than she had at their last interview. "I am resolved, *said she to them*, to make a full discovery of my Destiny to 'day, and whatsoever it pleases the gods to send me, I hope to know it before Night. The two Princesses expressed a great deal of joy to see her so healthful in body, and so quiet in mind as she seemed to be, and confirmed her by all manner of reasons in those hopes which she ought to conceive. They had not spent half an hour in this Conversation, but they saw *Cornelius* come back into their Chamber, who came to them, and told them, that *Philadelph* Prince of *Cilicia*, *Ariobarzanes* Brother to the King of *Armenia*, and the Princess *Arsinoe* his Sister, having understood that the Princess of the *Parthians* was in the Palace, were come to visit her, and desired permission to see her.

If the Habit of a Slave wherewith *Olympia* was disguized, had permitted *Cornelius* to observe the emotion which his words had wrought in her, he would have perceived that they operated otherwise upon her, than they did upon the Princess to whom he addressed them; and the illustrious Slave had no sooner heard them, but in spite of all her assurance, a trembling seized her from head to foot. Yet how sweetly was she surprized, when she heard the Prætor say, that the Princess *Arsinoe* was with her Brother; and when by that Discourse she had reason to judge, that she doubtless was the fair unknown with whom he was found, and to whom he addressed his innocent Caresses, which had caused her so much trouble; and yet the Relation she had heard of the death of that dear Sister, did oppose her hopes, and not knowing what she might expect, with a great deal more tranquility than before, she left what might befall her to the conduct of the gods. She had neither time nor liberty to express these different thoughts wherewith she felt her self assaulted; and at that very moment the Queen *Candace* having cast her eyes upon her, to let her know what share she would take in the interest she would have in this Visit, easily observed the agitation of her Soul.

In the mean time the Princess *Elisa* having answered *Gallus*, that these persons which intended to honour her with a Visit, should be very welcome, that the house of *Armenia* had been long allied to that of *Parthia*, and for that reason, and for their particular merit, she should be very glad to see a Prince and a Princess, whose death was spread by fame throughout all *Asia*; and as for the Prince of *Cilicia*, though he had made War against the King her Father, and was a near Kinsman and a Friend to *Tigranes* King of the *Medes*, yet the Relation she had heard of his Vertue, should cause her to give him such a reception as was due to him. She had hardly finished this Discourse, when *Agrippa* entred into the Chamber, leading the Princess *Arsinoe* by the hand, and with them *Ariobarzanes* and *Philadelph*, whose gallant Garb, as well as the admirable Beauty of the Princess, at the first dazled the eyes of those they came to visit; but their admiration was mutual, and the relation that *Philadelph* and *Ariobarzanes* had heard of *Elisa*'s Beauty, was so far below what they found themselves, and what they observed at the very first sight in the fair Queen of *Ethiopia*, that they could not express their first astonishment but by silence. Their first expressions were in such terms as are ordinary upon such an encounter amongst persons of that quality; and all the Discourses which a rationally conceived esteem in so few moments could put into their mouths, were uttered with a great deal of grace and civility by these admirable persons. *Arsinoe* found in the entertainment of *Elisa*, and of the fair Queen, that which her rare and excellent qualities acquired her everywhere, and particularly amongst persons capable to render without envy and injustice, that which is due to an extraordinary merit; and the vertuous *Delia* seeing in the faces of the two Princesses some things beyond her imagination, expressed her astonishment to them in such a charming manner, that they could not choose but give her a great share in their affection at this first meeting.

meeting. They were likewiſe very well ſatisfied in the gallant mind of *Philadelph*, but the Relation they had heard the day before of the brave Actions of *Ariobarzanes*, having cauſed them to caſt their eyes upon him with haſte and attention, they found him far more Comely, and farre more Handſome, than *Olympia* had repreſented him to them.

In the mean while that Princeſs, who to ſee what paſſed without being ſeen, kept her ſelf cloſe in the obſcureſt part of the Chamber, was extaſied with an unconceivable joy, and not doubting by the things ſhe ſaw, but that this fair Princeſs who had cauſed her ſo much jealouſie in ſo little a time, was the Siſter of her well-beloved Prince, and the ſame Siſter upon whoſe death ſhe her ſelf had beſtowed ſo many compaſſionate tears, ſhe undeceived her ſelf of her ſuſpitions ſo agreeably, that ſhe could hardly comprehend the ſatisfaction of her Soul; but her contentment was little leſs, to ſee ſadneſs painted in the countenance of *Ariobarzanes*; and obſerving how that Prince, who was of a pleaſant and charming humor in Company, carried himſelf in this with a dejected countenance, and all the marks of a profound Affliction. She ſweetly flattered her ſelf with the aſſurance that ſhe was the cauſe of it, and ſhe could hardly forbear at that time from running to him with open Arms, and crying out to him, *Behold your* Olympia; but the preſence of ſo many perſons before whom ſhe durſt not uſe that liberty, kept her in an uncertainty what to do, and made her obſerve attentively what paſſed, in expectation of an opportunity to diſcover her ſelf handſomly to the Prince.

Candace in the mean time being not ſo ſad as *Eliſa*, and more capable to intereſs her ſelf in anothers Affairs, looking upon her from time to time to view her countenance, and to diſcover part of her thoughts, was reſolved to leave her no longer in that condition; and ſuppoſing that ſhe ſhould do her no diſpleaſure in freeing her from it, ſhe put the Company, who had now ended their Diſcourſes of civility upon the ſhipwrack of *Ariobarzanes*, and the Princeſs his Siſter, which had perſwaded all *Aſia* to believe their death; and after ſhe had expreſſed to the Princeſs the joy ſhe received upon her Account at the falſeneſs of the Report, ſhe obliged her to acquaint them in a few words how ſhe was preſerved from that ſhipwrack, and to make them a brief Relation of the obligations ſhe had to Prince *Philadelph*, and of her moſt important Adventures. They equally admired in her Diſcourſe the grace of her utterance, and the Adventures which ſhe related; but when ſhe had partly ſatisfied the curioſity of thoſe that heard her, they turned their eyes all at once upon *Ariobarzanes*, who knowing what they deſired of him: *I would make you*, ſaid he, *a Diſcourſe of my Adventures, which poſſibly you would find to be very ſtrange, and as ſurprizing at leaſt as my Siſters, if my mind were in the ſame condition with hers, and if, as ſhe is, I were re-united to the thing I love, or if I could only hope to ſee that perſon again for whom the remainders of this unfortunate life are preſerved.* O how agreeably did theſe words ſound in *Olympia*'s ears, and how much was ſhe troubled to defer the diſcovery of her ſelf a few moments longer: Yet ſhe had the patience to hearken to the reſt of *Ariobarzanes*'s Diſcourſe, who ſtifling ſome ſighs and ſobs which had interrupted him; *Nevertheleſs I will not refuſe*, purſued he, *to give you that ſatisfaction, if you deſire it of me; and when this illuſtrious Company ſhall give me order, I will acquaint you at large with the ſtory of my misfortunes. You would very much admire*, ſaid *Candace*, interrupting him, *If ſome of this Company ſhould know almoſt as much as your ſelf; and ſhould not be ignorant of any particular almoſt of your love to the Princeſs* Olympia, *of your Conteſts with the King her Brother, of your ſignal Victories againſt* Merodates, *and divers Accidents of your life, which you ſuppoſe to be unknown to all the World.* "Truly Madam, *replied the Prince, changing colour*, I am very much a-'mazed already at what I hear you ſay, and I did not believe that the report of thoſe things 'which have befallen me, had reached ſo far as you. "I know, *added the Queen*, a great 'deal more than common fame could acquaint me with, and ſo particularly too, that *Olym-'pia* her ſelf ſcarcely knows more. "Ah Madam, *ſaid the Prince quite tranſported*, In the 'Name of the gods inform me who it was that gave you ſuch good intelligence, and give 'ſome beginning to the effect of thoſe hopes which I have conceived to find ſome conſola-'tion in *Alexandria*. I have been conducted hither by an uncertain ſhadow of hope, con-'ceived upon ſome words that were ſpoken by the Barbarians, when they forced my Princeſs 'from me; and if it pleaſe the gods that I may hear ſome News of her through your

'goodneſs, I ſhall not deſpair of their aſſiſtance. "We learned what we know, *replied* '*Candace*, from a Slave which ſerves the Princeſs *Eliſa*; but ſhe ſpeaks of your Affairs in 'ſuch a manner, that it ſeems ſhe hath been very much intereſſed in them. "Ah Madam, '*cryed the Prince more tranſported than before*, do not deny me the favour to let me ſee that 'Slave, it may be ſhe is one of the Maids of that unfortunate Princeſs; and only to have 'the conſolation of ſeeing a perſon who belonged to her, I would willingly go to the end 'of the world. "You ſhall not go far to ſee her, *ſaid the Princeſs* Olympia, *quitting the* '*place where ſhe was, and coming near to the Company*, and if you can but know her, ſtill you 'will ſuppoſe that ſhe can tell you News of *Olympia*.

At this tone of voice, and at this ſight, the Prince, who was already riſen up from his ſeat togo and look for that Slave, was ſo ſtricken with amazement, that he had hardly any ſenſe or knowledge left, and whil'ſt that *Philadelph*, *Arſince*, *Agrippa* and *Cornelius* did likewiſe expreſs their aſtoniſhment at ſo unexpected an Adventure, *Ariobarzanes* being immoveable and ſilent; and having in the tone of the Slave obſerved *Olympia*'s voice, begun to ſeek the features of his Princeſs in the Slaves face; but her ſickneſs and ſorrows had made ſuch a change in Three or four Months which had paſſed ſince their ſeparation, that at firſt he could hardly diſcern the remainders of that admirable Beauty which he had adored.

Olympia, who obſerved his aſtoniſhment, and penetrated into his thoughts: "I perceive 'very well, my dear *Ariobarzanes*, *ſaid ſhe*, that you wonder you do not find in my face that 'little Beauty which you loved in *Olympia*'s; but you ought not to be miſtaken, ſeeing her 'heart and her ſoul have ſuffered no change; and recovering all her joy and felicity with 'you, ſhe will likewiſe recover that little Beauty which ſhe openly loſt for love of you. She had not quite finiſhed theſe words, when the Prince, whoſe miſtake was ſufficiently cleared, not being able to maſter his Tranſports before a Company that ſeemed to oblige him to ſome reſpect, had caſt himſelf at her feet, and embracing her knees with tears of joy, had his heart ſo oppreſſed, that expreſſing himſelf only by his Action, he continued a good while longer without being able to ſpeak a word. At laſt lifting up his eyes to ſee in that countenance which was ſo much changed, if it were his well-beloved Princeſs; "Yea, my 'Princeſs, *ſaid he*, yea, my adorable *Olympia*, 'tis your ſelf; and neither the unworthy 'Habit which you wear, nor the change of your countenance, can any longer conceal you 'from your faithful *Ariamenes*. Speaking theſe few words, and raiſing himſelf up again at the Princeſſes command, he once more fixed his eyes upon her Viſage with attention, and obſerving the leanneſs and the paleneſs of it, which rendred it quite different from what it had been a little while before, he could not hinder his affection from forcing ſome tears into his eyes, and drying them up with one of her fair hands upon which he imprinted a great many ardent kiſſes. "Ah! my adorable Princeſs, *ſaid he*, you have ſuffered very much, 'and poſſibly I am the cauſe of a part of your ſufferings. "You are the cauſe of them, 'without doubt, *replied the Princeſs*, but 'tis that which makes them dear to me, and will 'make me love them as long as I live! "Alas! *anſwered the paſſionate Prince*, it had been 'much better that all the troubles ſhould have fallen upon *Ariobarzanes*, and that his adora-'ble Princeſs ſhould have been exempted from all the misfortunes which he occaſions her. "I ſhould think my ſelf very unfortunate indeed, *replied* Olympia, if by thoſe miſhaps 'which you repreſent to me, had not purchaſed the happineſs which hereafter I hope to 'enjoy with you; and all that have ſuffered through the cruelty of *Adallas*, the inhumani-'ty of the Pirats, and the miſeries of Servitude, cannot but be very pleaſing to me in the 'recovery of *Ariobarzanes*.

The Prince returned an Anſwer to this Diſcourſe, throwing himſelf once more at her feet, and doubtleſs their mutual ſatisfaction would have enlarged it ſelf into a long Converſation, if the perſons of the Company who were moſt intereſſed in it, had not deſired to take their ſhare in their Careſſes, as they had done in their Contentment. *Arſince*, as being *Ariobarzanes*'s Siſter, and almoſt as ſenſible of his Fortune as he could be, ran firſt to the two Lovers, and caſting her ſelf upon *Olympia*'s Neck, "What, *ſaid ſhe*, *hugging her* '*betwixt her Arms*, Are you then that fair Princeſs to whom I am obliged for my Brothers 'life? That Princeſs ſo worthy of *Ariobarzanes*'s violent paſſions, and the ſame for whom 'we ſail over the Seas, and for whoſe ſake we have viſited the ſhoar of *Alexandria*?" But

'you,

'you, Madam, *answered* Olympia, *embracing her with an equal affection to her own,* Are you 'that illustrious Princess, upon whom I bestowed so many tears, without knowing her; and 'for whom, upon the Relation of your dear Brother, I had conceived so much esteem? *Philadelph* being strongly interested in the happiness of *Ariobarzanes*, whom at that time, next to his *Delia*, he loved above all the persons in the world, seconded her with a good grace in the expressions of her joy; and when *Olympia* saw her self at some liberty from the Caresses of those illustrious persons, *Cornelius*, who understood the Truth of her condition, approaching to her with a great deal of respect, and a great many marks of confusion: "Madam, *said he*, What punishment will you inflict upon him who hath Treated 'you as a Slave, and hath carried himself towards you otherwise than he ought to have done 'towards a Princess of your Birth? "I will look upon you, *replied* Olympia, as a person to 'whom I am indebted for all my happiness; and if you had not bought and kept this 'Slave, *Olympia* possibly had never seen *Ariobarzanes*. "You your self only, *answered* 'Cornelius, ought to be blamed for the unworthy usage you have received; for I could not 'so much as guess at what I now understand, not without a great deal of confusion. "I 'will never complain, *replied the Princess*, of the employment you bestowed upon me, in 'putting me into the service of the fair Princess of the *Parthians*; and I would willingly 'have rendred her that out of mine own inclination, which I was obliged to do by the 'change of my Fortune. "You have already had the goodness, *said* Elisa, to pardon 'the faults which my ignorance caused me to commit in relation to you, and I hope, *continued She, embracing her*, that this day of joy and happiness will make you forget all that is 'past. "She ought to pardon you and I, *added the Queen of* Ethiopia, because we take 'so great a share in the change of her condition; and I will assure her for us both, that we 'are as sensible of it, as a most affectionate Sister could be.

This good Company entertained one another in this manner, and bestowed a great deal of time upon this Adventure; and they could have found matter enough to spend the whole day upon, if they had not believed it to be necessary to give the two Lovers liberty to repair by their Conversation, that which a cruel Absence had made them lose. *Arsinoe*, as being the Sister of *Ariobarzanes*, believed that she ought to take the greatest care of *Olympia*, and to that end she desired to conduct her to the lodging which *Cornelius* had appointed them, to devest her of her slavish Habit, and to render her the Offices which she might expect from a Sister. *Elisa* and *Candace* were forced to yield to the pressing intreaty which she made them to that purpose, and *Olympia*, who supposed that by the changing of her lodgings, she should not be much farther off from the Princesses for whom she had a very great affection, nor see them less often than she did before; and was glad besides to entertain her dear Prince with liberty, consented to *Arsinoe*'s desire, and went out of the Palace, telling *Cornelius* with a smile, that she would not make him lose what he gave for his Slave.

These four contented persons went to abandon themselves to all the pleasures that their vertuous love could permit, and the sad *Elisa*, with the troubled *Candace*, though they took a real share in their joy, could not for all that see them go out of the Chamber in that happy condition, without expressing by some sighs the grief they had in not being satisfied likewise in their own Fortune. The Design of their walk was not interrupted by *Olympia*'s Fortune; and *Candace* was so far interessed in it, that she did not doubt but that without incivility to *Arsince* and *Olympia*, they might leave them that day free, and so execute their intention; she likewise thought it not convenient to interrupt them so soon, and having easily caused *Elisa* to approve of their thoughts, they prepared for their going forth.

Immediately after they had Dined, the Chariot which was to carry them, and the persons which were to conduct them at a distance, as it was determined, were ready at the Stairs foot; and *Candace* being urged by her impatience, no sooner saw them appear, but she sollicited *Elisa* that they might be gone; yet they could not make such haste, but that *Agrippa* and *Cornelius*, whose love took up the place of all their other cares, were at their Chamber-door when they were going out, and gave them their hands to conduct them into the Chariot.

Cornelius importuned *Candace* in that little time, with the continuation of his former Discourses;

Diſcourſes; and *Agrippa*, who went about it with more reſervedneſs, as not having yet diſcovered himſelf, and ſaw that *Eliſa* carefully deprived him of all means to do it, was willing to make the beſt uſe of thoſe moments, to let her know a part of that which he had upon his heart. And to that purpoſe taking her by the hand, "Madam, *ſaid he*, I ren-'der you here a ſmall piece of Service, but I ſhall not be ſatisfied with my Fortune, if ſhe 'doth not give me opportunities of rendring you more important Services. "I know 'very well, *replied the Princeſs*, that you are ſo generous, as not to avoid the occaſion of 'aſſiſting the miſerable. "And I am at preſent ſo miſerable my ſelf, *anſwered* Agrippa 'readily, that I ſhall find no occaſion in your Fortune to exerciſe my Generoſity, or at leaſt 'thoſe Services muſt not be imputed to my Generoſity, which I ſhall render you upon the 'Account of a very ſtrong inclination. The Princeſs bluſhed, and made no Reply to *Agrippa's* words, who being emboldned by this beginning: "I know not, *continued he*, 'whether you will approve of the intention which I have to ſerve you to my Grave; but 'I will really proteſt to you, that this paſſion againſt which I did in vain defend my ſelf, and 'which, by reaſon of its violence, I am forced to declare to you, is not eſtabliſhed in my 'heart, but with all the reſpects and adorations which are due to your Divine qualities and 'illuſtrious Birth. As he made an end of theſe words, he drew near the Chariot, and that was well for the Princeſs, who being full of reſentment and grief, knew not what anſwer ſhe might return to a man whoſe love was troubleſom to her, and his merit and authority conſiderable. There was no Reply made to his Diſcourſe, but he judged by the countenance and action of the Princeſs, that ſhe was not well pleaſed with it, and he repented that he had not better remembred *Ovids* precepts, who told him a few moments before, that the Declarations of love ought to be prevented by Services.

When the Princeſſes Chariot was gone, he ſaid to *Cornelius*, that ſeeing they would not give them the liberty to bear them Company, they might at leaſt be permitted to take Horſe in the Evening, and meet them at their return from their walk. *Cornelius* was of his mind, and approved of his Propoſition, by which he was confirmed in the ſuſpition which he had already conceived, that *Agrippa* was taken with the Princeſs of the *Parthians*. He was glad that he had ſuch an illuſtrious Companion in his Deſtiny, and heartily praiſed the gods that his inclinations not addreſſed to *Candace*, and had not raiſed him up a Rival, which would have been very formidable to him.

Agrippa was ſo blank and dumpiſh at the ſucceſs of his firſt Attempt which he had newly made, that he thought he could not for ſome hours appear in Company with his ordinary countenance, and for that reaſon he entreated *Cornelius* to eaſe him of ſome ſmall buſineſſes which he had to do for the Emperors Service, and to permit him to retire a while into his Chamber, with an intention to ſee no body, till they mounted on Horſe-back as they had determined.

Cornelius being willing to comply with him in all things, accompanied him to his Chamber, where by chance meeting *Ovid*, *Agrippa* would have him excepted from the Deſign which he had to ſee no body; and detaining him whil'ſt all the reſt retired, he took him with him into his Cloſet; and knowing very well that in a Love-matter he could not have a confident more capable to counſel and ſerve him, nor more diſcreet and affectionate to his intereſts, he ingenuouſly diſcovered to him all that was upon his heart, and made a naked confeſſion to him of his paſſion, and of all the thoughts which it had produced in his mind. *Ovid*, who was never an Enemy to amorous perſons, did not oppoſe *Agrippa's* love by any Diſcourſe, but contented himſelf to tell him that he had made an excellent choice; and that this Princeſs, though a ſtranger, and born amongſt the Enemies of the *Roman* Name, was certainly very worthy of his affections, and that he had great probability to hope that ſhe would not be inſenſible of them. He offered him likewiſe in requital of the confidence he had in him, all the Services he was capable to render him; and did ſo flatter his paſſion, that he put him into a good humor, and filled him with hope.

When *Agrippa* had a little diſpatched the melancholy that had ſeized on him, of a ſudden looking upon *Ovid* with a pleaſant countenance, and throwing his Arm about his Neck: "Seeing you are my confident, *ſaid he*, 'tis reaſon that I ſhould be yours too; and 'I ſhould have great occaſion to complain, if you ſhould have leſs confidence in me, than I 'would have in you. *Ovid* having returned an Anſwer to theſe words with a great deal of reſpect,

reſpect, and having told *Agrippa* that he would make no difficulty to confeſs all things to him that were worthy of his knowledge. " You muſt then, *ſaid* Agrippa, not only con-'feſs to me that that *Corinna* ſo much celebrated in your Elegies, is no other but the Prin-'ceſs *Julia*; but beſides you muſt freely and truly tell me all that is paſſed between that 'Princeſs and you, and do not diſſemble with a Friend, from whom you need not fear any 'bad Office for having made this confeſſion to him. " Ah Sir, *replied* Ovid, *ſeeming quite 'amazed*, What opinion have you of me, and ſince when do you believe that I have forgot 'the reſpect which is due to ſo great a Princeſs, to *Ceſar*, and to Prince *Marcellus*? " Now 'you fail in your freedom towards me, *anſwered* Agrippa, and I will never receive the di-'ſtruſt you have of me for an effect of diſcretion. I am a Servant of *Ceſar*'s as you know, 'and a very faithful Friend to *Marcellus*; but the intereſt which they have in *Julia*'s af-'fections, ſhall never oblige me to do you a bad Office; and beſides you know very well, 'that you poſſibly are not the only man whom *Julia* hath looked kindly upon, nor is it for 'the love of you that ſhe is reported not to have left her heart alwayes entire for *Marcel-'lus*. To theſe words, *Agrippa* added others more preſſing, which *Ovid* not being any longer able to reſiſt; " Seeing you injoin me, *ſaid he*, I will acquaint you with the truth of 'ſome things of very ſmall importance, proteſting to you for all that, that as ſlight as they 'are, no other command but yours, nor any other conſideration but that of obeying you, 'ſhould ever have drawn them out of my mouth. *Agrippa* having again confirmed the promiſe he had made him, not to make any ill uſe of the confeſſion which he was about to make him, he began his Diſcourſe in this manner.

The Hiſtory of Ovid, Cipaſſis, *and* Julia.

THey which have reported that in ſome Elegies which I compoſed not long ſince under the Name of *Corinna*, I meant the Princeſs *Julia*, either they intended to do me an ill Office, or elſe they were unacquainted with my thoughts; I do not ſpeak this Sir, ſince you have laid your commands upon me, that I deſire to diſguize any thing in the relation you deſire of me; but you will perceive by the real Diſcourſe that I ſhall make you, that I am not at thoſe terms with that Princeſs, as to take the boldneſs to deſcribe ſuch particular privacies, as neither *Ovid*, nor the greateſt Prince in the world durſt ever to have hoped for from the Princeſs *Julia*. 'Twas only to divert my ſelf that I have publiſhed ſome amorous follies, which either I was never ſenſible of, or if I did experiment any part of them, 'twas with perſons far diſtant from the eminent degree of *Ceſar*'s Daughter, whom I never look-ed upon but with that veneration which I ought to have for her; and from which her humor, though never ſo gallant, and free from ſeverity, never ought to give me a diſpenſation. I will ingenuouſly relate to you all that paſſed in all my trivial Affairs, wherein ſhe could have any intereſt, without any mention of the loves I have had for a great many other Ladies, part of which may poſſibly have made ſome noiſe; and as for the reſt, I will make it your divertiſement another time, as far as modeſty and decency will permit; but what Deſign ſoever I have not to ſpeak of the reſt, I am forced to ſpeak of one, without mention-ing of whom I cannot come to the Relation you deſire of me, ſince of neceſſity ſhe muſt have a good ſhare in it.

I had long ſince broken *Flavia*'s and *Emilia*'s Chains, and had ſo ſtrugled with *Sulpicia*'s, that at laſt I regained my liberty, when Fortune conducted to *Rome* the fair ſtranger *Cipaſſis*, whoſe beauty is known to you, and hath been eminent enough to make its ſelf remarkable in *Auguſtus*'s Court, and in that City which is Miſtriſs of the Univerſe. You know that ſhe was born in *Germany*, from whence ſhe was brought by *Tiberius*, when he reduced that Countrey to the obedience of the Empire, and led to *Rome* with divers o-ther Captives, which followed the Chariot of the Conqueror, and changed their free con-dition for ſervitude. As for *Cipaſſis*, you know that for her excellent beauty, and divers other qualities that rendred her conſiderable, *Tiberius* preſented her to *Ceſar*; and the Emperor, after he had expreſſed how highly he eſteemed of her, he gave her to the Prin-ceſs his daughter. She continued ſome dayes amongſt the reſt of *Julia*'s Slaves, among whom ſhe ſupported the change of her condition with an admirable patience; but a little after

after the Princeſs having obſerved in that Captive an uncommon beauty and extraordinary graces, raiſed her above the pitch of other Slaves, placed her near to her perſon, made her one of her confidents, and treated her with ſo much ſweetneſs, that the fair *German* applied her ſelf to her Service more diligently, out of inclination, than ſhe did upon the Account of her Slavery.

You know that *Julia* hath admirable Charms, and ſuch obliging wayes of acting when ſhe pleaſes, and ſo attractive, that it is impoſſible to defend ones ſelf from them. In fine, ſhe uſed them toward *Cipaſſis* with ſo much goodneſs, that the illuſtrious Captive being obliged to her for her good uſage, and receiving every day greater proofs of her bounty, diſcovered to her concerning her Birth and Affairs, ſome things which till then were not known to any perſon at *Rome*, and are not yet known but to a few. Howſoever it was, (for this is not it which I am obliged to acquaint you withall in my Relation) the Princeſs had ſo much regard to them, that after ſhe had expreſſed to that ſtranger how much ſhe was diſpleaſed with her ſelf for having left her ſo long in a ſervile condition, and having employed her in Offices far below her, ſhe gave her liberty from that day forward, and offered her all the aſſiſtances that ſhe could deſire of her friendſhip.

Cipaſſis received her liberty of *Julia*'s liberality, and was very joyful that ſhe was no longer treated as a ſlave, but for all that ſhe would not retire from the Princeſſes Services, nor return to her Friends, from whom Fortune and the War had ſeparated her; but partly out of the affection which ſhe had conceived for the Princeſs, and partly it may be for other Reaſons which made her not deſire to return into her Countrey, ſhe made it her requeſt that ſhe might ſtay with her, and did ſo ſtrongly conjure her to retain her in her Family, that the Princeſs loving her very well, and having regard to the particular Reaſons which *Cipaſſis* might alledge to her, retained her near her, as ſhe deſired, treating her, as ſhe did divers young Ladies of illuſtrious Birth, and of the moſt Noble *Roman* Families, whom *Julia*'s high Rank engaged in her Service.

From this day forward *Cipaſſis*, whom her former condition about the Princeſs had kept in obſcurity, began to be looked upon, and at the ſame time to diſcover divers excellent parts which acquired her the eſteem and inclination of divers perſons of quality. Becauſe I have been more particularly acquainted with her than you, 'tis not inconvenient for me to tell you, that beſides thoſe corporal advantages which you have ſeen in that fair ſtranger, ſhe hath beauties of the mind which are not ordinary; an admirable vivacity, a facility to expreſs her ſelf with a great deal of grace and eloquence, and a ſolidity of judgment, which ſeems to be above her Age and Sex. Her humor is the moſt pleaſant and frolick of all that ever I was acquainted with, and if ſhe were not ſenſible of ſome diſpleaſures in her Fortune, which ſometimes cloud her natural jollity, ſhe might create joy and divertiſement in all places where ſhe comes; and beſides, ſhe hath ſtrength of ſpirit enough to diſſemble her diſcontents in ſuch a manner, that few perſons could take notice of them; and I have oftentimes heard her ſay, that it is a great piece of imprudence, to trouble other perſons with our melancholy, who have no intereſt in it; but deſire our Company either for divertiſement, or the eſteem they have of us.

Though ſhe was born in *Germany*, you know ſhe ſpeaks *Latine* as well as if ſhe had been born at *Rome*; and together with the Empire of the *Romans*, their language is ſo ſpread through all the Provinces which are under its obedience, that they are now but few of them where it is not underſtood by all ſorts of perſons, and taught to all the perſons of quality. *Cipaſſis* being ſuch as I have deſcribed her to you, and as you partly know her to be, it was not eaſie for her to continue long in *Rome*, without making of her ſelf beloved and reſpected by a great many perſons of quality; and to give every day occaſions of it, ſhe could not be better placed, than near the Princeſs *Julia*, who was the Center of all Gallantry; or to expreſs it better, where all the magnificence and bravery amongſt the Noble *Romans*, and the Princes Tributary to the Empire who continued with *Ceſar*, diſplayed it ſelf every day with emulation, to comply with that gallant Princeſs. Her Court was alwayes compoſed of the beauty and flower of *Rome*, and twas for that reaſon that *Ceſar*, who did not alwayes approve of her free manner of behavior, ſeeing her enter one day into the Amphitheater, attended by all the young Nobility, at the ſame time that the Empreſs came in, followed by the Senators, and the moſt venerable perſons, ſent to ask her, with a ſmart kind

of

of *raillery*, If the Train of grave men that attended *Livia*, was not more conformable to her Dignity, than the young men which accompanied her? But the Princess was not vexed at this Demand, but looking upon those that were about her with a smile, *These persons*, said she, *will be old, when I am so.*

By the indulgence of the greatest persons in the world, I had free access to the Empress, to the Princess *Julia*, to the vertuous *Octavia*, and the Princess *Cleopatra*; and there was no illustrious Family, nor eminent Company at *Rome*, where they did not do me the favour to let me come; and if I may speak it without vanity, where they did not express a desire of my Company; but as my inclination always carried me to pleasure and divertisements which we may enjoy with honour, rather than to places where others seek occasions of advancing their Affairs; 'twas without repugnance that I suffered my self easily to be conducted into the Company of the Ladies, and amongst the Ladies, into the Company of the fairest, the most gallant, and the most eminent. I went then almost every day to *Cesars* Daughter, and that fair Princess gratified me above my merit, and engaged me more particularly to her Court, than I was to *Livia's*, *Octavia's*, *Scribonia's*, or *Cesar's* own. Besides, the advantage which I had to be received into her Conversations with other persons of quality which most ordinarily were so; my humor against which by great good luck, no person ever expressed any aversion, and some small advantages which study, and my inclination might afford me above a great many ignorant persons, gave me a more free access than to divers others, into the Chambers of those Maids who were brought up with *Julia*, and caused them to permit me such liberties sometimes, which they would not have pardoned in other persons.

'Twas by these particular Visits that I discovered the Treasures locked up in the person of *Cipassis*, and that which I had not looked upon before, but with that approbation which all the world gave it, having appeared to me upon a more perfect knowledge in all its lustre, engaged me to a more particular attention, and a little after to a greater interest; for in fine, though the beauty of *Cipassis* be one of the most rare and most accomplished, it did not for all that immediately dazle those eyes that were accustomed to see the Princess *Cleopatra* every day; but after I had begun to look upon her with a little more exactness, by little and little her excellent qualities discovered themselves, and produced that effect which they ought infallibly to do. The sympathy which I thought I found in her humors, added no small weight to turn the scale of my inclination; and 'tis certain, that at last I found her such, that if by the necessity of her condition I had not been constrained to seek a remedy in my reason, *Cipassis* had stopped the course of those wandring affections, in which I have not affected over much constancy, because I had found nothing yet that could solidly stay them. She loved all the Sciences, she was very knowing in all the productions of wit, and judged so acutely of them, that she made it evident, that besides an excellent wit, she had had education far above the common sort of her Sex. I discoursed with her several times in the Princesses Court concerning things indifferent, and in the presence of a great many witnesses, and in all things that I heard her say, I observed some part of that which I have lately told you concerning her wit, which insensibly raised a desire in me to seek her Conversation, rather than her Companions. 'Tis certain, that at very first I found some sweetness in it, which made me quickly foresee, that this fair stranger would not be long indifferent to me; and I yielded so easily, and with so much complaisance to the natural inclination which drew me to her, that upon any other score I should not have rendred up my self with so little resistance.

The first particular Conversation that I had with her, was in the fair Garden of *Scribonia*, whither she had accompanied the Princess to walk. Besides the Maids of her ordinary Train, divers *Roman* Ladies waited upon her, and though *Sulpicia* whom I had loved a long time, and had hardly left off loving, was there amongst the rest, I left her to the first that took care to lead her, and whilst divers other men of quality tendred the same Service to the rest, I ran to *Cipassis*, and protested to her, That do what she could, I would not leave her all the rest of that day, nor yield up to any man a Fortune which I infinitely esteemed. *Cipassis* received the Service which I desired to render her with a great deal of Civility, and reaching me her hand in a very obliging manner: "Is it possible, *said she to* 'me, *smiling*, That in the fairest Company of the World, *Ovid* should address himself to

after the Princeſs having obſerved in that Captive an uncommon beauty and extraordinary graces, raiſed her above the pitch of other Slaves, placed her near to her perſon, made her one of her confidents, and treated her with ſo much ſweetneſs, that the fair *German* applied her ſelf to her Service more diligently, out of inclination, than ſhe did upon the Account of her Slavery.

You know that *Julia* hath admirable Charms, and ſuch obliging wayes of acting when ſhe pleaſes, and ſo attractive, that it is impoſſible to defend ones ſelf from them. In fine, ſhe uſed them toward *Cipaſſis* with ſo much goodneſs, that the illuſtrious Captive being obliged to her for her good uſage, and receiving every day greater proofs of her bounty, diſcovered to her concerning her Birth and Affairs, ſome things which till then were not known to any perſon at *Rome*, and are not yet known but to a few. Howſoever it was, (for this is not it which I am obliged to acquaint you withall in my Relation) the Princeſs had ſo much regard to them, that after ſhe had expreſſed to that ſtranger how much ſhe was diſpleaſed with her ſelf for having left her ſo long in a ſervile condition, and having employed her in Offices far below her, ſhe gave her liberty from that day forward, and offered her all the aſſiſtances that ſhe could deſire of her friendſhip.

Cipaſſis received her liberty of *Julia*'s liberality, and was very joyful that ſhe was no longer treated as a ſlave, but for all that ſhe would not retire from the Princeſſes Services, nor return to her Friends, from whom Fortune and the War had ſeparated her; but partly out of the affection which ſhe had conceived for the Princeſs, and partly it may be for other Reaſons which made her not deſire to return into her Countrey, ſhe made it her requeſt that ſhe might ſtay with her, and did ſo ſtrongly conjure her to retain her in her Family, that the Princeſs loving her very well, and having regard to the particular Reaſons which *Cipaſſis* might alledge to her, retained her near her, as ſhe deſired, treating her, as ſhe did divers young Ladies of illuſtrious Birth, and of the moſt Noble *Roman* Families, whom *Julia*'s high Rank engaged in her Service.

From this day forward *Cipaſſis*, whom her former condition about the Princeſs had kept in obſcurity, began to be looked upon, and at the ſame time to diſcover divers excellent parts which acquired her the eſteem and inclination of divers perſons of quality. Becauſe I have been more particularly acquainted with her than you, 'tis not inconvenient for me to tell you, that beſides thoſe corporal advantages which you have ſeen in that fair ſtranger, ſhe hath beauties of the mind which are not ordinary; an admirable vivacity, a facility to expreſs her ſelf with a great deal of grace and eloquence, and a ſolidity of judgment, which ſeems to be above her Age and Sex. Her humor is the moſt pleaſant and frolick of all that ever I was acquainted with, and if ſhe were not ſenſible of ſome diſpleaſures in her Fortune, which ſometimes cloud her natural jollity, ſhe might create joy and divertiſement in all places where ſhe comes; and beſides, ſhe hath ſtrength of ſpirit enough to diſſemble her diſcontents in ſuch a manner, that few perſons could take notice of them; and I have oftentimes heard her ſay, that it is a great piece of imprudence, to trouble other perſons with our melancholy, who have no intereſt in it; but deſire our Company either for divertiſement, or the eſteem they have of us.

Though ſhe was born in *Germany*, you know ſhe ſpeaks *Latine* as well as if ſhe had been born at *Rome*; and together with the Empire of the *Romans*, their language is ſo ſpread through all the Provinces which are under its obedience, that they are now but few of them where it is not underſtood by all ſorts of perſons, and taught to all the perſons of quality. *Cipaſſis* being ſuch as I have deſcribed her to you, and as you partly know her to be, it was not eaſie for her to continue long in *Rome*, without making of her ſelf beloved and reſpected by a great many perſons of quality; and to give every day occaſions of it, ſhe could not be better placed, than near the Princeſs *Julia*, who was the Center of all Gallantry; or to expreſs it better, where all the magnificence and bravery amongſt the Noble *Romans*, and the Princes Tributary to the Empire who continued with *Ceſar*, diſplayed it ſelf every day with emulation, to comply with that gallant Princeſs. Her Court was alwayes compoſed of the beauty and flower of *Rome*, and 'twas for that reaſon that *Ceſar*, who did not alwayes approve of her free manner of behavior, ſeeing her enter one day into the Amphitheater, attended by all the young Nobility, at the ſame time that the Empreſs came in, followed by the Senators, and the moſt venerable perſons, ſent to ask her, with a ſmart kind

of

of *raillery*, If the Train of grave men that attended *Livia*, was not more conformable to her Dignity, than the young men which accompanied her? But the Princeſs was not vexed at this Demand, but looking upon thoſe that were about her with a ſmile, *Theſe perſons*, ſaid ſhe, *will be old, when I am ſo.*

By the indulgence of the greateſt perſons in the world, I had free acceſs to the Empreſs, to the Princeſs *Julia*, to the vertuous *Octavia*, and the Princeſs *Cleopatra*; and there was no illuſtrious Family, nor eminent Company at *Rome*, where they did not do me the favour to let me come; and if I may ſpeak it without vanity, where they did not expreſs a deſire of my Company; but as my inclination alwayes carried me to pleaſure and divertiſements which we may enjoy with honour, rather than to places where others ſeek occaſions of advancing their Affairs; 'twas without repugnance that I ſuffered my ſelf eaſily to be conducted into the Company of the Ladies, and amongſt the Ladies, into the Company of the faireſt, the moſt gallant, and the moſt eminent. I went then almoſt every day to *Ceſars* Daughter, and that fair Princeſs gratified me above my merit, and engaged me more particularly to her Court, than I was to *Livia's*, *Octavia's*, *Scribonia's*, or *Ceſar's* own. Beſides, the advantage which I had to be received into her Converſations with other perſons of quality which moſt ordinarily were ſo; my humor againſt which by great good luck, no perſon ever expreſſed any averſion, and ſome ſmall advantages which ſtudy, and my inclination might afford me above a great many ignorant perſons, gave me a more free acceſs than to divers others, into the Chambers of thoſe Maids who were brought up with *Julia*, and cauſed them to permit me ſuch liberties ſometimes, which they would not have pardoned in other perſons.

'Twas by theſe particular Viſits that I diſcovered the Treaſures locked up in the perſon of *Cipaſſis*, and that which I had not looked upon before, but with that approbation which all the world gave it, having appeared to me upon a more perfect knowledge in all its luſtre, engaged me to a more particular attention, and a little after to a greater intereſt; for in fine, though the beauty of *Cipaſſis* be one of the moſt rare and moſt accompliſhed, it did not for all that immediately dazle thoſe eyes that were accuſtomed to ſee the Princeſs *Cleopatra* every day; but after I had begun to look upon her with a little more exactneſs, by little and little her excellent qualities diſcovered themſelves, and produced that effect which they ought infallibly to do. The ſympathy which I thought I found in her humors, added no ſmall weight to turn the ſcale of my inclination; and 'tis certain, that at laſt I found her ſuch, that if by the neceſſity of her condition I had not been conſtrained to ſeek a remedy in my reaſon, *Cipaſſis* had ſtopped the courſe of thoſe wandring affections, in which I have not affected over much conſtancy, becauſe I had found nothing yet that could ſolidly ſtay them. She loved all the Sciences, ſhe was very knowing in all the productions of wit, and judged ſo acutely of them, that ſhe made it evident, that beſides an excellent wit, ſhe had had education far above the common ſort of her Sex. I diſcourſed with her ſeveral times in the Princeſſes Court concerning things indifferent, and in the preſence of a great many witneſſes, and in all things that I heard her ſay, I obſerved ſome part of that which I have lately told you concerning her wit, which inſenſibly raiſed a deſire in me to ſeek her Converſation, rather than her Companions. 'Tis certain, that at very firſt I found ſome ſweetneſs in it, which made me quickly foreſee, that this fair ſtranger would not be long indifferent to me; and I yielded ſo eaſily, and with ſo much complaiſance to the natural inclination which drew me to her, that upon any other ſcore I ſhould not have rendred up my ſelf with ſo little reſiſtance.

The firſt particular Converſation that I had with her, was in the fair Garden of *Scribonia*, whither ſhe had accompanied the Princeſs to walk. Beſides the Maids of her ordinary Train, divers *Roman* Ladies waited upon her, and though *Sulpicia* whom I had loved a long time, and had hardly left off loving, was there amongſt the reſt, I left her to the firſt that took care to lead her, and whil'ſt divers other men of quality tendred the ſame Service to the reſt, I ran to *Cipaſſis*, and proteſted to her, That do what ſhe could, I would not leave her all the reſt of that day, nor yield up to any man a Fortune which I infinitely eſteemed. *Cipaſſis* received the Service which I deſired to render her with a great deal of Civility, and reaching me her hand in a very obliging manner. "Is it poſſible, *ſaid ſhe to* "*me, ſmiling*, That in the faireſt Company of the World, *Ovid* ſhould addreſs himſelf to

'the ſtranger *Cipaſſis*? "But is it poſſible, *anſwered I*, that the fair *Cipaſſis* ſhould be-'lieve till now, that *Ovid* had not wit enough to know how to diſcern that which is moſt 'beautiful and rare in thoſe Companies where he comes? "'Tis the knowledge I have of 'your wit (*replied* Cipaſſis, *walking in an Alley after the Princeſs, who was led by* Marcel-'lus) which cauſes my aſtoniſhment, and I cannot comprehend how *Ovid*, whoſe ſublime 'wit cannot be ſatisfied with an ordinary Converſation, and whoſe Company is deſired and 'ſought after by the chiefeſt Ladies in the Empire, ſhould be willing to day to leave ſo ma-'ny perſons of high importance, to amuſe himſelf in the Company of a dull *German* Maid, 'born and bred in remote Provinces, in the midſt of barbarous people; and one who be-'ing freed from Slavery but three dayes ago, can have contracted nothing in ſo ſhort a 'time from the illuſtrious Company with whom ſhe converſes, which may make her Socie-'ty tolerable.

Upon theſe words of *Cipaſſis*, which ſhe ſpake ſmiling, I put on a more ſerious look, and beholding her with an Air which might make her judge, that the modeſty of her Diſcourſe could not make me diſpenſe with the reſpect which I believed was due to her: "Madam, '*ſaid I*, for your being born in *Germany*, and being fallen by the misfortune of the War 'into a Captivity, from which your vertue quickly freed you, you are never the leſs conſi-'derable, nor leſs worthy of our reſpects, than the moſt illuſtrious *Roman* Ladies, and 'thoſe to whom Fortune hath been alwayes favourable; and whatſoever complaiſance I 'ought to have for my own Countrey, I ſhall not think I injure it, if I ſpeak for that in the 'ſingle perſon of *Cipaſſis*, which I could have hardly found amongſt a great Number of '*Roman* Ladies. "Ah! *Ovid*, *ſaid the fair Maid, interrupting me*, you are not Maſter 'of all that Noble Freedom and Sincerity for which I have heard you highly eſteemed; and 'you offend againſt Generoſity, in expoſing a poor ſtranger, whom you ſhould protect, to 'the raillery of ſuch a wit as yours. "You are ſo well fortified againſt raillery, *replied I*, 'and I am very well aſſured, that it is but in a jeſting way that you have accuſed me of it: "And how, *anſwered* Cipaſſis, can you juſtifie your ſelf upon that Account? "By making 'of you know, *added I*, and making you confeſs, if you will ſubmit to Reaſon and Truth, 'that amongſt all the Ladies whom you ſee here attending upon the Princeſs, I could not 'find ſo much beauty either of mind or body, as in your ſingle ſelf; and that the great 'Number of excellent parts which might render all the perſons of this Company conſide-'rable, if they were well divided amongſt them, are met together in *Cipaſſis* only, with 'ſuch advantages as the moſt intereſted *Romans* cannot but acknowledge an confeſs. "You 'would oblige me, *replied* Cipaſſis, *with a little bluſh, which made her ſeem more handſome 'than ordinary*, to give you a ſerious Anſwer to a Diſcourſe which deſerves it not without 'doubt, ſince it is not conformable to your thoughts; but howſoever it be, I cannot chooſe 'but tell you, that if it were true, that you found any thing but reaſonable in me, the Au-'thority of ſuch a Judge would raiſe ſo much preſumption in me, that poſſibly no modeſty 'would be proof againſt the vanity which I might conceive upon that ſcore. "You may 'laugh at it if you pleaſe, *ſaid I, with an Action no more ſerious than hers*, but poſſibly 'is 'true, that I am not ſo ill acquainted with the lineaments which compoſe a beauty, nor with 'the graces which form an excellent wit, but that the judgment which I ſhould make of it, 'would find Approvers; and 'tis truer yet, that in this which I have made for you, to the 'diſadvantage of this fair Company of Ladies, I have followed nothing but my thoughts 'and real inclinations. *Ah! Ovid*, replied *Cipaſſis*, in a more pleaſing manner than be-'fore, *If you think what you ſay, you have forgotten that* Sulpicia *is in this fair Company.* Theſe words, by which I might judge that the love which I had born to *Sulpicia* was come to the knowledge of *Cipaſſis*, made me bluſh a little, and kept me for a few moments a little ſurprized; but as naturally I do not want confidence in ſuch Encounters, ſo I would not re-main without a Reply. "I am not ignorant, *ſaid I*, that *Sulpicia* is in the Number of 'thoſe fair Ladies over whom I have given you the ſuperiority; "Neither are we igno-'rant peradventure, *ſaid ſhe, interrupting me*, that you have often given her the ſame ſupe-'riority with which you would flatter a poor ſtranger. "That may be, *replied I, very 'coldly*, and 'tis certain too, that when I made her a Diſcourſe, coming ſomewhat near to 'that which you have heard from my mouth, I made it according to my heart and real 'thoughts. "And how can it be poſſible, *anſwered the merry* Cipaſſis, that your heart

and

'and thoughts ſhould be ſo eaſily and ſo quickly changed, and that (if one may ſo ſay) 'you ſhould ſo eaſily tranſport from one ſubject to another the qualities which you have 'obſerved and eſteemed in them? "It may be, *ſaid I*, that when I found in *Sulpicia* that 'which now I obſerve more advantagiouſly in you, I had never ſeen the charming *Cipaſſis*; 'or that poſſibly my mind being prepoſſeſſed with ſome paſſion for *Sulpicia*, thought to 'find that in her, which in a more free condition I ſhould not have taken notice of. "But 'how is it poſſible, *added* Cipaſſis, that that paſſion which hath made you judge favourably 'of *Sulpicia*, ſhould quit your heart in ſuch a manner, as that no ſign of it ſhould remain? 'And what remedy do you make uſe of, to cure your ſelf ſo eaſily of a diſeaſe which trou-'bles a great many others as long as they live?

I was a little confounded at this reproach, but I diſſembled it very well, and replied without being moved: "Love may make it ſelf Maſter of our ſpirits with ſuch an abſolute 'Command, that it would be but vain to make uſe of any remedies to chaſe it thence, but 'likewiſe it may continue in ſuch terms, that reaſon may have ſtrength enough left to ſtrug-'gle with it; and I may ſay without injuring *Sulpicia*'s merit, that if my paſſion had at-'tained to that extremity, when all the endeavours which are uſed for the cure of it often-'times prove ſucceſleſs, and to which I might have come, if with a little goodneſs ſhe 'would have ſweetned the weightineſs of my Chains, I might without doubt have rendred 'up my laſt breath in *Sulpicia*'s Service; but the rigors and ſcorns of that fair Lady, ha-'ving ſtopped my paſſion in the midſt of its courſe, 'tis no great wonder if I have oppoſed 'it with more ſucceſs than I could have done, if by a little indulgence *Sulpicia* had permit-'ted it to come to its full ſtrength. "You ſpeak, *anſwered* Cipaſſis, with more modeſty 'than truth, and by this Diſcourſe you rather ſhew your Diſcretion, than excuſe your In-'conſtancy; for indeed 'tis not reported in Court, that the ill uſage of *Sulpicia* hath made 'you quit her Service. But if it pleaſe you to let me ask you a queſtion, it may be with 'too much liberty, I pray you tell me ſincerely, what aſſurance you will give to thoſe per-'ſons whom you ſhall love for the future, to perſwade them that you will be more faithful 'to them, than you have been to *Sulpicia*, and the reſt that went before her? "They, *ſaid* 'I, who are of an inferiour merit, can hardly aſſure themſelves upon that Account, what 'proteſtations ſoever are made them, but they which are ſo accompliſhed as *Cipaſſis* is, 'have no need of any other aſſurance to engage a Soul to an eternal Fidelity, than what 'they carry in themſelves, in regard of their beauty and other qualities which fix a Soul till 'death.

Cipaſſis was a little troubled at theſe words, and kept ſilence a few moments, as if ſhe had been at a loſs how to receive this Diſcourſe; but a little after ſhe recompoſed her ſelf, and reſuming the Diſcourſe in a little more ſerious manner than before: "I did not think 'to be brought in my ſelf upon this Diſcourſe, *ſaid ſhe*, but I have drawn that which is hap-'ned upon my ſelf, and I have preſſed you with indiſcretion enough to deſerve this Attack. I thought by this Anſwer, that I had diſpleaſed her, and I was preparing to make an Apology, when the Princeſs *Julia*, who turned at the end of the Alley, came cloſe to us, and called us both to her, to participate in the Converſation which ſhe had with *Marcellus*, *Druſus*, young *Ptolomy*, and ſome *Roman* Ladies. The reſt of that day I could not ſpeak to *Cipaſſis* in particular, but by all her Actions, ſhe expreſſed that ſhe was not angry with me, and that ſhe had too ſolid, and too rational a ſpirit to amuſe her ſelf with thoſe things, with which thoſe which are weaker ſuffer themſelves to be diſturbed.

I confeſs, that ſince that day, I did not look upon her, as upon another perſon; or rather that I began to love her, and I continued afterward entangling my ſelf ſo in the Charms of that fair ſtranger, that almoſt before I perceived it, I was become really amorous, and amorous with ſo much violence, as to be ſenſible of all the inquietudes that love makes us ſuffer, when it hath gotten the abſolute Sovereignty over our Souls. 'Tis certain, that I entertained this love with a great deal of complacency, and of all the reaſons which I had to oppoſe it (which were not a few, conſidering the condition that *Cipaſſis* was in) I did not call in one to my aſſiſtance. I ſaw her every day with a great deal of liberty, and *Julia*'s houſe not being a houſe of conſtraint and ſeverity, I did not fear diſpleaſing of the Princeſs. By the frequent Viſits which I might render to the perſons that were about her, in all the Converſations I had with that Maid, I diſcovered new graces in her ſpirit; and though ſhe was

naturally full of jollity and freedom, yet ſhe had ſo much reſervedneſs and modeſty, and made it evident by ſo many Teſtimonies, that her vertue was moſt ſublime, that I conceived no leſs reſpect than love for her.' This was that which made me endure a little, and hundred me for ſome dayes from diſcovering my love unto her, out of the fear I had to diſpleaſe her. 'Twas not my cuſtom long to conceal what I had upon my heart, but I was wont to diſcover my diſeaſe as ſoon as I was ſenſible of it, ſo that this conſtraint which I laid upon my ſelf for a ſmall time, made it ſelf obſerved in my perſon, altered my humor, and made a little change in my countenance. I became more dumpiſh and melancholy than ordinary, and my Friends oftentimes asked me the cauſe of it, and *Cipaſſis* her ſelf queſtioned me divers times about the change of my humor. 'Twas thereupon that I took the occaſion to declare my diſeaſe, but it was in a very pleaſant and extraordinary manner. I was one day in her Chamber with none but her ſelf and the Maids that ſerved her; and after we had had ſome Diſcourſe together, by which ſhe was confirmed in the knowledge ſhe had of my melancholy, which was ſo much the more remarkable, becauſe that naturally I had a ſpirit very much diſtant from it: "But is it poſſible, *ſaid ſhe*, that *Ovid*'s good humor, in the 'loſs whereof the whole Court doth intereſs it ſelf, ſhould be alwayes buried in griefs and 'cares, which render him hardly to be known; and if his good Friends cannot remedy 'them, will there be never a one at all in whom he will have ſo much confidence as to declare 'the cauſe of them? I anſwered theſe words with a ſigh which I could not retain, and a look which might partly have acquainted her with that which ſhe demanded of me, if ſhe would have taken notice; but ſeeing that ſhe did not, and that ſhe ſtill expreſſed a deſire to underſtand the real cauſe of thoſe cares that tormented me, and ſo much altered me, I roſe upon a ſudden from the place where I ſate near her, and went to her Table, where I ſaw Pen, Ink and Paper, whereupon I began to write what came into my fancy.

She loving Poetry very well, and knowing the facility I had that way, had oftentimes obliged me to make Verſes *ex tempore*, upon ſuch Subjects as preſented themſelves; and this time ſeeing me take the pen in hand, ſhe believed it was with an intention to compoſe ſomewhat, and riſing from her Seat, ſhe came, and ſtanding behind me, ſhe read over my ſhoulder that which I wrote. She preſently ſaw that ſhe was not deceived in her conjecture, and that I was really writing theſe Verſes which ſhe read at the ſame time.

If the ſad Effects of Care
In my Face Impreſſion make,
Which my Sufferings doth declare,

I made a ſtop at the Third Verſe, as if I were to ſeek for a Fourth, and I ſtayed ſo long about it, that *Cipaſſis*, who knew very well, that naturally I was not ſo ſlow in compoſing, deſiring to ſee the concluſion of that which a little whetted her Curioſity: *Finiſh*, ſaid ſhe, *What you have ſo well begun. I will finiſh it then*, ſaid I, *ſeeing it is your pleaſure*; and taking the Pen, I added,

'Tis for fair Cipaſſis *ſake.*

Theſe laſt words compleated the Stanza, and having nothing elſe to write, I roſe from the place where I ſate, and turning my ſelf towards *Cipaſſis*, though with a little fear and confuſion, I perceived that ſhe was a little troubled at this adventure, but yet in ſuch a manner, that her aſtoniſhment did not ſeem to be accompanied with any mark of anger; and not being willing to give her time to be angry, upon the occaſion which I might have given her: "Divine *Cipaſſis*, *ſaid I*, in the Name of the gods do not receive with rigor the teſti-'mony which I give you of a moſt pure and innocent paſſion; and do not impute to any 'want of reſpect the Declaration which I have made you, only out of the obedience I owe 'to you: The gods are my witneſſes, that the paſſion I have for you, produces no effect that 'you can condemn; and the moſt violent deſires it can give Birth to in my Soul, are only 'to ſacrifice my life and intereſts in the opportunities of doing you Service, as I have already 'ſacrificed my repoſe, my liberty, and all the thoughts of my Soul to the Beauty and Ver-'tue of *Cipaſſis*. If you be offended with the preſent I make you of my ſelf, what can

'hence-

'henceforward be accounted for an obligation amongſt men, and by what cruel error will 'the reward of hatred be beſtowed upon love, and thoſe puniſhments inflicted upon that 'which ſhould be worthy of more precious recompences?

I ſhould have ſpoken more to this purpoſe, if inſtead of the diſpleaſure which I feared, I had not ſeen laughter, ſweetneſs and abſolute tranquility in the countenance of *Cipaſſis*. She had hearkned to me with a great deal of patience, and when ſhe ſaw that I left ſpeaking: "I underſtand your intentions, *ſaid ſhe, ſmiling*, but how do you think I muſt treat 'with you? "As the Sovereign Miſtriſs of my life, *replied I*, but as a Sovereign full of 'goodneſs, and one that ought to incline rather to pity, than to reſentment. "But ought 'not I, *anſwered* Cipaſſis, according to the example of our own Sex, ſeem offended at the 'Declaration you have made me, receive your affection as an injury, and forbid you at leaſt 'to ſpeak to me as long as you live?

'I have deſerved a great deal more, *replied I*, and I will never murmur at the ſentence 'which you ſhall pronounce againſt me. "You ſhall have no reaſon, *added this charm-* 'ing perſon, and inſtead of making as if I were angry at the teſtimonies of your affection, 'I will tell you, *Ovid*, that it is very dear to me, that I am very much obliged to you for it, 'and do not account it a ſmall advantage to my ſelf, that he, amongſt all the *Romans*, who 'poſſibly is moſt able to diſcern the merit of perſons, hath adjudged me worthy, amongſt 'ſo many others, of his particular eſteem: I ſhall be beholding to you for it as long as I 'live; but this is not enough yet to acknowledge it as I ought, I will proteſt to you beſides 'with all truth and freedom, that I do very particularly eſteem your perſon; and upon all 'the occaſions which Fortune may offer me, I will give you all the teſtimonies of it that you 'can deſire. Is not this a large progreſs for the firſt day? "Too much, *cryed I, quite* 'tranſported, and infinitely above my merit and my hopes. "But withall, *replied* Cipaſ- 'ſis, know, that this firſt day ſhall be as the laſt, you ſhall alwayes continue in the ſame con- 'dition in my affection as you are now in, and whatſoever you may do for my Service, ſhall 'never put you any forwarder. If you be rational, you will content your ſelf with that 'which poſſibly you expected not yet a while, and which I did not value ſo highly, as to 'make you wait longer for; and if you have not reaſon enough to ſatisfie your ſelf with 'what I may do in a way of acknowledging your affection, you may ſeek elſewhere for that 'ſatisfaction which you ſhall never find in *Cipaſſis*.

Theſe laſt words did ſtrongly moderate the joy which the former had cauſed me, and ſeeing my ſelf cut off from the hopes which I might have conceived by her words, to which I was obliged to give abſolute Credit, by the proofs which I received of her ſincerity and freedom, I knew not how I might receive my Fortune; but at laſt yielding to Neceſſity, or rather preſerving ſtill ſome hopes, that by my Services, and the proof of an ardent and faithful paſſion, I might alter the reſolution of *Cipaſſis*, and incline her ſpirit to more advantagious terms in relation to my love, I ſeemed to be contented, and to receive the courteſie ſhe offered me, as infinitely elevated above my pretenſions.

Agrippa interrupting *Ovid* in this part of his Narration: "You have related to me, 'ſaid he, as free, and as gallant a way of proceeding, as could be expected from the moſt 'rational ſpirit in the world; and though I alwayes did very much eſteem the fair *Cipaſſis*, 'I confeſs to you, that for her manner of dealing ſo far from the artifice and affectation of 'many women, I conceive an opinion of her, which will make me look upon her for the 'future, with more conſideration than formerly I did. Sir, *replied* Ovid, *Cipaſſis* is far more worthy of your eſteem than you think for; and without doubt ſhe would have a very great ſhare in it, if ſhe were perfectly known to you; but it will ſuffice me to confirm you in the opinion which you have conceived of her, to acquaint you in the continuation of my Diſcourſe, that this fair *German* proved very ſincere in the promiſe ſhe had made me, to gratifie me with her particular eſteem, and that in all meetings, I received all the teſtimonies of it that I could in reaſon deſire; but withall, ſhe kept her ſelf very ſtrictly within the bounds which ſhe had preſcribed to my hopes, and did not ſuffer me to conceive the leaſt probability of altering her reſolution. She alwayes kept her ſelf ſo equal in her Propoſition, that I never perceived any change; and I endeavoured in vain to move her to pity, or to a conſideration of the ills ſhe made me ſuffer, ſhe was alwayes inſenſible of them; or if at any time out of her natural goodneſs, ſhe felt any motion of compaſſion, that thought could

could not change its Nature, and turn from pity, which was the original of it, into ſomething that reſembled love. She ſuffered me to converſe with her with a great deal of ſweetneſs, provided that the violences of my love did not intermix themſelves in our Diſcourſe, and when I ſuffered my ſelf to flie out, ſhe knew very well how to reduce me to that moderation which ſhe deſired of me, and to make me ſubmit to the Empire of reaſon, with an Authority accompanied with ſo much ſweetneſs and modeſty, that I never found any occaſion, nor had ſo much as an intention to murmur at it. My greateſt conſolation in the misfortune which I had to be deep in love, without any hope of being recompenced, but only with good-will, was that amongſt divers of the moſt illuſtrious *Romans*, whom her beauty had reduced into the ſame condition with my ſelf, and who ſighed deeply for her, there was none a greater Favourite than my ſelf, and ſhe made no difficulty to declare publickly how much ſhe preferred me before all the reſt; or rather, though ſhe treated them with all civility and handſomneſs, I was the only man by whom ſhe ſeemed not to be importuned. You know there have been ſome diſcontents about the advantage I had over them, and the young *Albinus* and I had like to have had great buſtling upon that quarrel, if our difference had not been decided by the Authority of the Princeſs *Julia*, and of *Cipaſſis* her ſelf, whom, only at that time, I ſaw ſo angry with me, that I had much ado to appeaſe her.

In fine, ſeeing that my paſſion ſtopped not at thoſe bounds where ſhe would have it ſtay, and fearing that in time it might grow ſo ſtrong as to be troubleſom to her, and to render me miſerable, ſhe deſired to apply the remedy ſhe believed ſhe had, either to cure me, or to hinder the augmentation of my diſeaſe; and upon this Deſign, ſeeing me by her one day more ſad and languiſhing than ordinary, *Ovid*, ſaid ſhe, *The obligation I have to you for your good Will, and the eſteem I make of your merit, ought not to permit me any longer to leave you in the opinion which without doubt you have that you may complain of me, and that with reaſon: And tis juſt that I ſhould acquaint you, that if I be not ſo ſenſible of the proofs of your affection as you might deſire, 'tis not for default of any of thoſe parts which compoſe a man worthy of eſteem, but for ſuch reaſons as certainly you your ſelf will not oppoſe, when they are known to you. Upon this Deſign I will acquaint you with my Fortune, which hitherto you have been ignorant of, I having declared it to none, but to the Princeſs* Julia, *and deſiring that no body in* Rome *may know it but your ſelf. I have confidence enough now in your vertue and friendſhip to believe that you will make a right uſe of the ſecret which I truſt you with, and that when you ſhall find in my Diſcourſe ſome things contrary to the intereſt which you have taken in my perſon, you will conquer it by your Generoſity; and inſtead of taking occaſions thence to do me a diſpleaſure, you will ſeek for opportunities to comfort me in my misfortunes.* I was extraordinarily moved at this Diſcourſe of *Cipaſſis*, and deſiring to confirm her in the confidence ſhe had in me: *You may be very well aſſured*, ſaid I, *that I will not abuſe the favour you are pleaſed to do me; and though poſſibly I might find my death in your Diſcourſe, I ſhall certainly ſuffer the moſt cruel one that can preſent it ſelf, rather than betray the ſecret you would truſt me with, or neglect any occaſion of ſerving you in any condition that 'tis poſſible for me to meet you in. I hoped no leſs*, replied *Cipaſſis*, *and you ſhall know further by the Diſcourſe I have to make you, that I have no ſmall confidence in you.* Upon theſe words, after ſhe had given order that ſhe might not be interrupted, ſhe acquainted me with her Birth, with the Story of her whole life, and with things of ſuch importance, that the Relation of them would be far more handſom, and more agreeable to you, than that I have to make you, if I were permitted to repeat them to you. But Sir, I am forbidden to do it, and I beſeech you pardon me, if I do not ſpeak one word more to you of it in the Sequel of my Diſcourſe. You ſtrongly move my Curioſity, ſaid *Agrippa* to *Ovid*, and you have ſufficiently intereſſed me in the Fortune of *Cipaſſis*, to make me deſire a more particular knowledge of it; but I am not ignorant to what you are obliged by your word, and I would not exact any thing of my Friends, which they cannot grant me without injuring themſelves. I will make no difficulty, Sir, replied *Ovid*, to truſt you with any ſecret of my own, whenſoever you ſhall deſire to know it; but as for that which concerns another perſon, and a perſon whom I infinitely eſteem, you know I have not the ſame liberty. In fine, purſued *Ovid*, *Cipaſſis* acquainted me with ſuch things as cauſed my aſtoniſhment, and if they were not capable to give an immediate cure to my love, at leaſt they made me know, that there was no more

ground

ground of hope upon that Account, and that I never ought to importune her who was the original of it, to that purpoſe. I was aſſaulted with a violent grief, but with a little ſtrength of ſpirit I found very conſiderable grounds of comfort in my misfortune, and I underſtood very well, that inſtead of having any reaſon to complain of *Cipaſſis*, I was obliged as long as I lived, to commend the goodneſs which ſhe had expreſſed to me in a condition of Fortune, when I ought not to have deſired thoſe proofs I received of it. I fell upon my knees before her, when ſhe had made an end of her Relation, and with a great many marks of ſorrow, I begged her pardon for the trouble I had put her to, and proteſted to her, That if it were not poſſible to cure my mind of that paſſion againſt which it could not defend it ſelf, I would regulate it, or manage it ſo at leaſt, that ſhe ſhould receive no proof of it that might diſpleaſe her. *Cipaſſis* ſignified to me with her ordinary ſweetneſs, that the teſtimonies of my good will could never be diſagreeable to her; that ſhe deſired me only, if it were poſſible, to diſcard that part of my paſſion which was moſt violent, and moſt contrary to my repoſe, and to reduce it to a more rational Amity; and that now ſhe had acquainted me with her condition, I would content my ſelf with that ſatisfaction which ſhe could give me; as for the reſt, ſhe would be willing that I ſhould converſe with her before Company, as I was uſed to do; and that neither by my Actions, nor my Diſcourſe, I ſhould make any diſcovery of what ſhe had declared to me.

I promiſed her all that ſhe required, and executed it as punctually as it was poſſible for me to do, endeavouring to forbear ſpeaking to her of my love, which had likely to have cauſed me a great deal of miſchief, and often made her pity me; but if it chanced through want of circumſpection, that ſome word ſlipped from me contrary to my intention, *Cipaſſis* did not want indulgence to compaſſionate my weakneſs, and to ſignifie to me, that the greateſt diſpleaſure ſhe could receive by the continuation of my love, was, for the harm I ſuffered by it, and not for the trouble it was to her. Mean time by her counſel, and for the intereſt of my own repoſe, I ſought for all the remedies that could be imagined to cure me of my paſſion; I endeavoured by the ſight of other objects, to free my memory from this perſecuting thought which was continually fixed there; and I did not only frequent thoſe Companies where I formerly found my divertiſements, but I Courted all occaſions to give birth to a new affection which might extrude that which tormented me, and laid ſuch cruel conſtraints upon my happineſs.

'Twas no eaſie matter to expel the Idea of *Cipaſſis* out of my Soul, and it had made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that certainly whatſoever inclination I might have had to change, I ſhould have loved that fair ſtranger as long as I had lived, if I had not met with obſtacles in that Deſign which could not be removed, and againſt which I could preſerve no hope. But yet 'tis very true, that by the continual endeavours I uſed, and the firm reſolution I had taken, I conquered the greateſt violences of my diſeaſe, and hoped in time for an abſolute cure of it. It fell out ſooner than I believed, and proceeded from a place whence I expected it not, and this is that which you deſire of me, and whereof I am going to make you an ingenuous Relation.

The deſire I had abſolutely to rid my Soul of this importunate paſſion, made me more aſſiduous than before at the appartment of the Princeſs *Julia*; and the multitude of different perſons which I ſaw there every day, was no ſmall help to the cure which I ſought for. I was there one Night with a great many other perſons, and *Cipaſſis* was there too, the Princeſs entertained her a while in private, and a little after walking through the Chamber, ſhe came near to the place where I was, and having obliged by her Action, thoſe with whom I diſcourſed to leave me alone with her: "*Ovid, ſaid ſhe*, I am jealous of the Amity that '*Cipaſſis* hath for you, and ſhe hath acquainted you with things which I thought ſhe would 'not have truſted any with but my ſelf. "Madam, *anſwered I*, I will make no ill uſe of the 'ſecret which *Cipaſſis* hath committed to me; and if I were able to ſerve her in her Affairs, I am aſſured that ſhe would never repent her of the confidence ſhe hath repoſed in 'me. "We are ſufficiently acquainted with you, *replied the Princeſs*, to have that opinion 'of you, but I would have you know too, *continued ſhe ſmiling*, that you are obliged to 'me, and ought to thank me for the intereſt I took in the bad ſucceſs of your laſt affections. "I was not ſo happy in my former, *ſaid I*, as to hope that Fortune would be more favourable to me in the reſt; but howſoever it be, I am not abſolutely miſerable in my misfor-

'tunes,

'tunes, if I have been ſo happy as to deſerve the pity of our great Princeſs. "I did re-
'ally pity you, *replied* Julia, though in ſome ſort you merited your deſtiny, by beſowing
'that to no purpoſe upon a ſtranger, which with more ſucceſs and ſatisfaction to your ſelf,
'you might offer to the faireſt, and the moſt ſublime amongſt the *Roman* Ladies.

I received the Princeſſes Diſcourſe with a profound reſpect, and humbling my ſelf, as my Duty was: "I am not ſo blind, *ſaid I*, as to be jeſted out of the knowledge I ought to
'have of my ſelf; and that which is moſt fair, and moſt ſublime in *Rome*, cannot conde-
'ſcend ſo low as *Ovid*." "Remember, *added* Julia *with precipitation*, the Heroical Epiſtle
'of *Cephalus* to *Aurora*, which you ſhewed me a few dayes ſince, and judge by that, that
'extraordinary men may elevate their thoughts as high as the goddeſſes themſelves. Finiſh-
ing theſe words with that *Air* and admirable grace which ſhe hath in all her Actions, ſhe left me at liberty to examine the words ſhe had ſpoken to me, and went to the other ſide of the Chamber to entertain the young *Druſus*, who began at that time to give her ſecret Teſtimonies of that paſſion, which a while after publickly declared it ſelf.

When I was retired to my own private lodging, I made a long reflection upon *Julia*'s words, and the inclinations we naturally have to flatter our ſelves, made them ſeem very obliging to me, and perſwaded me that they were not ſpoken without ſome Deſign. "Could
'it be poſſible, *ſaid I in my ſelf*, that *Julia* the greateſt Princeſs in the World, deſigned
'for the Empire of the Univerſe, and as highly elevated by her beauty, and the Charms of
'her perſon, as by the advantages of her birth, ſhould deſire, amongſt the great Number of
'her daily Conqueſts, to reckon the Conqueſt of poor *Ovid*? Or rather, that amongſt ſo
'many Kings and Princes of the moſt eminent rank in the World, which are upon their
'knees in continual Adoration of her, ſhe ſhould turn her eyes from the luſtre of their *Di-*
'*adems*, to let them fall ſo low as *Ovia*?" "Remember, *ſaid ſhe*, that extraordinary men
'may raiſe their thoughts as high as the goddeſſes themſelves. I have not ſo much preſump-
'tion as to believe that I am a man extraordinary, neither have I ſo bad an opinion of my
'ſelf, as to think my ſelf a vulgar perſon; but in fine, whatever I am, I am certain that the
'words were addreſſed to me, and that the Princeſs ſpake them to me in the concluſion of a
'Diſcourſe, which doth not a little confirm me in the opinion which I might conceive there-
'upon. I added to this conſideration, the memory of divers other Actions, by which *Ju-*
lia had alwayes expreſſed a particular eſteem to me; and at laſt I reflected upon the know-
ledge I had of her humor, which was an Enemy to cruelty and to conſtraint. I was not ignorant, that though ſhe was engaged to *Marcellus* by an ancient inclination, grounded upon the merits of that Prince who was very worthy of her affections, and upon the Emperors will, who deſigned *Julia*, and the Empire for him, yet ſhe had not obſerved an exact fidelity to that Prince, but had often given him cauſe to fall into Jealouſie; and I obſerved at laſt, that if ſhe did not really engage her ſelf to divers amiable perſons who made love to her, yet ſhe was well pleaſed to be beloved by them, and did not puniſh the Declarations of their love with any rigorous uſage which might drive a lover to Deſpair. 'Twas in the Number of theſe that I thought I might liſt my ſelf, after I had muſtred up all that might perſwade me to my advantage to confirm my ſelf in that opinion. I believed then after I had ſufficiently flattered my ſelf, not that *Julia* loved me, but that ſhe would not be offended to ſee me amongſt the great Number of her Adorers; and knowing that I was well acquainted with love, and had a particular Talent to manage it better than vulgar perſons, ſhe was willing that all that I could think or conceive of that paſſion, which ordinarily produces the moſt refined and delicate thoughts, ſhould have the divine beauties of *Julia*, for the moſt eminent aim that I could chooſe. The thought of being looked upon by that fair and great Princeſs for any reaſon whatſoever, did at firſt agreeably tickle my conceit, and gave me no ſlight blow to the perſecuting remembrance of *Cipeſſis*'s beauties; I was puffed up with a kind of pride, which made me judge, that the leaſt expreſſions of *Julias* good-will, were able to comfort me for the repulſe I received in the paſſion I had conceived for that fair ſtranger; and having not only a good opinion of my ſelf, but ſome courage too, I reſolved to purſue my Fortune, and to try if it could be poſſible that I ſhould find any place in the Princeſſes eſteem.

'Twas not without a very great violence, that I reſolved to attempt the breaking of *Cipeſſis* Chains; but beſides that, that paſſion was not grounded upon any hope which might

authorize

authorize the continuance of it, I knew that inſtead of offending *Cipaſſis*, I ſhould do her a pleaſure, in freeing her from my importunities; and that ſhe would not take it ill at my hands, that I had expedited my cure by all poſſible means, nor that I had ſought it in the ſublimeſt place that I could propoſe to my ſelf. I had no ſooner determined what to do, but I felt my ſelf half cured of my former paſſion; *ſo true is it, that in love, as in diſtempers of another nature, a firm reſolution is a good part of the remedy.* Then I began to meditate in what manner I ſhould proceed with *Julia*, to let her underſtand, that her obliging expreſſions had elevated my Ambition; and though I was no Puny in all the procedures of love, having by long practice gained a great experience in them, yet my love had never aſpired ſo high; and there was a neceſſity that I ſhould carry my ſelf after another manner towards ſuch a perſon as *Julia* was, than I had done towards the other *Roman* Ladies, upon whom I had formerly beſtowed my inclinations.

I ſee Sir, you cannot but ſmile at the little ſolidity there was in my pretenſions, and you will ask of me what aim my intentions could have in loving (and that with Deſign rather than out of a violent inclination, wherewith I might have been prepoſſeſſed) the Daughter of *Ceſar* deſigned for *Marcellus*, who was one day to enjoy the Empire and her too, and from whom I could never hope any ſolid Affection: But to this I will anſwer you; Firſt, That in Affairs of this Nature, I ſcarcely ever made reaſon Umpire in my deliberations; but without ſounding the depth of Conſequences, I ſought my preſent ſatisfaction, when I could compaſs it without the hazard of my honour. And then let me tell you, that never having had any Deſign of marriage for thoſe perſons who were of mine own Rank, and by a far ſtronger reaſon not having folly enough to look upon *Julia* with that thought, 'twas indifferent to me, in relation to the end I aimed at, whether ſhe were deſigned for *Marcellus*, or abſolutely married to him: And in fine, never having loved, but to make my ſelf beloved if it were poſſible, I might endeavour to make my ſelf beloved by *Julia*; and in what condition ſoever ſhe ſhould be; the ſmalleſt Teſtimonies of her Affection could not be very advantagious to me.

He that will, may laugh at this manner of loving, but I will maintain, that 'tis the only way that can be conformable to a real love, and that thoſe perſons who ſeek for ſecurities and precautions in love, and do not embark in that paſſion, till they have foreſeen the Conſequences, and the advantagious ſucceſſes of it, may be termed prudent, but not amorous; and engaged in a Deſign, but not abandoned to love. This Noble paſſion admits not Philoſophy into its Counſels; and 'tis to ſuch as *Demetrius* and *Anthony*, and not to ſuch as *Phocion* and *Cato* that it is ordinarily addreſſed. My Soul hath alwayes been more addicted to honeſt pleaſure, than too ſevere a prudence; and 'tis that which hath rendred me more inclinable to love, and much more expert in it, than a temperate *Numa*, or a ſullen *Fabricius*.

But to return to my Diſcourſe, I will tell you that my ſpirit being already filled with the *Ideas* of *Julia*, which did agreeably flatter it, laboured to find out ſome gallant and extraordinary way to diſcover my audacious thoughts, and to let her underſtand, that I wanted not Courage to raiſe them as high as any ſcope would be given to my Ambition; but I had no need to torment my ſelf much for a thing which ſhe her ſelf did facilitate, and three dayes were not yet paſt ſince our laſt Converſation, when ſeeing me one Evening in her Chamber (where, as you know, the greateſt part of the Court do ordinarily paſs the Evenings) and obſerving that I was retired alone into a Corner, with a penſive and melancholy Countenance, which was not ordinary with me, when my ſpirit was at liberty, ſhe came from her place, as ſhe had done the time before, and after ſhe had taken two or three turns about the Chamber, and ſpoken ſome words as ſhe paſſed by, to two or three perſons, to the end that it might not be obſerved by her Action, that ſhe had any particular Deſign, ſhe drew near to me, and accoſting me with her uſual Charms: "Well *Ovid!* *ſaid ſhe*, Will 'you not confeſs to me, that you are now a thinking upon *Cipaſſis?*" No, Madam, *an-'ſwered I*, and if you command me to confeſs the Truth, I may ſay, that I do no longer 'dream of mortals, but elevate my thoughts as high as the goddeſſes themſelves. *Julia* ſmiled at this Diſcourſe, and looking upon me with an eye that had nothing of ſeverity in it: "Then you have thought, *ſaid ſhe*, and reflected upon the Counſels which I gave you. "I have ſo meditated upon them, *replied I*, that they have not been out of my memory for

'a moment; and I confeſs, that if it were as eaſie for me to render my ſelf one of thoſe 'extraordinary perſons whom you permit to look upon Divinities, as to have an inclination 'to raiſe my thoughts to them, I would never dream any more upon terreſtrial things." 'Tis 'no difficult matter, *anſwered* Julia, for you to believe your ſelf to be an extraordinary 'man; and you are indued with ſuch uncommon qualities, that they who ſhould take you 'for an ordinary perſon, would be thought to want common ſenſe themſelves. " Upon 'this aſſurance, *ſaid I*, I will glorioufly venture to preſent my offerings, and turn my eyes 'from all that is inferior amongſt men, to ſacrifice my Vows and Adorations to a great god-'deſs. I know not what my Deſtiny will be, but though it ſhould be parallel to that of the 'audacious *Ixion*, a famous and illuſtrious Tomb is to be preferred before Crowns; and if 'a man muſt periſh by a fall, 'tis better fall from Heaven, than from an ordinary Precipice. " You have leſs reaſon, *added the Princeſs in a merry faſhion*, to doubt of your Deſtiny, 'than another man who is leſs acquainted with the Nature of goddeſſes than your ſelf, and 'by the ordinary communication you have with them, you know that ſome of them are 'terrible, and ſome of them are of a ſweeter diſpoſition. *Minerva* preſents her *Gorgons* "Head to her lovers, *Diana* receives them with her Bow ready bent, and *Juno* arms her 'ſelf againſt them with her Husbands Thunder-bolts; but *Aurora*, *Thetis*, and the *Cyprian* 'goddeſs, as you have taught us, are not ſo cruel to them; and we do not read that *Cephalus*, 'Peleus or *Adonis* found their Graves in the rigor of thoſe goddeſſes they looked upon, as 'Ixion and *Acteon* did.

In brief, having made me perfectly bold by the encouragement ſhe gave me: " And the 'goddeſs *Julia*, *ſaid I*, for without an Error, we cannot hold her for any thing elſe but a 'goddeſs, ſeeing her original, her wit, and her Divine beauties are wholly Celeſtial; and 'ſhe beholds nothing amongſt men, but what is as much below her, as Earth is below Hea-'ven: The goddeſs *Julia*, *I ſay*, to whom all humane perſons owe their humble and de-'vout ſacrifices, which ſide will ſhe chooſe, either of the goddeſſes who are ſenſible of 'pity, or of the terrible goddeſſes? *Julia* brake out into a hearty laughter at this Diſ-courſe, and not intending to leave it thus: " The goddeſs *Julia*, *ſaid ſhe*, ſince you are 'pleaſed to make her a goddeſs, is not a thundring goddeſs like to *Juno*, nor an armed god-'deſs like to *Minerva*, nor a horned goddeſs like to *Diana*, neither doth ſhe approve of the 'pity of *Venus*, becauſe it tranſcends the bounds which ſhe would preſcribe to hers; but ſhe 'doth not condemn the pity of *Thetis* and *Aurora*, neither doth ſhe believe that the Di-'vinities whoſe juſtice ſhould be equal to their power, could juſtly puniſh reſpectful Ado-'rations as things criminal. " Since it is ſo, *added I*, and that our viſible Divinity doth not 'account our Adorations for Crimes, I make a Vow at the foot of her Sacred Altars, to of-'fer to my laſt breath my humble ſacrifices to the goddeſs *Julia*, acknowledging her as our 'real goddeſs, by all the marks, and by all the advantages which may exempt her from the 'rank of mortal perſons. *Julia* continued a while without making any Reply to this Diſcourſe, but a little after beginning to ſpeak with as pleaſant a countenance as before: *You are not very wiſe*, ſaid ſhe, *but Follies of this Nature do not deſerve any great Chaſtiſe-ments, and it may be I have Indulgence enough not to look upon them with Rigor.* Having ſpoken theſe words ſhe left me, but not before ſhe had aſſured me by her looks, that I had not offended her, and that ſhe would not Treat me as a Criminal, though I ſhould continue what I had begun. For my part, I remained ſo well ſatisfied, that I could hardly contain my joy; and the perſons with whom I converſed afterwards, might very well perceive the change of my humor.

When the Princeſs had given good-night to the Company, I reconducted *Cipaſſis* to her Chamber, as I often did; and ſhe, who naturally is of the beſt humors in the world, having obſerved *Julia*'s Action, and the change of my humor, and by divers conjectures having, ſome dayes ſince, taken notice of ſome part of what had paſt in my Soul, could not chooſe but laugh when ſhe looked earneſtly upon me, and by her Action ſhe almoſt put me out of countenance. When we were come to her Chamber, where ſhe permitted me to ſtay a few moments longer. " Well, *ſaid ſhe*, *in a fooliſh manner*, Is it not true, that great gods 'do expunge ſmall evils, and that a great Fortune may eaſily comfort one for a miſhap of 'ſmall importance? This Diſcourſe made me bluſh a little, but though I had an abſolute confidence in the goodneſs and diſcretion of *Cipaſſis*, yet not thinking it convenient to

ſpeak

ſpeak of things which in reſpect of *Julia's* Dignity ought to be ſo precious to me as to be kept ſecret; and believing that *Cipaſſis* did not ſo much deſire it, I would not preſently open my heart to her upon that Subject, but anſwering her with Diſſimulation: "I know 'not, *ſaid I*, what you mean, when you talk of great good, and great Fortune; but Hea-'ven is my witneſs, that I never knew any more high, or more real in relation to my ſelf, 'than to ſpend the remainder of my dayes in your Service; and ſetting aſide thoſe impoſ-'ſibilities which you have oppoſed me with, wherein I can only complain of my own De-'ſtiny, there is no Fortune nor Dignity in the world which I would not have deſpiſed for 'that glorious Servitude. In this I ſpake to *Cipaſſis* according to my heart, and though *Julia* (beſides the other advantages which ſhe hath above all the Princeſſes upon Earth) amongſt all the perſons that ever I ſaw in my life, did only fall ſhort in beauty of the Princeſs *Cleopatra*; yet 'twas certain for all that, that as fair, as charming, and as high in Dignity as ſhe was, ſhe ſhould never have made me forget *Cipaſſis*, if the real paſſion, and the real eſteem which I had for that vertuous perſon, could have found that acknowledgment at her hands which I deſired. She ſmiled again at my diſſembled Diſcourſe, and reſuming her own; "I do not ſpeak to you in this manner, *ſaid ſhe*, to draw a ſecret out of your mouth 'which you ought to preſerve with reſpect, and poſſibly I ſhould not be very proper for a 'confidence of that nature; but let me tell you, that by the intereſt which a real eſteem 'makes me take in all that concerns you, I have already perceived, that you are well thought 'of in a very good place; and provided that the conſequences which you can foreſee bet-'ter than I, do not prove prejudicial to you, I ſhall always take a great ſhare in your ſatiſ-'faction, without deſiring any more particular knowledge of it. "Madam, *replied I*, af-'ter I have confirmed the Diſcourſe I have made you, I will confeſs to you, that I have an in-'tention to do what I can poſſibly to find out ſome conſolation for the misfortune I have 'had in relation to you; upon this Deſign, *I* follow the Counſel which you have often-'times given me, and certainly *I* do you ſervice in eaſing you of ſome part of the impor-'tunities which you ſuffer from this miſerable man; but whereſoever *I* may ſeek either for 'my comforts or my remedies, *I* promiſe you it ſhall be in a place ſo high, that *I* ſhall not 'bluſh at the diverſion of my thoughts, nor do any injury to thoſe *I* have had for *Cipaſ-'ſis*. After this Diſcourſe, and ſome other words to this purpoſe, time and decency obliged me to bid her good-night, and to go and employ my ſelf in my Bed, inſtead of ſleeping, with a Meditation upon this dayes Adventure, which kept me awake till the day following.

I will not repeat to you all the Diſcourſes *I* made within my ſelf upon theſe new agitations of my Soul, nor the projects *I* framed upon the opinion of my good Fortune; but will only acquaint you, that neither the diſproportion which is between the Daughter of *Ceſar* and my ſelf, nor the ſmall hope *I* could conceive in my imaginations, could hinder me from falling into a very ſtrong paſſion. It will not be difficult to perſwade you to believe it, becauſe you are acquainted with *Julia*, and you know that ſhe is really Miſtriſs of ſuch Charms, as the moſt Stoical Doctrine can hardly defend a Soul againſt. Beſides, it ſeemed to me, that ſhe had endeavoured to draw me on, and tis ſuch a pleaſure upon occaſions of this Nature to ſee ones ſelf a little flattered, and to ſee the way open to be received to a happineſs and glory which could not be too dearly bought by the greateſt ſufferings, that there are but few ſpirits which would not be eaſily taken with that ſeducing bait. In fine (if *Ovid* may be permitted to ſpeak ſo of the Emperors Daughter) *I* was really amorous of the beauties of the Princeſs *Julia*, and *I* began to render her my ſubmiſſions and particular Vows with a great deal of aſſiduity.

It was not difficult for me to Court her, having for a long time had very free acceſs to her, and beſides, ſhe had the goodneſs to bear with me, and to invite me her ſelf into her Company, where *I* loſt no occaſion (yet without loſing the reſpect and acknowledgment that was due to her) to diſcover to her the condition of my Soul, and the paſſionate veneration I had for her, in the moſt handſom manner that poſſibly *I* could. She always received the Teſtimonies of it without any mark of diſpleaſure or repugnance, and her indulgence emboldning me, made me ſometimes tranſcend the bounds of prudence and circumſpection, and do ſuch things to perſwade the Princeſs to believe the reallity of my paſſion, as might have diſcovered it to other perſons, if they had taken the pains to obſerve them: This or-

dinarily falls out in the birth of an affection, and when there is no ſetled intelligence between the lover, and the perſon beloved, paſſion tranſgreſſing the bounds of diſcretion and good conduct, oftentimes declares it ſelf by too manifeſt Teſtimonies, and by ſuch proofs, as without doubt the lover condemns, and would willingly recall in a better condition of Fortune.

Julia, who perceived that I might commit ſome fault, was willing fairly to prevent it, and taking her time with her ordinary gallantry one day when ſhe paſſed through the Gallery, where I was with divers other perſons, ſhe called me, and when I came to her, ſhe ſaid to me in my ear: *Ovid's Goodneſs doth not condemn his Adorations; but 'tis neceſſary they ſhould be ſecret, and 'tis not from* Ovid *that ſhe is permitted to receive them in publick.* She paſſed by without any further ſtay after ſhe had ſpoken theſe words, and I remained in a very great confuſion, to think how I had given her occaſion to uſe thoſe expreſſions to me, by which I might well judge, that by ſome indiſcreet Action I had declared my thoughts more than I ſhould have done. I was really aſhamed, that I had obliged her to give me a kind of a Reproof; but on the other ſide, I conceived a better opinion of my Fortune, judging that the Princeſs took ſome intereſt, and laid ſome ground in my paſſion, ſince ſhe ordered me to keep it ſecret; and that ſhe would not have taken that care, which ſignified a good beginning of intelligence, if ſhe had not had ſome eſteem of it, and had not deſired that it might continue. I did not fail to aſſiſt my ſelf in this Encounter with all that might flatter me, and yet I was much deſided to ask pardon of *Julia* for the faults which my paſſion might have cauſed me to commit contrary to Diſcretion; and having a facility to expreſs my ſelf in Verſe as freely as in Proſe, and the Princeſs likewiſe having a great inclination to Poetry, and I being furniſhed with a conveniency to preſent to her every day any thing I wrote, without any oppoſition; and being permitted in this kind of writing to take greater liberty to diſcover my thoughts, than in our ordinary language, when I was retired into my Study, I inſtantly compoſed an Elegy, by which I excuſed my ſelf to the Princeſs for the faults I had imprudently committed, and imputed them to that violent paſſion which ſhe had given birth unto, which I exaggerated to her in the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate terms, that all my Poetry could furniſh me withall. I will not repeat it to you, becauſe it is too long, and you may have a ſight of it when you pleaſe. The ſame Night I gave it to *Phebe*, whom the Princeſs loved beſt of all her Maids, praying her to preſent it to her as ſhe was going to Bed, that ſhe might divert her ſelf a while in the reading of it, as ſhe had done oftentimes before.

I did not go that Night to *Julia*'s lodging, but the next day I did not fail to meet her as ſhe was walking in the Allies of her Garden; ſhe received me with a very gracious countenance, and as ſoon as I had performed my Reverence to her, cauſing her Gentleman Uſher to retire, that ſhe might honour me with his employment during her walk, ſhe gave me her hand, and permitted me an abſolute liberty to entertain her without being over-heard by the perſons of her Retinue, who out of reſpect kept themſelves at a diſtance from us. She ſpake firſt, and looking upon me with an eye which might inflame the moſt frozen *Scythian*, *I have received your excuſes*, ſaid ſhe, *and ſince you will needs have me to be a goddeſs, I thought it beſt to imitate the gods, in accepting Repentance for the reparation of Offences; beſides, you excuſe your ſelf ſo elequently, that I muſt receive greater injuries than any you have done me yet, before I deny you pardon. Madam*, replied I, *if you look upon my intentions, I have done you no injury, ſeeing they never did, nor ever ſhall proceed any further, than to the moſt humble veneration that can be due to our great goddeſs from the moſt ſubmiſſive of men; but if from the lowneſs of the Adorer, men raiſe their eyes to the height of the Divinity adored, and if there be any propertion between the Offence and the Divinity which receives it, they may well judge it to be no ſmall one, and together with their greatneſs, the gods have need of goodneſs too to pardon it. I know nothing that is inferior in you*, replied *Julia*. *Your birth is as Noble as any of thoſe perſons is who are every day advanced in* Rome *to the higheſt Dignities, your Courage is no leſs than theirs, your Wit is incomparably above theirs; and if becauſe you have been a greater lover of honeſt divertiſement, than of ſerious employments, by which men are promoted to the Government of the Commonwealth, you have not yet attained to it, I am not of ſo auſtere an inclination as to eſteem you the leſs for it, and you are young enough to acquire that hereafter, which as yet you have not renounced. Do not undervalue your ſelf then before*

me,

me, who prize and eſteem you more than half the Senate; but believe, that with the advantages you poſſeſs, and the reſpect you obſerve, you may have the liberty to look upon any thing. Neither is it for the difference that is between a Roman *Knight, and* Ceſars *Daughter, that I have obliged you to be ſecret, I ſhould have dealt in the ſame manner with the greateſt Princes of* Europe, *if I had eſteemed them ſo far as to have any ſecrecy with them; for 'tis from* Marcellus *only, that I am permitted to receive Services in publick, and it may be I might expoſe them to* Auguſtus's *diſpleaſure, if I ſhould favour any with a particular affection. I expreſs my thoughts to you with a great deal of freedom,* continued ſhe, looking upon me with a ſmile, *and thereby I ſufficiently ſignifie to you the eſteem I have of you, and the confidence I repoſe in you.*

The preſence of thoſe perſons which followed us, and beheld all our Actions, could very hardly hinder me from throwing my ſelf at *Julia*'s feet; and if I had been in a place where I might have had my own liberty, I ſhould have continued whole hours at her knees, to render her a ſmall part of what was due to the grace ſhe did me; but not having the conveniency of doing what I did deſire, I was content to make her this Reply with a profound Reverence. "The Favours which I receive from your Grandeur, are ſo unproportionable to the merit of my perſon, and the ſtrength of my underſtanding, that if your 'Juſtice doth not moderate them, for ought I know, they may abſolutely deprive me of 'the knowledge *I* ſhould have of my ſelf. *I* am the moſt happy and the moſt glorious 'of men, and *I* conceive my Fortune to be better than Prince *Marcellus's*, to whom 'the gods and *Ceſar* have deſigned the moſt ſublime amongſt Mortals, ſince that notwithſtanding the Engagements you have to the excellent qualities of that Prince, who is as 'great in all things elſe, as in his Fortune, you can reſerve one of your precious moments to 'think upon poor *Ovid*, whoſe acknowledgment is ſo great for thoſe bleſſings which are above all value, that he will not conceive *Marcellus* to be more happy in the poſſeſſion 'of you, than he ſhall be in yielding up his laſt breath in the Service of the Divine '*Julia*.

I pronounced theſe words with an Action full of vehemence, which was obſerved by the Princeſs, and made her judge that I was touched with a real paſſion. She put on a more pleaſant countenance than before, and beſtowing a few moments in viewing of my face: *You are in earneſt then,* ſaid ſhe, *and I need not any longer be in doubt, but that* Ovid *hath forgot* Cipaſſis. "I will never forget, *ſaid I,* what is due to the Merits of *Cipaſſis*; but ſhe 'may content her ſelf, if ſhe pleaſe, with my eſteem, and henceforth leave my Adorations 'for the goddeſſes.

I ſhould have had the happineſs of a longer Converſation with the Princeſs, who hearkned very favourably to me, if we had not ſeen the Empreſs appear, whom *Julia* went to wait upon out of Civility; and if *Marcellus* had not come a little after, who proffered his hand to the Princeſs, and deprived me of the opportunity of entertaining her for the reſt of that day: But I retrived it often enough through *Julias* goodneſs, who receiving my reſpectful Vows with as much indulgence as I could deſire, put me into the moſt happy condition according to my humor, that ever I durſt aſpire to; yet ſhe alwayes preſerved the Dignity of *Auguſtus's* Daughter, and her Favors never extended farther than favourable looks, and obliging expreſſions: But that which from another Lady would have been inconſiderable, was ſo great coming from *Julia*, that I could not look upon it, nor receive it otherwiſe than as a thing of the higheſt value, alwayes judging it to be the greateſt Glory I was capable of, to ſee my ſelf favoured with a particular good will, by the greateſt Princeſs of the Univerſe.

They that would make the world believe that I made ſuch advantages of it, as gave me occaſion to write thoſe Elegies, which ſome of the *Romans* have ſeen under *Corinna's* Name, do it maliciouſly, to bring me into diſgrace with *Ceſar*, and Prince *Marcellus*; and ſince I am come to mention it, one day or other for your diverſion, I will acquaint you with the adventures and paſſages which concern *Corinna* and my ſelf, though neither her name nor perſon be known at *Rome*, becauſe ſhe was never there; and 'twas in a very remote Province that I knew her, in the Expedition which *Vinicius* made into *Germany*, where I bare Arms under him.

I will not repeat to you all the Converſations I had with *Julia*, whom I ſaw and entertained

tained every day with all facility, as often as *Marcellus* left her liberty; or when she was not engaged in the Company of so many great Princesses as silently sighed at her feet, and whose sighs (though her chiefest affections were for *Marcellus*) were not disagreeable to her. As she is indued with a very excellent wit, so our Conversations were pleasant, and meerly ingenious; and for that reason having discoursed with her one day upon a very subtile Subject, she told me, that *Marcellus* could have no cause to be jealous, if she had some affection for a man, whose Soul she loved, and who did not pretend to any thing that concerned the body.

But it may be you will ask me, what I conceive of her thoughts for *Marcellus*? And as for that, I will tell you as far as I can judge, That certainly the Prince alwayes possesses the supream place in her heart above all others who have only made attempts; and the real foundation of love, which, it may be, is in her Soul, is for him only, to the prejudice of all the rest; and yet 'tis true, that she is no lover of constraint, nor is she willing to be bound up to him by such an exact and rigorous fidelity, but that she may be permitted to let her mind a little range towards those objects which might please her; yet she alwayes reflects upon the former passion, which hath the deepest foundation, and I believe too that she would never absolutely flie from it, but would confine all her inclinations to the merits of that brave Prince, if love only, without any other interest, had been the cause of their Engagement; and if the Emperor had not interposed his Authority and Endeavours to tye up their affection, with a Design to unite them by Marriage. *So certain it is, that Love is an Enemy to every thing that wears but the Vizard of Tyranny, and it will act with liberty it self, though it destroyes all liberty besides its own.* To this purpose one day when she had had some Quarrel with *Marcellus*, who could not choose but give her some Testimonies of Jealousie, which he had ground enough for; I remember that she said to me: *Do you see,* Ovid, *I would not have you doubt but that I really esteem and love* Marcellus, *whose Person, Services and Qualities, do well deserve my affection; and I shall dispose my self without repugnance to receive him for my Husband, when the Emperor shall command me; but I would not engage my self so before hand, but that I would reserve a liberty to my self to esteem what is estimable; and yet I preserve amity enough for him, though I dispense with my self in bestowing a little good-will upon* Ovid.

You may believe that when I heard her discourse to this purpose, I answered her rather according to mine own interest, than to reason; and though I thought that her proceedings towards *Marcellus* were not justifiable, yet I did not speak my thoughts to divert her from them, but rather made use of all the Arguments I could, to perswade her that she might shew some goodness to me, without doing any injustice to a man who must one day be so happy.

It hapned in the mean time, that the Prince, who is of a piercing wit, being prepossessed with divers proofs of the Princesses humor, took notice that she carried her self more familarly towards me than she had been wont to do; that I was more frequently with her, and that her looks were more favourable to me, than probably they should have been, meerly out of good-will. At first he made a kind of a Jest of it, and not judging me to be so redoubtable a Rival, as to cause him any trouble, he contented himself to question me sometimes upon the opinion he had of my good Fortune, and seeing me return one day from the Princess, and pass close by him: *Ovid*, said he to me smiling, and in a pleasant way, *I shall begin to be jealous of you, and you do not dream that; if you are more happy than I, we shall have occasion to quarrel with each other.* He spake these words with such an *aire*, as made me judge that they were not seriously spoken, and receiving them with all due respect: 'Such Princes as *Marcellus* is, *answered I with as pleasant a countenance as his*, are secure from 'such Rivals as *Ovid* is; 'tis for that reason, that they confidently make themselves sport with 'those who cannot aspire any higher than a mean Fortune. *You have merit enough*, replied *Marcellus*, *to make me jealous, but you are too much my friend to wish me any harm.* I answered this obliging Discourse with due civility and respect, as I did divers other Jests he put upon me afterwards to the same purpose, and once in the Princesses presence, with whom having found me in private Discourse; *Madam*, said he, *You cannot better express the excellency of your own wit, than by the esteem you have of* Ovids *ingenuity; but 'tis to be feared*, continued he with a smile, *that a man who treats so dextrously and subtilly concerning Love, may inspire*

sense

sense of it into a heart which doth not stand upon its guard. Perhaps you mean to jear us, answered *Julia*, in a very pleasant manner; "Yes, Madam, *said I, interrupting her, and preventing what she would have added further*, the Prince doth mean to laugh at us, and doth 'really make himself merry with us; but we must submit to his raillery, and I am not sorry that I contribute to his divertisement.

Marcellus made a Keply to these words with a great deal of sweetness and civility; but a few dayes after thinking that he observed more than he desired upon divers Accounts, by little and little he left off his raillery, and began to look upon me with more coldness than before; and truly I could not blame him for it, knowing very well, that though he was of a spirit infinitely rational, yet *Julias*'s humor might give him occasion enough to exercise all his patience: His mind was exasperated by the private Addresses of *Caius Drusus*, and the complacency the Princess expressed in relation to his passion; and possibly meditated upon that which afterwards he discovered, when, without having any Design to do it, *I* caused him to receive a very sensible displeasure, and was like to have exposed my self to one. Though some persons are acquainted with it, *I* suppose it is not as yet come to your knowledge.

Julia, as you know, was wont to be visited every Evening by great store of Company, loving society and divertisement the most of any person in the World. One Night, by reason of some indisposition she had, she would not be seen by any body; but being gone to Bed, she sent word to all those that came to her Chamber-door, that she was retired. *Marcellus* had often seen her in that condition, having reason to have a priviledge above all other persons; but that Evening coming to her Chamber-door, *Julia* caused him to be told, as she did others, That she was ill, and desired to be left to her Repose that Night. *Marcellus* went his way more afflicted at the Princesses indisposition, than troubled at the Repulse, and went to pass the Evening with the Emperor. *In* the mean time, as Fortune would have it, *I* came into *Julia's* Anti-chamber, where being informed by *Phebe* of her indisposition, *I* prayed her to go into the Chamber, and to take the pains to bring me News of the present estate of her health. The Princess, whether it were that she found her self at that present in a better condition than she had done some hours before, or that she thought that she should be less incommodated with my presence than with any bodies else, by whom she might have been obliged to a greater constraint, understanding by *Phebe* that *I* was at her Chamber-door, she commanded her to bring me in.

You may judge how joyful *I* was to see my self so highly favoured above my expectation and merit; *I* entred into the Chamber, and approached the Princesses Beds-side with an Action accompanied with the respect which was due unto her, through which the satisfaction of my Soul might be easily perceived, and there by the light of some Tapers which were burning by the Beds-side, *I* saw *Julia* not only in such a condition as *I* never saw her in before, but in a condition wherein she might have both *Cato* and *Fabricius*, and all the most crabbed Philosophers in *Rome*, even dye for love.

You know how admirably her Night-attire becomes her; but besides that, part of her Neck being carelesly uncovered, and her Arms more than half-naked, being negligently cast upon the Sheets, whose whiteness they far exceeded, displayed such beauties to my eyes, that I could hardly support the sparkling lustre of them; and I did sufficiently express to *Julia* by my Action, the Transport into which this sight had put me; and instead of rendring her the humble Salutations which were due to her, I stood a few paces off from her Bed, looking upon her with an intention which visibly expressed the suspension of my senses, and the admiration of my Soul.

Julia, to whom these effects of her beauty are not disagreeable, smiled at my Action, and having let me alone a little longer in this contemplation, which rendred me mute, and without motion, at last desiring to make me to speak: *What ails you*, Ovid, said she, *what makes you so amazed? Is it thus that you dispose your self, to thank me for the favour I have done you?* "Madam, *answered I, dissipating some part of my astonishment*, the Favour you 'have done me, is as far above all the thanks I can render you for it, as the Divine beauties 'which appeared to my dazled eyes, are above all comparison, expression, and imagination. This exaggeration did not displease *Julia*, and seeing that I was fallen upon my knees by her Bed-side, and kissed the Sheet with a very passionate Action, after she had looked

looked upon me with an eye which darted out a Thousand resplendent rayes: *This beauty*, said she, *which you commend so much, is not really, nor possibly in your thoughts, such as you represent it to be; but as for my goodness to you, you cannot disavow that, without being ungrateful.* " Your goodness, *replied I*, is as unlimited as your beauty, and you should not be my ' great goddess, if your goodness were not as incomprehensible as your beauty. *All the goddesses*, answered *Julia, are not so kind; but whatsoever I am, I was willing to express to you the amity I have for you, by an Action which possibly may occasion me a quarrel.* " I ' confess, *said I*, that those to whom this Fortune is denied, have so much cause to envy at ' it, that if I did not know that it cannot be justly hoped for upon the Account of any ' Merit whatsoever, I should approve of all that envy and jealousie could undertake or wish ' to my prejudice. *No body*, replied *Julia, can attempt or wish any thing to your disadvantage, without incurring my displeasure; and the good-will I have for you, is great enough to make me participate in any thing that shall concern you.*

These obliging words being delivered in a more obliging manner, raised such a resentment in me, as transported me beyond the respect which was due to *Cesars* Daughter, and creeping upon my knees to the place where I saw one of her fair hands lying a little over the side of her Bed, I was so bold as to lay my mouth upon it, and fix it there with an Action full of ardor and vehemence. I was afraid that the Princess would condemn my boldness, when to free me of that fear, she laid her other hand on my head, and pressed it betwixt them both in such a caressing manner, that I had almost dyed with the excess of my contentment. I would have continued longer in a posture, which, as I thought, was worthy of the envy of the most fortunate persons; but *Julia*, who had caused me to be called in only for a moments sight, and to give me time to give her good-night, fearing that if I should make any longer stay in her Chamber, it might be known, and give occasion of complaint to those who took interest in it, put me out of this rapture to my great regret, and after some words, as obliging as the former, she ordered me to retire. I obeyed her with all the signs of resentment that such a grace ought to work in me, and went out of her Chamber so satisfied with this Adventure, that I could not contain my Joy. But my foot was hardly out of the Chamber, but I saw my self surprized with the light of divers Tapers which came into the Anti-chamber, and with them the Prince *Marcellus*, who returning from the Emperor, was minded to come back to *Julias* appartment, to enquire of some of her Maids how she did.

Though, as I think I told you, I was not a Rival so considerable, as to cause suspition and fear in *Marcellus*; and his Jealousies were grounded upon other manner of persons than *Ovid*, yet he could not see me come at that hour out of *Julia's* Chamber, where he had been denied admittance but an hour before, without suffering himself to be transported with a violent despight, and such ebullitions of Choler as he could hardly contain. Perceiving that I was discovered, I was minded to accost him with Civility and Respect, and bid him good-night; but he prevented my Discourse, and looking upon me with an eye that sufficiently signified his Discontent: *I find*, said he, *that you are highly esteemed and favoured, that can have admittance into* Julia's *Chamber, when* Marcellus *is denied.* " Sir, *replied* ' *I*, this grace may be better granted to *Ovid*, than to such persons as may stand in compe- ' tition with *Marcellus*; and 'tis very probable the Princess would not grant me admit- ' tance into her Chamber before Prince *Marcellus*, but because she may make me retire ' thence with more liberty; and she is not obliged for my sake, as she is for his, to lay ' those constraints upon her self that might incommodate her in her indisposition. *Marcellus* had hardly so much patience as to hear me out, and speaking with an Accent full of Choler: *Julia is too much obliged unto you*, said he, *for the care you take to justifie her Actions; but if, as deeply injured as I am by her proceedings, I did not still preserve the respect I owe her, I would teach you in this very place in what manner you should approach her; and if henceforward you look upon her otherwise, than as* Ovid *ought to look upon* Augustus's *Daughter, I will quickly make such use of it, that possibly you should not quickly forget the injuries you have done me.*

This threatning of *Marcellus's*, to whom for divers considerations I owed all manner of submissive Respect, did extreamly surprize me; but not being born with a Courage capable to support indignity, I could not choose but return him such an Answer as suddenly came into

into my Head: "Sir, *ſaid I*, I know what I owe to *Ceſar*, and to him that he hath deſigned 'for his Son-in-law and Succeſſor; but I know very well too, that as long as I am my ſelf, 'no body ſhall do me any outrage, except he takes away my life, or puts his own in dan-'ger. *Marcellus* made no Reply to theſe words, having already turned his back to be gone; and poſſibly he was not willing to hearken to them, thinking that he was not ſo much Maſter of his paſſions, but that he might flie out more violently than he deſired to do in that place. I retired likewiſe very much troubled, and ſo netled at *Marcellus*'s threatning, which I was compelled to endure, though I found it inſupportable to a man of Courage, that all that Night I could not ſleep.

But if this Diſcourſe hath acquainted you with *Marcellus*'s haſtineſs, you will perceive by what follows, what the excellency of his Nature is, and you will confirm your ſelf in the opinion which you, and all the world have hitherto had, that there was never any Prince more worthy of the Eſteem, and the Affections of the whole World, than he.

I went the next day to wait upon *Meconus*, who alwayes favoured me with a very particular Affection, and I had an intention to make a complaint to him of the uſage I had received from *Marcellus*; but I was hardly in the Court, but the Prince came, and he had no ſooner ſeen me, but coming to me, and leading me to one of the ends of the Court; that we might be at a diſtance from thoſe perſons which attended him, after he had taken me by the hand in a very paſſionate manner: *Ovid*, ſaid he, *I am very ſenſibly afflicted at the folly which my paſſion made me commit; I know your birth and vertue may merit the eſteem of all the World, and you have Courage enough to repel all injuries that may be offered you: I could wiſh you might ſee in my heart how penitent I am for my indiſcreet paſſion, and how deſirous I ſhall alwayes be to repair that fault by all the opportunities that ſhall be offered of expreſſing to you how much eſteem I have for you: I entreat you to forget it, and to believe that the motives which induced me to it, render me more worthy of your pity, than of your reſentment.* To theſe words he added divers others with ſuch a real freedom and generoſity, that inſtead of leaving any anger in my heart, he made me very ſorry that I had diſpleaſed him, and fully reſolved never whil'ſt I lived, to fail in my due reſpect to him. His intereſt, it may be, was not capable of wiping that impreſſion out of my Soul, which the Divine beauties of *Julia* had made there; but it obliged me to live in ſuch a manner, that he could not find the leaſt matter of complaint in any of my Actions; and doubtleſs I had done more upon that Account, if I had not known very well, that his Repoſe could not be diſturbed by any Croſs that I could raiſe him.

Julia, who ſaw me carry my ſelf after a more reſerved manner than formerly I had done, and underſtood the cauſe of it from my ſelf, approved of it, and expreſſed the more good-will to me for it, though at firſt ſhe was a little angry with *Marcellus* for what had paſt. The Prince took notice that I was a great deal more reſerved than I had formerly been, and imagining the cauſe of it, he entreated me divers times to live as I had wont to do, and not to lay any conſtraint upon my ſelf for his ſake, but to believe that he would never have a jealous thought of me as long as he lived: But his Civility did not hinder me from carrying my ſelf with that circumſpection which behoved me, and though I ſaw the Princeſs almoſt as often as before, though in my writings I chanted out her beauties, and ſhe permitted me to make it known, that ſhe was, and always ſhould be the real object of my Adorations; and though ſhe always treated me with the ſame goodneſs that I have related to you, yet I carried my ſelf ſo, that I believe that nothing could be objected againſt me as a reproach. I continued my Viſits in the mean while to the fair and ſage *Cipaſſis*, whom, in ſpite of my teeth, I was forced to acquaint with ſome part of that which I have related to you, and I did more and more obſerve ſuch eminent vertues in her, that in my opinion there could hardly be found a perſon in the World more worthy than her ſelf of a real eſteem and affection. You ſee Sir, the pure truth of the condition wherein *I* am, and have been in relation to *Julia*, proteſting to you, that I think I have not forgotten any thing that I conceive worth the relating to you; and they that would make the world believe that I have been more favoured than ſo, have done it rather out of a Deſign to do me a miſchief, than any way to gratifie me.

Ovid finiſhed his Relation in this manner, and *Agrippa*, who had hearkned to him with

more earneſt attention than in all probability his love could permit, was about to ask him ſome queſtions, when *Cornelius*, who was no leſs taken with *Candace*, than *Agrippa* was with *Eliſa*, came to give him notice, that 'twas time to take Horſe, to ride abroad that way which the Princeſſes had taken, as they had reſolved. *Agrippa*, who had no leſs impatience than he to ſee them again, immediately complied with *Gallus* his deſire, and underſtanding that their Horſes were ready in the next Court, went out of the Chamber and took Horſe, being accompanied by *Gallus*, and a gallant Train of other perſons, who attended them upon this occaſion.

The End of the Third Book.

HYMEN'S *PRÆLUDIA*: OR, Love's Maſter-piece.

Part. VII. Lib. IV.

ARGUMENT.

The two Princeſſes, Eliſa *and* Candace, *being conducted by* Clitie *towards* Tridates's *houſe, by the way meet with one of his Servants, who acquaints them with his Maſters death, and conducts them to his Tomb. Walking thereabout*, Candace *eſpies* Britomarus, *and ſhews him to* Eliſa, *who finds him to be her* Artaban, *and at the ſight of him falls into an Extaſie. She being recovered, they both break out into a loud exclamation of joy; but as* Artaban *is going to give his beloved Princeſs the Story of his Adventures, he is interrupted by a body of Horſe commanded by* Tigranes, *King of the* Medes, *who eſpying* Eliſa, *endeavours to perſwade her to bear him Company; but not prevailing, he attempts to carry her away by force.* Artaban's *danger in hindring him. The Convoy that waited upon the Princeſſes, aſſiſt* Artaban, *and yet* Eliſa *is like to be loſt for all that.* Agrippa *and* Cornelius *with their Train, come in and end the Combat, whereupon they all march together unto* Alexandria.

IN the mean time the ſad *Eliſa*, and the couragious *Candace*, in the Equipage we ſpeak of, went out of *Alexandria*, and under the Conduct of *Clitie*, who thought her ſelf moſt knowing in the direction of their walk, they followed all along the ſhore, that way which conducted them to the houſe of the unfortunate *Tiridates*. Having no deſire to acquaint thoſe perſons who accompanied them, that they had any other Deſign, but only to take the Aire, they permitted their Chariot to go a very gentle pace, and *Candace* moderated the impatience ſhe had to hear News of *Ceſario*, out of the care ſhe thought it behoved her to have to conceal her intentions! Oh! with what ſweet hopes did ſhe endeavour to ſweeten thoſe ſorrows which had ſo much afflicted her? And how agreeably was her imaginations flattered with

with the expectation of ſeeing her beloved Prince! This thought occaſioned ſome ebullitions of joy which ſhe could hardly contain, and if ſhe had not made ſome difficulty to ſummon up all her natural Alacrity in the Company of an afflicted perſon as *Eliſa* was, ſhe would have made a part of that which ſhe was ſenſible of, appear by exterior marks. Yet 'tis certain, that in all the thoughts that poſſeſſed her mind, nothing but *Ceſario* preſented it ſelf to her remembrance; and ſhe did not make ſo much as one ſingle reflexion upon the loſs of a Kingdom, which ſhe could hardly conceive any hope to recover. 'Twas ſufficient for her more important ſatisfaction, to know that *Ceſario* was living, and that *Ceſario* was not far diſtant from her, not thinking any other intereſts worthy to enter into conſideration with the life and ſight of her *Ceſar*.

Yet ſhe had not continued long in her delightful Muſings, but ſhe felt her ſelf agitated with cruel inquietudes, and knowing very well in what manner Fortune had been wont to croſs her when there was any occaſion, ſhe was afraid that by ſome effect of her implacable enmity, ſhe might cauſe ſome new impediment in the obtaining of that happineſs which ſhe had hoped for upon ſo ſlight a ground. *Alas*, ſaid ſhe, upon a ſudden within her ſelf, *the courſe of my life is too unfortunate for me to expect, without fear, the felicities I fancy to my ſelf; and though it were certain that I had ſeen* Ceſario *without illuſion, and that I had no cauſe to fear one of the ordinary effects of a prepoſſeſſed imagination, which would aſſure me that Fortune hath made a Truce with me, and that ſhe had not raiſed ſome new Adventure to deprive me once more of* Ceſario; *yet I have ſo much reaſon to diſtruſt her, that I ſhould be a very Fool, if henceforwards I ſhould build upon any thing that is ſubject to her Empire.*

This fear operating upon her imagination, drew two ſighs from her breaſt with ſo much vehemence, that the afflicted *Eliſa*, though buried as it were in her ſad thoughts, having taken notice of them, turned her head gently towards her, and looking upon her with a languiſhing ſweetneſs: *Ah my fair Queen*, ſaid ſhe, *Is it for you to ſigh ſo deeply, and to ſeem ſo ſad and troubled, whil'ſt Heaven is going about to ſhew you a favourable countenance, and it ſeems that all the occaſions of grief are reſerved for none but* Eliſa. "My dear Princeſs, *anſwered* Candace, I were too blame, if I ſhould not confeſs that my Deſtiny affords 'me ſome grounds of hope; but as there are ſome moments when this thought doth 'mightily tranſport me with joy, ſo there are ſome others, when I cannot chooſe but fear 'whatſoever adverſe Fortune can put in execution againſt me. *You have little cauſe to fear*, replied *Eliſa, conſidering 'tis ſo little a while ſince you ſaw* Ceſario, *and that probably in ſo ſmall a ſpace, and that condition you ſaw him in, he could have few occaſions to remove himſelf farther from you.* 'I deſire to hope ſo, *added* Candace, and I conjure you to take ſome 'part in my ſatisfaction, becauſe I hope one day to participate of yours. *Mine*, replied the Princeſs *cannot be found but in the Grave; but let us ſpeak no more of that, if Heaven ſends you any real cauſe of joy, I love you dearly enough to ſacrifice a part of my ſorrows to your contentment.*

Candace upon theſe obliging words, hugged the fair *Eliſa* betwixt her Arms, and that deſolate Princeſs, howſoever ſhe ſtrove with her ſelf for her ſake, could not lean her Cheek againſt hers without bedewing it with her tears.

After theſe careſſes, and ſome Diſcourſes which followed them, *Candace* deſiring to change the Subject, having looked upon the Princeſs with a ſmile: *Will you confeſs to me*, ſaid ſhe, *the truth of a thing which I have a deſire to ask you?* "I promiſe you, *anſwered* 'Eliſa, that I will never conceal any thing from you which you ſhall deſire to know of me. *Is it not true*, ſaid *Candace, that the effect of my ſuſpitions is arrived, and that when* Agrippa *conducted you into the Chariot, he did not entertain you with indifferent things?* "'Tis 'true, *replied* Eliſa, that he ſaid enough to me to make me know, that the ſource of my 'misfortunes will never be dried up; and that if he doth not counterfeit only for his advertiſement, I ſee my ſelf expoſed to the ſame perſecution which you ſuffer from *Cornelius. My fair Princeſs*, ſaid *Candace, they which expreſs paſſion for you, cannot be ſuſpected of Fiction, and I doubt not but that* Agrippa *is very deeply ſenſible of the inevitable effect of your beauty.* "I am unfortunate enough, *replied* Eliſa, to believe, that what you 'ſpeak of may be fallen me, and by this ſurcharge of diſpleaſures, I ſee my ſelf more reduced than before, to the neceſſity of your counſels and conſolations. *You may deal*

with Agrippa, *answered* Candace, *as you see me deal with* Cornelius, *though certainly there is a notable difference betwixt those two men; and I conceive your destiny to be much better than mine, it having bestowed a new lover upon you, not only worthy to be preferred before* Cornelius, *but as illustrious too in regard of his great Reputation, as could be picked out for you amongst men, and of as considerable a Rank as any man about* Augustine. " That would afford me some comfort, *added the sad* Elisa, if I had a Design ever to love any thing again; but being fully resolved not to engage my self in a new affection, I am most afraid of those men who are most worthy of esteem; and I should be less troubled, if the most inferior of the *Romans* expressed love to me, than I am to take notice of it in the person of a man who is great in Vertue and Credit, and by his power in the Empire, may occasion me a great many Crosses. *'Tis very certainly reported*, answered *Candace*, *That* Agrippa *is very powerful with* Cesar, *and by the Emperors permission, he is almost absolute in all those Provinces which acknowledge the* Roman *Empire; but I never heard say, that* Agrippa *ever abused his own, or employed* Cesars *Authority to obtain that which he could not acquire by his own Vertue, and by lawful Wayes: So that you are secure from that power which you might be assured of, and I almost durst undertake to assure you (upon the report I have heard of him) that if he does you no violence by his Services, and the merit of his person, you need not fear any thing upon his account. Therefore if you will take my counsel, receive his Discourse with Civility, so long as he keeps himself within the bounds of that respect which is due to you; and though you would not make him a lover, yet endeavour not to make him an enemy. If you can by your good conduct reduce him to terms of Amity, his protection will not be unuseful to you; and if the King your Father, whose severe and cruel humor you are acquainted with, should pursue you, as being provoked by the resistance you have made against his will, and should endeavour to put you again by force into the hands of the King of the* Medes, Agrippa *without doubt, by his credit with* Cesar, *might secure you from that violence, and all others which you might receive from the cruelty of* Phraates.

Elisa gave great attention to *Candace*'s Discourse, finding a great deal of Reason and Truth in what she said, and in the mean time the Chariot, after it had passed a little farther upon the Sand wherewith the shore was covered, began to enter into the Woods, where the shade and coolness was more agreeable than in the beginning of their walk. 'Twas in this place that the way turned a little from the Sea, and betwixt the Wood and the shore there were divers houses built, and amongst them there was that wherein the unfortunate *Tiridates* made his last abode.

Clitie, who had taken upon her the care of finding it out, did not fail to take notice of an Alley which fronted the Rode, and advertised the Princesses that this was the place which they sought for; but the better to conceal their Design, they thought it fit to pass on, and continue their walk an hour longer, with an intention to return the same way, and to execute their resolution as they came back. *Candace* could hardly prevail so far upon her impatience, but she knew of what importance it was to her to be careful in concealing whatsoever concerned *Cesario*. The business was done as she desired, and after they had spent almost an hour upon the same Rode, she caused the Chariot to turn about, and returned the same way. *Clitie* took exact notice of the path, and as the Princesses after they had made the Chariot to stay, were deliberating whether they should go to the house, or send *Clitie* to enquire News of Prince *Tiridates*, they saw one of the Officers of that poor Prince coming from the house, whom *Clitie* knew immediately, having seen him with his Master during the short abode she had made at that house. When he was come near to the Chariot, and *Clitie* had called to him, he knew her, and the Queen her Mistriss too, and as, according to the effect which merit ordinarily produces, he had taken as great a share as he was capable of, in the displeasure which his Master for the Queens being carried away, so he was joyful to see her in that place, and in a condition conformable to a person of Quality. The Queen having caused him to come close to the Chariot, that she might speak to him without being over-heard by the Cavaliers who guarded the Chariot, and who out of respect, and their Masters order, kept themselves at a distance: *Friend*, said she, *Wilt thou tell us no News of the Prince thy Master, and whether we may be permitted to give him a Visit, and to have a moments Discourse with him?* The afflicted Servant instead of returning an Answer to these words, let fall abundance of tears, and a little after forcing himself

to

to ſpeak: *Ah! Madam*, ſaid he, with a voyce interrupted with ſobs, *Tiridates is dead, he expired two dayes ſince in that unfortunate houſe which you ſee before you, and that love wherein he hath been engaged for divers years, hath brought him at laſt to his Grave.*

Candace was ſtruck with this Diſcourſe, as with a Thunder-clap, and reſented the death of this poor Prince with a very violent grief. *Eliſa*, who had never ſeen him, not being able to reſiſt the force of blood; and having much eſteemed her Uncle upon the Relation ſhe had heard of his vertue, was very nearly touched with this News, and joined her tears with thoſe which the fair Queen of *Ethiopia* ſhed in abundance for a Prince to whom ſhe was beholding for her life, and whoſe merit was very conſiderable to her. *Ah! Madam*, ſaid *Candace* to the fair *Eliſa*, turning ſadly towards her, *If you knew how worthy this Prince was of your amity, and how deplorable his loſs is to all thoſe perſons that were acquainted with him, I aſſure my ſelf that you would beſtow a great many tears upon him.* "Doubtleſs I ought to do ſo, *anſwered* Eliſa, but they have been ſo uſual with me of late, that the poor Prince would be little obliged to me for thoſe I ſhould ſhed for his loſs.

Upon theſe words they continued a great while without ſpeaking, whil'ſt the deſolate Servant repeated ſuccinctly to them, what *Arſanes* had reported concerning *Mariamnes*'s death, and the ſudden and the ſad effect which it wrought upon the amorous ſpirit of *Tiridates*. *Oh! Example*, cryed the fair Queen at this lamentable Relation, *of the moſt firm and real love that ever heart was inflamed with! Oh! Fidelity, pure and entire to the very end! poor Prince.* —— And upon theſe words, pity made the two Princeſſes redouble their weeping with ſo much violence, that for a long time they were not able to ſpeak. When they had recovered the uſe of their ſpeech, they enquired of the Servant how his body was diſpoſed of, and in what place they intended to render him the honours of a Funeral. *At this inſtant*, ſaid the Servant, *Arſanes, who was the Princes's Governor, and whom we obey ſince his death, is employed in one of the Chambers of the houſe, in cauſing his body to be imbalmed to be carried into* Parthia, *to be interred in the Tomb of the* Arſarides; *and thoſe parts which could not endure the Voyage for fear of corruption, are lately laid in a Tomb which we are a raiſing for him about Five hundred paces hence upon the ſhore, where Prince* Marcellus, *who was preſent at his death, would have us leave this Monument of the loſs of our Prince.* "Madam, *ſaid the afflicted* Eliſa *to the Queen*, "I ſhould not have Courage enough to go and ſee the body of the Prince my Uncle, and I am very ſenſible that I could not ſee it without a great deal of emotion, and ſome fear. But if you think good, I ſhould be willing to viſit the Tomb which they are erecting for him upon the ſhore, and to render there to his *Manes* the laſt Devoirs they can expect from the *Arſarides*: *You have reaſon*, ſaid *Candace*, *not to be willing to go into the houſe, where all objects would be very doleful, and where, conſidering our Viſit would be uſeleſs too, there is no need that we ſhould ſhew our ſelves to the perſons that may be there: We may with more facility and handſomneſs go viſit the Tomb as you deſire, and I will willingly bear you Company thither.*

Upon theſe words, they cauſed themſelves to be conducted that way which *Tiridates*'s Servant guided them, and paſſing by the ſide of the Houſe, they had not gone Five hundred paces, but they ſaw the Tomb, and the perſons that were employed about it. *Arſanes* had ſent for Workmen from the City the day before, and becauſe the work was plain, and without curioſity, 'twas almoſt finiſhed. 'Twas a Tomb of fair ſtone, without any workmanſhip, and upon it a Pyramide of the height of a man, upon which they had newly fixed an Epitaph upon a Copper-plate. The Princeſſes alighted before they approached that doleful place, and taking one another by the hand, they advanced towards the Tomb on foot.

They which were ſtill at work about it, being moved with reſpect at the ſight of thoſe Beauties, and being advertiſed by *Tiridates*'s Servant, retired to their quarter, to leave the place free to the Princeſſes, who falling upon their knees, waſhed the cold ſtone with thoſe tears which this ſad object drew afreſh from their fair eyes. After they had employed themſelves a good while in this mournful exerciſe, and had wiſhed to the *Manes* of *Tiridates* all the Repoſe which his Vertue and Fidelity might make him hope for in the *Eliſian* Fields, the Princeſs of the *Parthians* raiſing her voyce a little, but with a tone conformable to their ſad employment, *Arſacian Prince*, ſaid ſhe *receive that which a Princeſs deſcended likewiſe of the blood of* Arſaces *can at preſent offer thee; and ſince her deſtiny and thine,*

thine, hath not permitted her to close thy eyes, and to render thee the last Offices which thou mightest expect from the persons of thy Family in Countries far remote from the place of thy Nativity, content thy self, faithful spirit, with the tears which she bestows upon thee, since her Fortune permits her to do no more; and by the glorious example which thou hast given her not to survive the person beloved, she hopes shortly to enjoy in the next life a sight which was denied her in the former. *Elisa* uttered these words in so sad a manner, that *Candace* was moved with a fresh compassion, and rising up from the place where they had kneeled, they cast their eyes upon the Epitaph which was lately fixed upon the Pyramide, and there they read these doleful words.

To the Eternal Memory of a Prince, who had a share of all the Vertues, though Fortune, and a Brothers Cruelty, left him none in the Empire of his Ancestors.

You that acknowledge Loves Empire,
Pay Homage to the Manes
Of Tiridates,
Who renders the puissance of that god
More redoubtable by his Example,
Than by all his precedent Triumphs?
Tiridates *Great in Birth, Great in Valor,*
Great in all the Vertues,
Was greater yet in his Love,
Seeing that without the Aid
Of Sword, or Poyson, or Sickness,
Love alone brought him to
His Grave,
And caused him to expire his faithful Soul,
Having left the person
Beloved:
As if the person beloved and
Tiridates *had been animated*
But with one Soul, and
That by one single
Thread, Destiny had cut off the
Web of both their lives.

These mournful words found so much conformity with the humor of the sad *Elisa*, that she desired to read them over divers times; and whil'st she amused her self about this lamentable exercise, *Candace*, who on the contrary, endeavoured to divert her self from these mortal objects, removed her self some paces from the Tomb, and calling to mind the remembrance of her interest, which *Tiridates*'s death had caused her to suspend for some moments, she meditated, as she walked softly along, what means she might use to obtain elsewhere the assistance which she had expected from *Tiridates*.

She had measured a few steps, when casting her eyes towards the house where that unfortunate Prince lay dead, she saw two men come that way on foot, and when she could discern them, she perceived that one of the two leaned upon one side upon his Companions, and the other upon a staff which he held in his hand, expressing by his feeble and languishing pace, that he was not in good health; and she had more reason to think so, when at a nearer distance she might perceive that his countenance was very pale. But though it was very much changed, yet she thought that she knew some of the features in it, and the nearer he came to her, the more she confirmed her self in that opinion, not that she found so great a resemblance, as to ground her judgment upon it, considering that between the Age of Seventeen or Eighteen, and Four or five and twenty years, there happen very considerable alterations in a face; and it may be she would not have absolutely given credit to that similitude, if the man, whose steps were addressed to *Tiridates*'s Tomb, coming near to her, and having rendred to the Majesty of her countenance, and the condition wherein he found her, the salutation which he thought was due to her had not seemed to have been very much astonished at the meeting of her. He cast his eyes upon her two or three times with all the signs of a profound admiration, and *Candace*'s Visage having suffered less alteration than his, he the sooner perceived the resemblance of it, and not being able to master the first emotions of his transport: *O gods*, said he, starting back a step or two, *Can it be possible that I should see the Princess* Candace! The Tone of his voyce, and these words, caused the Queen (who till then could give no credit to his imagination) no longer to doubt but that this man was *Britomarus*, who was educated in her Fathers Court, though she had not seen him since he went out of *Ethiopia*, after the Combat he had had with *Cesario*. The Queen hearing her self named, confirmed her self presently in her opinion, and believing that she could not conceal her self from him: *Yes*, said she, drawing near to him, *I am*

Candace,

Candace, if you are Britomarus. *I am* Britomarus, *without doubt*, replied he; *and though your diſdain did heretofore do me ſome diſpleaſure, which almoſt brought me to my Grave, yet I know very well that nothing can excuſe me from the reſpect and veneration that is due to you, nor hinder me from offering you all the Services that you can expect from me upon thoſe occaſions which have conducted you into theſe Countries.*

With theſe words, he ſet one knee upon the ground, and kiſſed the hem of her garment, with the ſame difference which he had formerly rendred her, when he was brought up in her Service. *Candace* giving him her hand with a great deal of ſweetneſs and Majeſty, cauſed him to riſe up, and began to queſtion him about the condition of his life, and what adventure had brought him into that Countrey; when ſhe ſaw *Eliſa* approach, and believing that the Princeſs would have the curioſity to ſee the bold *Britomarus*, of whom ſhe made mention to her in the Relation of her life, and had acquainted her with the generous quarrel he had with *Ceſario*. *Madam*, ſaid ſhe to her, *be pleaſed to come and participate with me in the adventure I have had to meet with one of my moſt ancient acquaintances, come and ſee the bold* Britomarus, *for whoſe Courage I expreſſed ſo much eſteem in the Diſcourſe I made you of my Fortunes.*

At the name of *Britomarus*, who, as *Eliſa* remembred, had a great ſhare in *Candace*'s ſtory; the Princeſs was really ſenſible of a deſire to ſee a man, whoſe former Actions promiſed ſomething worthy of Admiration, and came near to the Queen to look upon him; but ſhe no ſooner caſt her eyes upon his face, but with a loud exclamation ſhe let her ſelf fall between *Cephiſa*'s Arms, who by good Fortune was cloſe by her to hold her up. *Britomarus*, whoſe aſtoniſhment was leſs, and whoſe Courage was more undaunted than *Eliſa*'s was, did not loſe his ſenſes as ſhe did; but ſeeming tranſported with a vehement paſſion, he ran to throw himſelf at her feet, and kiſſing them a Thouſand times with an Action full of extaſie, he made *Candace* judge that *Eliſa* had a greater intereſt than ſhe, in meeting with *Britomarus*.

In the mean time *Eliſa* being fallen into a Swoon upon *Cephiſa*'s Lap, who was ſet down upon the ground, where ſhe had gently laid the Princeſs, whil'ſt *Clitie* ran for water to throw upon her ſelf: *Candace* was not a little aſtoniſhed at this Adventure, and not being able to judge for what reaſon the ſight of *Britomarus* had wrought ſuch a puiſſant effect upon *Eliſa*'s ſpirit, nor being likely to have any ſatisfaction upon that Account from *Britomarus*, who was fixed with ſo much ardor and earneſtneſs at the Princeſſes knees, ſhe asked *Cephiſa* the cauſe of it, who being almoſt as much troubled as her Miſtreſs, had not the power to return her an Anſwer when ſhe ſaw *Eliſa* open her eyes. The firſt thing they beheld was *Britomarus*, and at the ſecond view the ſame cauſe was like to have cloſed them up again; yet the Princeſs ſtrove with her ſelf that ſhe might not relapſe into the ſame condition again, and ſitting up whil'ſt *Britomarus* ſtepped a little back out of reſpect, after ſhe had looked upon him with an unaſſured reſpect, *Artaban*, ſaid ſhe, *Is it you? Are you dead? or are you living? Do my eyes deceive me? or do I really ſee* Artaban, *whom I ſaw periſh in the waves?*

Candace imputing *Eliſa*'s Diſcourſe to a crazed imagination, had pity upon her, and deſiring to draw her out of an Errour, whereinto ſhe thought ſhe was fallen through the ſtrength of her grief: *My fair Princeſs*, ſaid ſhe, *Artaban is not here, and I wiſh it might pleaſe the gods that you might as really find him, as 'tis certain that this is* Britomarus *whom you ſee at your feet*. *Britomarus*, who till then had not had the power to ſpeak, taking a hint at *Candace*'s laſt words: *Madam*, ſaid he, *though I am* Britomarus, *yet I am* Artaban *too; and if under the name of* Britomarus, *I paſſed my younger years in* Candace's *Service, under that of* Artaban *I have beſtowed the beſt part of my life upon, and have dedicated the remainders of it to the Princeſs* Eliſa. *'Tis under the name of* Artaban *that I return to her feet, and that I bring her back* (continued he, beginning again to imbrace her knees) *not the Ghoſt of* Artaban *to affright her, but* Artaban *alive, and* Artaban *preſerved from the waves by the ſame deſtinies which guided me to the glorious opportunities of doing her Service. Be not then any longer affrighted, my adorable Princeſs, at the preſence of* Artaban, *he returns to you with the ſame Zeal which your Goodneſs was pleaſed to pardon, and the waters did in vain aſſault the life of a man, who could not dye but for Eliſa.*

The

The fair Princeſs of the *Parthians*, being perſwaded by this Diſcourſe to believe a truth which was ſo dear to her, could not reſiſt the motions of joy which took poſſeſſion of her ſoul, and diſſipated in a moment that mortal ſadneſs wherein ſhe had languiſhed divers dayes. The firſt thing ſhe did, was to lift up her eyes to Heaven, and afterwards turning them towards the Sea: *O Neptune!* cryed ſhe, *How real art thou in thy promiſes, ſince I ſee my* Artaban *again at the Tomb of a faithful Lover!* And upon theſe words all her reſervedneſs and ordinary modeſty could not hinder her from laying her Arm over the Neck of the proſtrate *Artaban*, and preſſing it with a more paſſionate Action than was natural to her: *Artaban*, ſaid ſhe, *my dear* Artaban, *How joyful am I to ſee you again? And how advantagiouſly do the gods pay me for the tears I have ſhed, and the ſorrows I have ſuffered for you?* The contentment which at that time abſolutely poſſeſſed her Soul, hindred her a great while from making any coherent or rational Diſcourſe, and her countenance did far outſtrip her tongue in expreſſing the conceptions of her mind.

Artaban being full of extaſie and tranſport, did not explicate himſelf with more freedom; and that great Courage which was proof againſt the rudeſt Attacks of Fortune, and the moſt ſenſible Afflictions had not ſtrength enough to ſupport with moderation this effect of an unexpected happineſs, and to reſiſt the motions of joy: But *Candace* having left them a while to their exclamations, and the firſt effects which ſuch a meeting might produce, deſired at laſt to participate of their joy, and throwing her Arms about the Neck of the fair Princeſs of the *Parthians*: *Ah! my dear Princeſs*, ſaid ſhe, *How ſatisfied am I to behold your happineſs? And with how much real joy do I reſent the effect of thoſe promiſes which I alwayes made you? Will you not give credit another time to my Diſcourſe? And will you not believe that the gods are too good, and too juſt, to abandon the protection of ſuch a Princeſs as you are?* " My fair Queen, *anſwered* Eliſa, *paying her back her Careſſes with intereſt*, ' After I had the happineſs to meet with your perſon, and to obtain your dear friendſhip, I ' had reaſon to hope for all manner of felicity; and if *Artaban* be but as joyful to ſee me ' again, as I am ſatisfied in his return to life, as I owe the meeting of him to you alone, ſo ' he is obliged to return you Thanks, for having preſerved *Eliſa* by your ſweet conſo- ' lations.

The Queen turning her ſelf then towards *Artaban* with more conſideration than ſhe had expreſſed to him at the firſt: *What Britomarus*, ſaid ſhe, *Are you then that* Artaban, *whoſe ſublime Reputation fills the Univerſe, who gains ſo many Battels, Who unthrones Kings, overthrows Monarchies, and makes Empires depend upon the point of his Sword?* " I am, ' *anſwered he modeſtly*, that *Artaban* to whom Fortune hath given ſome advantages, which ' are much leſs conſiderable to him, than the glory of having ſerved the Princeſs *Eliſa*, and ' that *Artaban* is the ſame *Britomarus*, whom you, and the King your Father Treated ' with diſdain, who was puniſhed with Baniſhment, for having ſo much boldneſs as to lift ' up his Sword againſt *Cleomedon*; and who, for all that, as you ſee, was deſigned for great ' things, and for a Fortune ſufficiently glorious. *I aſſure you*, replied *Candace*, *I alwayes expected great and extraordinary things from you; but you muſt not think it ſtrange, that at a time when no body could foreſee the rank which you would advance your ſelf to by your Vertue, there was ſome difference made between you and* Cleomedon: *That Prince preſerves an eſteem for you, that ſpeaks him no Enemy to you; and 'twas not without reaſon that you told him, that you would render your ſelf ſo great by your Sword, that you might once more meaſure it with him.* " I had that honour but a few dayes ſince, *ſaid* Artaban, and I believe that ' both of us do ſtill carry the marks of our incounter. *Ah Britomarus*, added *Candace*, *Was it you then, that under thoſe Arms which the Lyons made remarkable, combated againſt him the other day in my preſence, and not far from this place where we now are?* " 'Twas I ' my ſelf Madam, *replied* Artaban, and 'twice in the ſame day we recommenced the Com- ' bat which was interrupted in *Ethiopia*. *Artaban*, ſaid *Eliſa* to him, intermingling with their Diſcourſe, *If you value my friendſhip, and deſire that I ſhould eſteem you, you ſhall not only not be any longer an Enemy to a Prince who ſerves the Queen* Candace; *but you ſhall contract as great an Amity with him, as there is between this great Queen and I; and you ſhall ſeek for opportunities to ſerve him with as much ardor, as I have for the intereſts of the Princeſs whom he loves.* *Artaban* continued ſome moments without making a Reply, and then upon a ſudden reſuming the Diſcourſe: *Madam*, ſaid he to *Eliſa*, *the Prince of whom you*

ſpeak,

ſpeak, doth ſo worthily deſerve the eſteem and the affection which you would create in me for him, that 'twas by the means of my misfortune only, that the occaſions which I thought I had to complain of him, joining themſelves to a natural repugnance without reaſon and foundation, made me reſiſt the inclination which his Vertue might have wrought for him in all the men of the World beſides. But though I had been a great deal more ſenſibly injured, the declaration of you Will is ſo powerful over my ſpirit, and the cauſe that gave birth to my firſt reſentments, hath ſo long ceaſed, that I ſhall render to you without any repugnance, the obedience which is due to you, and to that Prince whatſoever he can expect from the moſt faithful of his Friends, and the man who is beſt acquainted with his Vertue of any in the World. Theſe words proceeding from the mouth of a man who could not be ſuſpected of any want of ſincerity and freedom, gave a great deal of ſatisfaction to the two Princeſſes; and *Candace* turning towards him with a countenance that expreſſed her contentment: *I receive in* Cleomedon's *ſtead*, ſaid ſhe, *a conſiderable Amity, as that of the Great* Artaban *ought to be; and I promiſe you in the behalf of that abſent Prince, that he ſhall anſwer it with a freedom equal to yours.* "Though he be abſent, *replied* Artaban, I believe he is not very far off; and if 'he got off from our Combat, and from that we had afterwards againſt the Pyrats, in ſuch 'a condition as I did, I believe he could not make any long Voyage: But, *added he, ſpeak-* 'ing to the two Princeſſes, you know poſſibly where he is; and in the mean time I cannot 'ſufficiently wonder at the Fortune which hath brought you two together, and in ſo ſmall 'a time hath joined you in ſo firm a friendſhip. *You ſhall underſtand that at leaſure*, ſaid Eliſa; *but in the mean while 'tis as juſt that we ſhould know from you, by what miracle you are eſcaped from the Waves wherein my eyes beheld you entombed, and where we had great reaſon to think that we had loſt you for ever.*

Artaban was about to return her an Anſwer, when at firſt they heard a noiſe of Horſes, and afterwards turning about their Heads, they ſaw a Body of Thirty or Forty Cavaliers, who paſſed along the ſhore, and marched towards *Alexandria*. The Commander of this Troop had his Head unarmed, and only covered with a little Bonnet ſhaded with a black Plume of Feathers, the reſt of his body was clad in Armor, as were all the perſons of his Retinue. At the ſight of the Ladies he left his Troop, and turning a little out of the way where he left it, he galloped towards the place where they were; and he was no ſooner come to them, but having caſt his eyes upon *Eliſa*, and immediately knowing her, he remained ſo raviſhed at this incounter, that for ſome moments he could not either by Action Diſcourſe expreſs the perturbations of his Soul. At laſt diſſipating his aſtoniſhment, *O gods!* cryed he, *Behold, behold her, whom I ſeek for all the World over.* Having finiſhed theſe words, he threw himſelf haſtily from his Horſe, and ran to the Princeſs of the *Parthians*.

Eliſa at the firſt was ſurprized with his Action, but ſhe was a great deal more ſurprized, and *Artaban* too, when caſting their eyes upon the mans face, they knew him to be *Tigranes* King of the *Medes*. Never was aſtoniſhment like to that of the fair Princeſs, when ſhe ſaw before her eyes a Prince, whoſe ſight, after ſhe had given him ſuch great cauſes of reſentment, could not but be very formidable to her; the man to whom the King her Father had given his conſent, the man that had eſpouſed her by his Ambaſſadors, and expected her in his own Dominions as his lawful Spouſe; and the ſame man, whoſe Ambaſſadors ſhe ſent diſgracefully back, after that ſhe was forcibly taken from their Conduct, and had declared her intentions to them. 'Tis certain, that at the ſight of a Prince ſo highly offended, and whom *Eliſa* could not look upon but as a cruel Enemy, the Princeſs was more like to one dead than alive, and had not ſo much power as to ſtir out of the place where ſhe was, nor to utter one word. 'Twas at that moment that ſhe took notice of the inſtability of Fortune, ſeeing that when ſhe thought her ſelf redevable to her for the life of her *Artaban*, upon whoſe death ſhe had beſtowed ſo many tears; and when ſhe was about to wipe away her ſorrows by an unexpected felicity, and to taſte of an agreeable change in her condition, ſhe ſaw her ſelf at the ſame time precipitated into the greateſt miſeries ſhe could apprehend, and fallen again into the hands of a man, whom ſhe was more afraid of, than all the dangers to which ſhe had been expoſed to avoid him, and under which, neither *Artaban's*, nor her own life, could be otherwiſe than hateful to her.

Tigranes plainly perceived her ſtrong ſurprize, and not being ignorant of the cauſe of it, he did not ſeem much troubled at it. The uſage he had received from the Princeſs, did certainly give him matter of reſentment enough; but having a great deal of reſpect and love for her, he believed that 'twas not fit to make any uncivil uſe of this incounter, nor intimidate *Eliſa*'s ſpirit by a rough demeanor towards her, and ſo aggravate the grief which probably ſhe might be ſenſible of for this effect of her bad Fortune. He ſmoothed his countenance as much as poſſibly he could, and he had no great difficulty to mollifie himſelf before a Beauty which might have wrought the ſame effect upon *Tygers*; neither did he need to look far for humility, before thoſe eyes which might humble the proudeſt hearts.

In fine, reflecting a great deal more upon his preſent happineſs, than upon all his paſt misfortunes, he ſeemed to expreſs in his countenance the change of his condition, and accoſting *Eliſa* with an Action full of the marks of reſpect: " Be not aſtoniſhed Madam, *ſaid* ' *he to her*, at the meeting of a Prince, whoſe Duty towards you nothing can diſpenſe with: ' 'Tis not a *Barbarian*, 'tis not an Enemy that you have met; and though the cruel injuries, ' by which you have filled his Soul with deſpair, might give him juſt cauſe enough to com- ' plain, yet they have not expunged that profound Character of Love and Reſpect which ' your Beauties had ingraved in his heart. Though you turned away my Ambaſſadours, ' though you declared your cruel intentions to them; and though in ſcorn of my Services, ' and of the King your Fathers will, and of that ſolemn Action which gave me lawful pre- ' tenſions to the poſſeſſion of you, you followed the fortune and the perſon of a man un- ' known, at the mercy of the Waves, of Pyrats, and of a Thouſand other Dangers; yet ' you have not ſo much injured me by rejecting my perſon and my love, as by the neglect ' you have had of your own life, in expoſing it to ſo many perils, only to avoid the ſight of ' a Prince who adored you. The juſt gods, in preſerving you from ſo many hazards that ' apparently threatned you, have been pleaſed out of their goodneſs to put you again into ' the hands of him for whom your Conduct was reſerved. Do not look upon him then with ' the eye of an Enemy, ſince he beholds you ſtill with the ſame eyes through which love ' made a paſſage to his heart; and be pleaſed that by freeing you from a condition, which ' doubtleſs is not conformable to your Dignity, he may deliver you from all the outrages ' that Fortune could do you, and ſettle you upon a Throne where you ſhall Raign not ſo ' much over the Subjects, as over their Prince. Doubtleſs Heaven would have it ſo, that hath ' ſo luckily conducted my ſteps to meet with you; thoſe whom your Birth might give ſome ' Command over you, have ſufficiently expreſſed that it was their intention, and I hope that ' you will not be repugnant to it your ſelf, if you permit any conſideration of Juſtice to ſuc- ' ceed that cruel averſion, which I am bold to ſay I never deſerved, and which hitherto ' hath expoſed me to ſo many misfortunes.

During *Tigranes*'s Diſcourſe, *Eliſa* having had time to recompoſe her ſelf a little, and taking Courage from the Command which ſhe knew ſhe had ſtill over his ſpirit, after ſhe had expreſſed by a look the thoughts of her Soul to *Artaban*, upon whom *Tigranes* had not as yet caſt his eyes, and made that valiant man judge, that the fear ſhe had for him was the thing that moſt troubled her. At laſt lifting up her eyes towards *Tigranes* with a more aſſured countenance than before; " *Tigranes, ſaid ſhe*, I do not doubt, whatſoever cauſe ' of complaint you believe you have againſt me, but that I ſhall ſtill find you to be a vertu- ' ous Prince, from whom I ought not to expect any thing but reſpect and ſervice; neither ' do I expect any other from you, if you give ear to reaſon in the complaints you make of ' me; and when you ſhall conſider that I have alwayes reſiſted the Teſtimonies of your ' Affection without giving you any hope; and on the contrary, have done all that poſſibly I ' could to extinguiſh all thoſe which you might have conceived, and that I did openly, and ' to the uttermoſt of my power, oppoſe the violence which the King my Father did me in ' your Favour, when he committed me into the hands of your Ambaſſadors, you will not ' receive as an injury the Declaration I made to them of my intentions, nor the retreat I ' pretended to make to the King of *Libia* my Uncle, with whom I might have made an ' honourable ſtay, till the violent humor of the King my Father was a little moderated. I ' did not commit my ſelf to *Artaban*'s Conduct, neither did I follow *Artaban*'s Fortune; ' and you your ſelf are not ignoraut, that it was much againſt my will, that he was put into

' our

'our Ship laden with Irons, to be conducted as a Prisoner to you; and that he was not 'freed from his Irons, till your men and mine had need of his Valor for the defence of their 'lives. I have since, by good Fortune, found Sanctuary under *Cesar*'s power; they 'which command here for him have put me under his protection, and at his feet I will ex- 'pect my Destiny, without undertaking any longer Voyages, till it shall please the gods, 'and the King my Father, to assure the condition of my life. " The King your Father, 'replied Tigranes, will never like it that you have chosen your retreat amongst his Enemies; 'the Empire of the *Romans*, and that of the *Parthians*, are too opposite, and they have 'had too many bloody Contests for you ever to think to perswade the King of the *Parthi-* 'ans, to permit the Emperor of the *Romans* to dispose of his Family: But though it 'should fall out so, I will never trust my Rights to any mans disposing; and seeing that by 'the will of the gods, and the consent of the King your Father, you are my lawful Wife, 'I ought not to endure that you should beg for Refuge, who may offer it to others; nor 'seek for protection from any Forraign Power since you your self have absolute Com- 'mand over a great Kingdom, which acknowledges you for its Queen. " I should be an- 'swered Elisa, your lawful Wife indeed, as you pretend, if together with the will of the 'gods, and the consent of the King my Father, which you alledge you could have gotten 'mine too, that was more necessary for you than the other, to make you my Husband, and 'without my will there is no power can make you so. " The Action, replied *Tigranes*, 'was too Authentick not to be known, and no man will wonder, if I take possession of 'that which belongs to me wheresoever I can find it.

Upon these words drawing near to her, he took her by the Arm, and though she made resistance, he did what he could to lead her towards his Troop.

Artaban, who till then had hearkned to their Discourse, expecting what conclusion they would make, grew altogether impatient at this Action; and though he knew very well that being alone unarmed, and feeble after his wounds, as he was, he could not shew himself to *Tigranes*, without exposing himself to an apparent death; yet he closed his eyes against all the considerations of danger, and presenting himself to *Tigranes* with that great Courage which nothing could ever daunt: *Stay* Tigranes, said he, *and do not think to do* Elisa *any violence, as long as* Artaban *lives.*

The King of the *Medes* had been till then so taken up with the unexpected meeting of *Elisa*, that he had not so much as cast his eyes upon those that accompanied her; and *Artaban* being a foot without Arms, or any thing that might attract the sight of a man which was strongly fixed upon other Objects, *Tigranes* took no notice of him; but he had no sooner spoken, nor appeared before the King, who for very great reasons had always his Idea present in his memory; but notwithstanding the condition wherein he saw him, and the change of his countenance, he immediately knew him. The fire doth not more suddenly seize upon the most combustible substances, than *Tigranes*'s Choler was inkindled in his offended spirit, all the injuries that he had received from *Artaban*, by his deserting of his Party, by taking of him Prisoner, by the loss of his Kingdom, and of his *Elisa* too; for which he accused none but him, came in a moment into his memory, and made him imagine that the gods had taken care of his love and vengeance both at once. He was resolved to neglect neither of them, and being inflamed with all the indignation that his resentment and jealousie could inspire him with, he quitted the Princess, and approaching his bold Rival with eyes sparkling with fury, and a garb composed of terror: *What, insolent man*, said he, *when I believed that the Waves and Fortune had snatched thee from my too just vengeance, dost thou come to present thy self to it, and to seek a death which thou mightest avoid by shunning the sight of a Prince whom thou hast so unworthily wronged?* " Tigranes, 'replied Artaban, Thou knowest very well that 'tis not my custom to flie from inraged 'Kings, and that sometimes I make Kings sensible of the destiny of other men, when we 'decide our quarrels by the Sword.

Artaban had hardly made an end of these words, but *Tigranes*, who at another time would have been afraid of that formidable Arm, being so well acquainted with it, trusting at present to the number of his men, who seeing his Action a few paces off, could quickly come in to his assistance; and in *Artaban*'s weakness, which appeared in his face, drew his Sword, and fell upon him full of fury; the Cavaliers of his Troop seeing his Action from

the place where they were, ran at full ſpeed to ſecond him; but before they came to him, *Artaban* having put by a thruſt which *Tigranes* made at him, gave him ſuch an effectual blow upon the Head, that notwithſtanding the weakneſs of the Arm which at that time could not act with its ordinary force, *Tigranes* not being able to ſupport the weight of it, ſtaggered two or three ſteps, and fell upon the Sand. *Artaban* had not time to rejoyce at this lucky blow, and ſeeing at the ſame inſtant Thirty or Forty Cavaliers fall in upon him at full ſpeed, though he thought his life was near a period; yet being reſolved to make his Enemies buy it with ſome of their blood, he threw himſelf with the ſmall ſtrength he had behind *Tiridates*'s Tomb, to avoid the ſhock of the Horſes.

The Cavaliers being vexed at the fall of their King, and having put on their Horſes at full ſpeed, ran a good way beyond the Tomb, and before they had ſtopped, and wheeled about to return to him, by the aid of his Squire he was gotten upon the Tomb, and leaning his back againſt the Pyramide where the Epitaph of *Tiridates* was faſtned, he put himſelf into a poſture to ſtop the firſt that ſhould come within the length of his Sword.

This was a very remarkable thing, that the manſion of death ſhould ſerve for a Sanctuary of life; and yet 'tis certain that it was at *Tiridates*'s Tomb that *Artaban* found his ſafety; for had it not been for the aſſiſtance he received from that, he had doubtleſs been run through Thirty times, and trodden under the Horſes feet; yet he could not have avoided the death which he only deferred, and though the firſt that came up to him received a blow of his Sword, which cleft him half way down the face, and the ſecond's Horſe being ſtruck upon the Head, gave a bound, and fell backwards upon his Maſter, the reſt being full of deſire to revenge their King, and aſhamed of the reſiſtance that a ſingle man could make againſt them, they incompaſſed the Tomb, and would have quickly found means to diſpatch *Artaban* with a Thouſand wounds; and at the ſame time *Tigranes*, who was only aſtonied, being got up again with the aſſiſtance of two or three of his men, and having remounted his Horſe, was going without doubt to execute his vengeunce, when the Horſe-men, who by the order of *Agrippa* and *Cornelius*, guarded the Princeſſes, and out of reſpect, had kept at a diſtance, to leave them liberty to diſcourſe, being drawn thither by their outcryes, and incited by their tears and intreaties, made towards the Tomb at full ſpeed, with intention to ſuccour that valiant man, who being alone, diſputed his life againſt ſo great a Number. Being immediately ingaged, they diſpatched the moſt eager of them; and the *Medes* ſeeing ſuch an unexpected ſuccour come in to him that they aſſaulted, and being afraid that the Number of his Aſſiſtants was greater than indeed it was, retired from about the Tomb, and rallied about their King, to receive the ſhock of theſe new Enemies.

When *Tigranes* had viewed them, and ſaw them weaker in Number than his men, he charged them with a great deal of Choler; and the others, who were reſolved to execute the orders which they had received from *Agrippa* and *Cornelius*, and knew very well, that without incurring their indignation, they could not deſert the defence of the Princeſſes; they couragiouſly oppoſed the *Medes*, and with the firſt blows that were given, two men of each party fell.

But *Artaban* no ſooner ſaw them at a diſtance from the Tomb, but cauſing his faithful Squire who did not leave him, to give him one of thoſe Horſes, whoſe Maſters lay groveling in the duſt, and covering his left Arm with a ſhield which he preſented to him, he got on Horſe-back by his aſſiſtance, and caſting a terrible look upon the thickeſt of his Enemies, he charged amongſt them with ſuch a fury, as did not ſignifie any diminution of his ſtrength. There was a neceſſity that Love and Anger ſhould extraordinarily animate him; for without their Aid, he was hardly ſtrong enough to keep his Saddle; and in the mean time *Tigranes* ſaw him fall upon his men with that fierceneſs which was ordinary with *Artaban*; and that impetuoſity, which was rather comparable to Lightning, than any humane thing. *My Friends*, cryed he immediately to thoſe that had ſuccoured him, *If I cannot be abſolutely beholding to you for my life, I will loſe the remainder of it in the Head of you, and if you employ all your Valor, I hope our Enemies will have no cauſe to brag of their Victory.*

As he ſpake theſe words, he let fall his redoubtable Sword upon the Head of the foremoſt, and ſent one half of it, with a part of the Head-piece to the ground; they that ſaw the

the blow, grew pale with fear, and *Tigranes* himſelf as couragious as he was, felt an Icy coldneſs trill along his veins, and he was not ſorry when a party of his men preſſed before him to defend him from ſo furious an Enemy. *Artaban* calling upon him with a loud voyce, endeavoured to find out a paſſage to come at him, and doubtleſs he would have opened himſelf a way with his Sword, if he had been aſſiſted with his ordinary ſtrength, and if his body had been defended with any Armor, that might have ſecured him from divers thruſts that were made at him at the ſame time; yet 'tis certain that as he was, his Friends admired him, and his Enemies feared him.

In the mean time, *Eliſa* more like to a dead, than a living Creature, and *Candace* very ſenſibly afflicted for her ſake, beheld the Combat with all the emotion that a deadly fear could create in them, and ſent up a Thouſand cryes and vows to Heaven for the preſervation of their Defenders. *Eliſa* might eaſily have ſecured her ſelf from *Tigranes* by flight, and *Cephiſa* being not ſo couragious as ſhe, counſelled her to do ſo; but ſhe could not endure to be told of leaving *Artaban* engaged in Combat upon her occaſion, and choſe rather to expoſe her ſelf to all the ills that threatned her, than to the reproach of having ungratefully abandoned him. She had reaſon a few moments after to repent her ſelf of her commendable reſolution, if Repentance for a good Deſign could have found any room in her Soul; and *Tigranes* plainly perceiving that the Victory was not ſo Cock-ſure as he imagined, and fearing that whil'ſt he obſtinately purſued his vengeance againſt *Artaban*, he might loſe *Eliſa*, who might make an eſcape during the Combat, after he had given order to the chief of his men not to let his Enemy eſcape, and had told them the place where he ſhould find him, he rode towards the Princeſs with two of his men, and making one of them alight, he commanded him to take *Eliſa*, and lift her into his Arms.

The *Mede* obeyed his Prince, and the fair *Eliſa*, notwithſtanding her exclamations, and all the reſiſtance ſhe could make, was carried from the place where ſhe was, and put into *Tigranes*'s Arms. The King of the *Medes* departed with his prey, being followed only by thoſe two men who ſeconded him upon that Deſign; and *Eliſa*, who was not of ſo ſtrong a complexion as to eſcape out of his hands by ſtrugling, filled the Aire with her outcryes, and calleth both gods and men to her Aſſiſtance. *Tigranes* held her faſt betwixt his Arms, and though with ſweet expreſſions he endeavoured to qualifie the violence he did her, yet he held her ſo, that it was impoſſible for her to eſcape.

Artaban, who heard her cryes, and turned his Head that way from whence they came, perceived with a mortal grief the loſs he had, or was likely to receive, if he did not uſe ſome ſudden remedy: *Great gods*, cryed he, *lifting up his eyes to Heaven, Will you deny me your aſſiſtance in this extremity wherein I implore it?* And ſpeaking theſe few words, he began to cut out that paſſage which was denied him, by a fatal blow which he gave to the forwardeſt of his oppoſers in the breaſt, which inſtantly deprived him of life, and ſeconding that blow with others no leſs furious than that, at laſt he made himſelf way enough to run to the aſſiſtance of his Princeſs, and never debating with himſelf whether he might with honour deſert thoſe men in a Combat wherein they were engaged for his defence, he purſued *Tigranes* with all the ſpeed that his Horſe could make; but the advantage which the King of the *Medes* had gotten before him was ſo great, that it had been impoſſible for him to overtake him, if he had met with no hindrance; and he was gotten to the skirt of the Wood, before that *Artaban* perceived that *Eliſa* was carried away.

The fair Princeſs made the Woods to eccho with her exclamations, and her outcryes were not in vain; for they cauſed a man to turn his Head that way, who was paſſing amongſt the Trees on Horſe-back, and by the paleneſs of his countenance, ſeemed to be in no better condition than *Artaban*. This man had no ſooner ſeen *Eliſa* between the Arms of her Raviſher, and lent ſome attention to her complaints, but he underſtood the violence that was offered her; and though he was called another way by very urgent Affairs, and was in no good condition to pick a quarrel, yet vertue prompted him to afford that aſſiſtance which was due to a diſtreſſed Lady; and riding up to the place where *Tigranes* muſt needs paſs to ſtop his paſſage: *Stay*, ſaid he to him, *whoſoever thou art, and do not believe that I will endure the violence thou offereſt. Tigranes* being enraged at this new obſtacle, and ſeeing that he could not clear his paſſage with his Sword, without letting the Princeſs go, he ſet her gently upon the ground, and approaching his new Enemy with his Sword in his hand: *Thou*

haſt

haſt ſought thy death, ſaid he, *by hindering my Deſign.* And with theſe words he intended, as he paſſed by him, to run him into the body with his Sword; but the unknown who had not yet drawn his, cloſing up to him, and ſeizing upon his Bridle, gave him ſo ſtrong a thruſt, that the Horſe mounting before, and *Tigranes* being a little intangled in the Reins, the Horſe fell backwards upon him, and almoſt killed him with the fall.

The two Cavaliers that followed *Tigranes*, inſtead of going to relieve him, fell at once upon the unknown, who receiving them without fear, though he had no other Arms but his Sword, thruſt it into the throat of the foremoſt with ſo much ſucceſs, that it came out at the other ſide of his Neck; and ſeeing the ſecond ruſh upon him with the ſame violence, after he had put by with his Sword a blow that the other made at his Head, he thruſt his through the Viſor of his Helmet, and tumbled him dead upon the Sand. Having made this ſudden execution, and approaching to *Eliſa*, who had had no time to remove her ſelf: *Madam*, ſaid he, *What do you deſire that I ſhould do more for your Service? Eliſa* was about to return an Anſwer, when they ſaw *Artaban* come poſting in with ſuch an impetuoſity, as ſufficiently ſignified the paſſion which animated him. The countenance of the Princeſs expreſſed her joy at the ſight, and the unknown who perceived him, having asked her if this was one of her Enemies: *No*, ſaid ſhe, *This is my Defender, to whom you have rendred a conſiderable piece of Service, by putting me again into his hands.* "I will leave you with him 'then, *replied the unknown*, if you have no farther uſe of me; for I have not ſo much liberty 'as to ſtay any longer with you, if new occaſions of doing you Service do not detain me. With theſe words he was preparing to depart, when *Artaban* came up cloſe to him. They had no ſooner viewed each other, but one knew the other; and though the unknown had had ſuch great quarrels with him, as not to look upon him as a Friend, yet he could not repent of the Service which he had rendred him, and the Nobleneſs of his heart made him find all the ſatisfaction that he could receive by doing a good Action. *Artaban* was going to accoſt him, though the other retired with a great deal of impatience, when he ſaw the two Troops coming up to him which he had left engaged in fight, *Tigranes*'s men being abſolutely reſolved to purſue him, and *Agrippa*'s and *Cornelius*'s men to defend him ſtill as they had begun.

At the ſame time *Tigranes* being recovered from under his Horſe, and mounted again, the Combat began more furiouſly than before; and the King of the *Medes* being vexed at his bad Fortune which had laid him twice upon the ground, and at the reſiſtance that was made againſt his Deſign, when he thought that nothing could poſſibly retard it, encouraging his men with his voyce and example, quickly cauſed the earth to be covered with divers bodies of either party. 'Tis true, he could not chooſe but be afraid of *Artaban*'s approaches, and as couragious as he was, he often grew pale at the mighty blows he ſaw him give. And 'twas not without reaſon that he feared him, for if this redoubtable Warrior had been but Maſter of his ordinary ſtrength, and provided with good Arms, all the obſtacles he met with, could not have hindred him from killing *Tigranes* in the midſt of all his men; and as he was, he diſpatched two of thoſe whom their Prince loved beſt, before his face, with two furious blows; he cut off a third mans Arm, and gave *Tigranes* himſelf a blow, which gliding down his Armor, upon which his Sword did not fall right, hit upon his Horſes Neck, and gave him a great wound wherewith he was quite covered with blood; but almoſt at the ſame time his own Horſe had received divers hurts under him, and began to ſtagger, being ready to fall. Beſides the Number of the *Medes* far ſurpaſſing thoſe that defended *Artaban*, and they being ſome of the braveſt men of their Nation, this valiant man was ſtill in danger of his life, when they ſaw a Body of above Fifty Horſe coming from *Alexandria*, and preſently thoſe that fought for *Eliſa*, cryed out with a great deal of joy, that 'twas *Agrippa* and *Cornelius*.

And indeed they were the ſame perſons, whom the good Deſtiny of *Eliſa* and *Artaban* had conducted forth to meet the Princeſſes, and having met firſt with Queen *Candace* all in tears, ſhe gave them a ſhort Account of *Eliſa*'s misfortune, and the danger of thoſe perſons that fought in her Defence. *Agrippa* having rendred what was due to the fair Queen, and leaving the care to *Cornelius* to cauſe her to remount into the Chariot, he flew in like an inraged Lyon upon this occaſion to ſerve the Princeſs whom he adored, and immediately ſeeking for *Tigranes*, as for an Enemy that would deprive him of that he loved,

he

he had no ſooner diſcovered him, but he charged him with a fury that was fatal to the firſt that came within the reach of his Sword.

Eliſa ſeeing him do it, did not forget to entreat his aſſiſtance; but her requeſts were unneceſſary at a time when he was ſufficiently animated by his own intereſt, though otherwiſe he had vertue enough to do, only upon the motives of his Duty, whatſoever his love could exact of him. *Tigranes* ſeeing this ſtorm falling upon him, and finding himſelf incapable to reſiſt it, got preſently out of the Throng, and underſtanding that it was *Agrippa* that charged him, he cryed out to his men to yield, and deſired to ſpeak with *Agrippa*. *Agrippa*, whom no paſſion could tranſport beyond the bounds of his Duty, ſtayed at *Tigranes*'s words, and commanding his men to do ſo too, he gave Audience to the King of the *Medes* as he deſired. The Combat ceaſed almoſt in a moment, and all the Combatants drawing up about their Maſters, *Tigranes* on the one ſide at the head of his Troop, and *Artaban* on the other ſide with *Eliſa*, whom he accoſted, preſented themſelves before *Agrippa*.

Tigranes beginning to ſpeak firſt, and knowing very well that he ſpake to a man whoſe Name was venerable to all that acknowledged the *Roman* Empire. "My Lord *Agrippa*, 'ſaid he, I know not what offence we have done you, to be treated thus as your mortal 'Enemies, and to ſee you embrew your weapons in the blood of my men, who have not 'by any Action merited either *Auguſtus*'s or *Agrippa*'s Enmity. Though I appear here 'in a condition unconformable to my quality, I am King of the *Medes*, and I do not 'think you would deal with Princes of my Rank, as with common perſons. *Perſons of your Rank*, ſaid *Agrippa*, *if you be indeed what you ſpeak your ſelf, do not diſcover themſelves by ſuch Actions as drew our Arms againſt you, and not knowing you otherwiſe than by the condition wherein I ſaw you, I could not treat you otherwiſe, than as a man whom I found ſhedding the blood of our men, and violently carrying away a Princeſs, who hath taken Refuge between* Ceſar's *Arms.* "The Princeſs that I would carry away, *replied Tigranes*, is my lawful Spouſe, 'whom the King her Father in the face of the whole World delivered to my Ambaſſadors 'after that the Marriage was publickly Celebrated: So that I cannot believe that either *A*-'*grippa* or *Auguſtus* himſelf ſhould think it ſtrange, that I ſhould take her, as being her 'Husband, to conduct her to the Throne where ſhe ought to command. And if I have 'killed ſome of your men not knowing them, 'twas becauſe they undertook the Defence 'of an inſolent Fellow, who having no other Advantages, but what he hath acquired by 'his Sword, and what he hath received by the Favours I have done him, hath taken the 'Queen my Wife out of the hands of my Ambaſſadors, hath brought her by Sea into this 'Countrey, where I have met with her, and hath oppoſed the Deſign which I had to take 'her again as my own.

Tigranes had ſpoken more, if the impatient *Artaban* had not boldly interrupted him: *That Fellow*, ſaid he, *who hath no other Advantages but thoſe of his Sword, is the ſame, that wearing that Sword in thy Service, without being obliged to it by any conſideration, preſerved thy Crown when it was ready to fall into the hands of the King of the* Parthians, *and that by the breach of thy word being become thy Enemy, ſhamefully chaſed thee out of the Countries which that Sword had given thee, defeated thee in a pitched Field, took thee Priſoner, gave thee thy liberty, which thou didſt not deſerve; and ſeeing thee return again in Arms, vanquiſhed thee in divers Battels, and ſnatched that Crown from off thy Head which he had formerly ſetled upon it; if ſuch a man be worthy of thy ſcorn, and cannot boaſt of any other Advantages than the Favours thou haſt done him, I appeal to the judgment of the great* Agrippa, *who is ſufficiently known to all the World to make me believe that vertue is no leſs conſiderable to him than the luſtre of a Crown.*

From the time that *Artaban* had begun to ſpeak, *Agrippa* had begun to look upon him with Admiration; and not only the *mine* of this valiant perſon might cauſe the aſtoniſhment, and attract the attention of all that beheld him; but the great things likewiſe which hapned in the Empires of the *Medes* and *Parthians* by the Valor of *Artaban*, being ſpread over all the Earth, had made the name of *Artaban* as famous as *Cæſar*, or *Pompey* the Great; ſo that *Agrippa*, upon the Relation of his great Actions, divers times felt a generous emulation in himſelf towards a man, that in the *Parthian* Empire did ſo highly merit that glory which he ſought for amongſt the *Romans*. He had a hundred times deſi-

red

red to be acquainted with ſo great a man, and not doubting at that preſent but that it was he, after he had viewed him from head to foot, with an Action that expreſſed the thoughts he conceived for him: *If you be the Great* Artaban, ſaid he, *as your Diſcourſe doth make me judge, you have reaſon to believe, that a Crown ſhall not be more conſiderable to me, than your Vertue; and though I would not deny what is due to the Royal Dignity,* Tigranes *muſt not be offended, if I ſay that thoſe men who diſpoſe of* Crowns *are to be no leſs eſteemed of, than thoſe that wear them; and that ſuch men as* Artaban *being not ſo common as Kings are, will find amongſt thoſe that know what Vertue is, that which Kings can never expect from their Diadems. I will not only therefore aſſure you of* Cæſar's *protection and amity, but likewiſe deſire your Friendſhip, as a benefit of ſo high a value, as cannot be purchaſed at any rate.*

Upon theſe words taking notice that *Artaban* was alighted, becauſe his Horſe was wounded, and was no longer able to bear him, he alighted too to go and embrace him; and *Artaban*, the moſt fierce and daring man in the world towards thoſe that undervalued him, and the moſt humble and ſubmiſſive to them that honoured him, and thoſe whom he thought worthy of his eſteem, received *Agrippa*'s Careſſes with all the reſpect he could have rendred to *Auguſtus*, and looking upon him as a man, whom his Vertue rendred far greater than his Fortune: *Generous Agrippa,* ſaid he, *Fame hath not done you juſtice, though ſhe proclaims you to be the greateſt of men, and the honour you render to that little vertue wherewith ſhe would flatter me, makes it apparent that you poſſeſs it in the higheſt degree.*

Whil'ſt *Agrippa* made much of *Artaban*, *Eliſa* was tranſported with joy at it; and *Candace*, who coming again to her, embraced her a thouſand times, participated of her Friends contentments, as if they had been her own. But *Tigranes* was ready to dye with grief and deſpight to ſee the advantages of his Rival, and not being able to endure them any longer with patience: *Great Agrippa,* ſaid he, *the eſteem you expreſs to* Artaban, *ought not to make me fear that you will protect him againſt juſtice; but leaving you at liberty to render him all the honour you can think him worthy of, I only deſire my Wife of you, and do believe you are too juſt to deſire to keep her from me.*

Eliſa who heard this Diſcourſe, was minded to prevent *Agrippa*'s Anſwer, though ſhe thought it would not be for her diſadvantage, and drawing near to him: "I ſhould have 'been *Tigranes*'s wife, *ſaid ſhe*, if I would have conſented to thoſe violences which they 'would have done me in his favour; but having alwayes reſiſted them as my Duty was, and 'as I might well do, being born in a free condition, he never was, nor ever ſhall be my Huſ-'band; and inſtead of acknowledging him for ſuch, I deſire *Auguſtus*'s protection and 'yours, great *Agrippa*, againſt the violence he would do me. *Tigranes* would have made a Reply, when *Agrippa* taking up the Diſcourſe: "*Tigranes, ſaid he,* you need not fear 'any injuſtice in any place that yields obedience to *Auguſtus*'s Authority; and if the Prin-'ceſs of the *Parthians* acknowledges you for her Husband, and be willing to go with you, 'we will be no hindrance to you; but if ſhe hath no ſuch intention, we will not ſuffer any 'violence to be offered her in thoſe places where ſhe cannot ſuffer it without prejudice to '*Cæſars* Authority, whoſe protection ſhe deſires. It ſhall be before *Cæſar*, if you pleaſe, 'that you ſhall diſpute your pretenſions; and you need not doubt but that he will preſerve 'your intereſts, if Juſtice be on your ſide. In the mean time we will reconduct the fair 'Princeſs to *Alexandria*, whither you are permitted to retreat as well as ſhe, and where 'you may expect, if you pleaſe, the arrival and judgment of *Cæſar*. *Cornelius* advancing upon theſe words, confirmed *Agrippa*'s Propoſition to *Tigranes*; and believing that ſo much Civility was due to the Royal Dignity, he offered him, as Pretor of *Egypt*, what retreat he could deſire in *Alexandria*.

Tigranes ſighed divers times for grief, and could not conſent to the injury they did him in keeping *Eliſa* from him; but at laſt conſidering that he had not power enough to change the condition of things according to his wiſh, and judging too that there was a great deal of equity in *Agrippa*'s procedure, he told him, that ſeeing there was a neceſſity for it, he would go to *Alexandria*, and there expect the arrival of *Cæſar*, believing that he would reſtore him his Spouſe, and not deny him that Juſtice which he rendred to all the world.

All things being thus pacified, *Tigranes* with his men marched towards *Alexandria*, whither, before he met with *Eliſa*, he had a Deſign to go; and *Cornelius*, though he parted unwillingly from *Candace*, thought himſelf obliged in Civility to bear them Company, and

and to take care of providing lodgings for them; and *Agrippa* undertaking the conduct of *Eliſa*, cauſed her to mount again into the Chariot with *Candace*, and though upon a confuſed report of the loves of *Artaban* and *Eliſa*, he already looked upon that great man with thoughts of jealouſie, he made the motions of that paſſion give place to Vertue, ſo as to render him all the aſſiſtances that were due to him; and ſuppoſing by the condition wherein he ſaw him, that he could not be long on Horſeback without inconvenience, he deſired him to enter into the Chariot with the Princeſſes, leading him as it were in Triumph over the advantages he had gained over his Enemy.

O how much ſweetneſs did *Eliſa* and *Artaban* find in theſe delicious moments, after ſo many tears, and fears, and dangers; and if *Artaban* was proud to ſee himſelf at the feet of his adorable Princeſs, how much was *Eliſa* ſatisfied to ſee him ſo near her, upon whom a few hours before ſhe had beſtowed ſo many tears?

Their mutual contentment would have been far more abſolute, if they had had the liberty to diſcourſe together; but *Agrippa* deprived them of that, marching alwayes by the boot of the Chariot where the Princeſs ſate. At this time ſhe endured his Company and Diſcourſe more patiently than ſhe did the laſt, nor could ſhe indeed look ill upon a man, who beſides the great qualities he was Maſter of, had lately rendred her Services of ſuch grand importance. He could not ſpeak to her but only concerning thoſe things which had hapned that day, and *Agrippa* following his vertuous inclinations rather than the motions of his jealouſie, continued to Careſs *Artaban*, and promiſed him all manner of good Offices; *Artaban* retaliated his Civilities with that Grandeur of mind which appeared in all his Actions, and in this Converſation theſe illuſtrious perſons arrived at the gates of *Alexandria*, and entred into the City juſt as the Earth began to put on her Night-apparrel.

The End of the Seventh Part of Hymen's Præludia.

FINIS.

To the Right Honourable,

JANE,

VI-COUNTESSE CLANEBOY.

MADAM,

IN laying this Trifle at your Feet, I ſhall highly need the evaſion of Count Gondamare (when a Boy) to the King of Spain, who finiſhing his Oration made in the Name of the Pariſh where he dwelt (with) We here preſent your Majeſty; and thereupon turned back to take a Basket of early ripe Fruit, intended for the offering; but the Fellow that held them, ſtumbling, threw them on the ground: Gondamare nothing out of countenance at the miſchance, repeated his Complement with a low Reverence (ſaying) We here preſent your Majeſty with Nothing. Such (Madam) in the moſt candid ſenſe is my Preſent, a Vanity of a Vanity, a Tranſlation of a Romance, a ſlight piece of changeable Silk, varied in its Colour, becauſe through my means it may be looked on by a new light.

But 'tis not the Romance I preſent to a perſon of your Gravity and ſincere Piety; my Duty is the offering, and a pious Zeal of acknowledging the great Favours beſtowed on me, in the perſons of my neareſt Kelations, of which my Faith in your Goodneſs prompt me to believe your acceptance, and alſo that you are owner of ſo much Humility, as to acknowledge me for,

Madam,

Your obedient Nephew,

Moſt humble and moſt obliged Servant,

JAMES WEBB.

HYMEN'S *PRÆLUDIA*:
OR,
Love's Master-piece.

Being the Eighth Part of that so much admir'd ROMANCE, intituled;

CLEOPATRA.

Written Originally in the FRENCH, and now Rendred into ENGLISH, By *J. W.*

BOOK I.

IT is time to return to our Illustrious *Heroine*, and the fair *Artemisa*, whom the violence of their Ravishers had forced from the Generous defence of the Valiant Son of *Juba*. In vain had that Prince (as brave as unfortunate) spilt so much blood, and covered the Earth with the bodies of so many Enemies; seeing that whil'st he disputed the Victory in the dust, (whereon by the shock of a Horse he had been overturned) two of his Enemies approaching, the Princesses (half dead with fear) had through the assistance of the trouble and agitation of their Souls, carried them away with facility enough. Scarce had they so much as power to cry out for help; and though the Princess *Cleopatra* was of a make, and proportion of body able to have impeded her Ravisher, had she been in a condition of imploying all her strength; but the confusion whereinto her grief and astonishment had cast her, had taken away a great part thereof; and the person who held her in his Arms was so strong, and so well mounted, that all her endeavours were found unprofitable, and unable to hinder their distancing (in a very little time) a great way from the place of the Combat. Their cryes redoubled, after that the first surprize had past into a knowledge of their condition, and recalling their whole Courage, unprofitably bestowed it on whatsoever they thought conducible to their liberty; *Cleopatra* was already almost confident of the truth of this adventure, and unable to suspect any other Ravisher than the King of *Armenia*, she scarce any longer doubted but that she was again fallen into his hands; but she received a more perfect intelligence, when casting her eyes upon the face of him that carried her, she knew him immediately for one of those men she had seen with *Artaxes*. *Artemisa* also knew her Ravisher, whose face through a longer Habit was more familiar to her, and though she knew him for one of the most trusty Servants of the King her Brother, yet (her inclinations bending rather to sweet, than violent courses) instead of making reproaches

proaches and menaces against a man who did her so unjust a violence, she had recourse to intreaties, representing to him with tears the sad estate of her condition, and the evil treatment she had reason to fear from the fury of the King her Brother; to her supplications she joined promises, and the hope of recompence. But both the *Barbarians* were inflexible, and though the Princess *Cleopatra* (approving the procedure of *Artemisa*, as judicious on this occasion) indeavoured to move hers, after her example, promising him for hers and *Artemisa*'s liberty, a Fortune elevated above their own condition; but the two *Armenians* (faithful Ministers of their Masters will) resisted all these offers with an invincible constancy; only they obtained that they might not be separated, mutually hoping that each others Company would administer no small comfort in their disconsolate condition.

The Ravishers making their flight with a mighty diligence, permitted them no communication, but by interrupted cryes, and presently they found themselves at the Sea-shoar. Having traversed some Sands whereby they might lose the foot-steps which could guide those that followed them by the Tract for their Rescue, they pursued a long time the Seaside with the same swiftness, until they arrived at the place where they had left their Vessel. It was so well concealed, that 'twas impossible for those who travelled the shoar to discover it; for the *Armenians* by chance had found a Rock, whose top advancing far into the Sea, formed a spacious capacity, wherein not only one Vessel, but many might have covertly ridden at Anchor. They were forced to make a large Circuit about the Rock, ere they could arrive thither; nor without much difficulty could the Horses be boarded, having marched more than a thousand paces in the water up to the Saddle-skirts. Had the Princesses been capable of any other fear, than that principal one, wherewith their Souls were agitated, they had doubtless with paleness resented the terror of this object, and trembled at the fury of the waves which stormed the foot of the Rock with so much impetuosity; but life was not their most important care, nor that whereon their spirits dwelt; for they less dreaded the cruelty of the waves, than the incounter of the King of *Armenia*.

In entring the Enemies ship, they received many consolations, which in some sort sweetned the Grandure of their displeasures; they found not the King, whom they equally feared to meet; but learn't that he was detained by his wounds in a house upon the shoar of *Alexandria*, and that they needed not to fear their departure from that Coast, till he was in a condition of enduring a Voyage; and moreover, the Princess *Cleopatra* found in the Vessel her Maids whom she had left there, and who, by the express order of *Artaxes*, (whose design was to render all sort of respect to their Mistris) had received no evil treatment from the *Armenians*.

These Ladies threw themselves at her feet, their eyes bathed in tears, which grief and joy parted equally between them, not knowing whether they ought to rejoyce at the happiness of seeing her again, or afflict themselves that she was again re-fallen into that Captivity from whence they thought her entirely delivered. *Cleopatra* imbraced them with an excess of tenderness, and endeavouring to testifie in this last out-rage of Fortune the same Constancy which she had practised in all the Accidents of her life: *My Girles*, said she (drying her eyes, that they might do the like after her example) *let us expect from the assistance of Heaven, and not from our Tears, the conclusion of our Misfortunes; and let us hope that the gods (just as they are) will not long abandon Innocence and Vertue, to the disposition of violence and oppression. 'Tis true, we are in the power of a man capable of all wickedness; but his power is subject to that of the Immortal gods, who will not long leave his Cruelties unpunished; and we ought in all appearance to expect that from them, which they rarely refuse to those, whose Misfortunes only, or the injustice of their Enemies, have reduced into the condition wherein we now are.*

Finishing these words, she shewed them the Princess *Artemisa*, commanding them to render her the Respects and Services which were due to her Birth and Vertue, and the love of her Brother *Alexander*; they beheld her with the difference they ought, and offered to serve her as their Princess, whil'st the *Armenians* in the Vessel (being astonish't to see *Artemisa*) informed themselves by their Companions of the truth of this adventure; and though they could not deny to the misfortune of this Princess some marks of compassion, yet could they not refuse the satisfaction which they received from a Prize, for which only they

they had left *Armenia*, and which in all appearance might make them hope for proportionable acknowledgment from the King their Master.

There remained full Nine or ten of those whom the King had brought from *Artaxates*, there being no greater Number of Servants beside Mariners; these served the Princesses with respect enough, being unable to refuse to *Artemisa* (in disgrace as she was) that which they thought due to the Sister of their King; and knowing well the intention of *Artaxes*, that *Cleopatra* should be honoured amongst them as a goddess, they left her the Chamber wherein the King lay, during the time of his Navigation, and gave them the liberty of entertaining themselves, without troubling their Conversation, whil'st some went out of the Vessel to advertize the King (whose Retreat they learned by one of the Officers of *Tiridates*) of the double Prize which they had taken, and to receive the Orders which he pleased to send.

The two Princesses were no sooner at liberty to entertain themselves out of the presence of those odious faces, but they threw themselves upon a Bed, casting their Arms mutually about each others Neck, and mingling tears together, began by these Caresses their sorrowful Conversation. *Artemisa* appeared the most desolate, both because her Courage was naturally less firm than *Cleopatra's*, and also that in appearance she had greater Subjects of sadness, having proved the rigor of her Brother, even before she had rendred him the sensible displeasure of her flight with Prince *Alexander*. She had reason to fear all things, and her knowledge of the Kings inflexible humors so lively represented the misfortune that threatned her, that she was full of mortal apprehensions; but though this fear violently shook her, yet the remembrance of her *Alexander*, was nothing less sensible; and considering how her fair hopes were shipwrack't in the Port, and how even upon the point, when with apparent reason she believed to spend her dayes with her dear *Alexander* in legitimate sweetnesses, and in sweetnesses sweetned by so many difficulties, one reverse of Fortune so little foreseen, had taken away all her expectation, and in probability had deprived her of her *Alexander* for ever; here she had no Constancy, which bowed not under the consideration of so prodigious a Misfortune; through the assistance of these reasons, *Artemisa* believed her unhappiness greater, and more extraordinary than *Cleopatra's*, who in appearance ought less to redoubt the presence of a King, a Lover and Idolater of her Beauties, than that of a King irritated and furious; and less to regret the distancing of *Coriolanus*, whom she fled, and whose infidelity she detested, than she the loss of her *Alexander*, whom she loved more than her self, and whose fidelity she had never so much as suspected. This opinion of *Artemisa* was not without foundation, but she saw not clearly into the sentiments of *Cleopatra*, part whereof were kept in by the greatness of her spirit; and as she was ignorant that the sight of *Artaxes* a Lover, was more terrible to that Princess than the presence of *Artaxes* an Enemy; and that she was resolved with more joy to see him again, his Sword in his hand, with those funest designs against her life, as he appeared the first time, than to behold him in a suppliant posture, representing to her the violence of his love: Neither knew she that in the Soul of this great Princess, the resentments how great soever they were, and how just soever they appeared, were uncapable to eradicate an affection which (through the many tokens of her love to *Coriolanus*) declared the depth of its root; or at least if they had strength enough to take away all thoughts of recognizance, and all advantagious designs which she had entertained for this Prince, whil'st his fidelity appeared to her without spot; yet were they too weak to reduce her spirit into terms of receiving a new impression, or to make her suffer without horror the thought of a second affection.

Moreover, how much soever prepossessed as she was by that enemy Opinion, which had destroyed all her joy, yet could she not forget that which appeared to her eyes, both in the Encounter at *Syracusa*, and in the Adventure of this last day, signifying the continuation, or at least the return of *Coriolanus's* love. She remembred those passionate words by which he endeavoured to clear his innocence, and placed before her eyes that admirable Valor wherewith he fought in her defence, and (which appeared most mournful to her remembrance) she could not forget how she had left him fallen under his Enemies, and in a condition that with great appearance she might imagine he had sacrificed the Reliques of his life for her interests.

Though

Though Jealousie had been strong enough in her spirit to place hatred in the seat of love, yet this thought of the death of *Coriolanus*, could not but become Funeſt to any Soul that bare the Image of *Cleopatra*'s; and though the infidelity of that Prince had been much more clear than it appeared by thoſe proofs ſhe had, yet was ſhe of too excellent a Nature to think him ſlain in her defence, without contributing to that thought, all that the moſt lively grief could produce in a Noble and acknowledging Soul: Ah! Son of *Juba* (ſaid ſhe within her ſelf, whil'ſt the grief of *Artemiſa* rendred her more uncapable than ſhe of all converſe) ſince thou art unfaithful (whereof I am not permitted to doubt) wherefore return'ſt thou to perſecute me both at *Syracuſe*, and alſo upon the Banks of *Alexandria*? wherefore endeavoureſt thou by new obligations to kindle thoſe flames which thy Infidelity would have extinguiſhed? wherefore indangereſt thou thy life in my defence? or wherefore (concluded ſhe with a ſigh) haſt thou poſſibly loſt it for my ſake, having firſt foyled it by the Crime wherewith I reproach thee, having firſt deprived it of that which formerly rendred it more dear than mine own?

Doſt thou envy mine Innocence, and would'ſt thou that I live a Criminal like thee, in receiving without acknowledgment ſo precious a Service, or that I live miſerable in ſuffering by this laſt of thine Actions the return of an affection which cannot but become the ſhame and misfortune of my life? Ah! *Coriolanus*, whom I have ſo much loved! Ah *Coriolanus*, whom I cannot yet hate, to what extremities would'ſt thou reduce me? what new Victory demandeſt thou over my heart? And for what reaſons (incomprehenſible to my ſpirit) comeſt thou by new Services to combate thoſe miſerable Reliques of repoſe, which thy Infidelity hath left me? After what manner muſt I live, if our misfortune hath deprived thee of life for my ſake? Shall I drown my ſelf in tears for a perjured man, who hath terminated the moſt beautiful affection, by the blackeſt of all Infidelities? And ſhall I only beſtow tears on a Prince, who having given me his whole life (excepting ſome unfortunate Months) came to imploy the reſt, and to pour forth the laſt drop of his blood for my ſake? The fair Princeſs ſenſible at this remembrance, could not overpaſs it in her ſpirit without ſighs and ſobs, as ſo many marks of her interior agitation; and had *Artemiſa* been in a condition leſs deplorable, ſhe had eaſily obſerved by theſe exterior ſigns the cruel inquietudes of her Soul; *Artemiſa* was more grieved, but *Cleopatra* more diſturbed; and if the Soul of *Artemiſa* was leſs capable of comfort, that of *Cleopatra* had leſs repoſe and tranquility. They continued together without expreſſing their thoughts by words, till at the defailance of day they brought lights into the Chamber. By the means of this light, they ſeemed to awake from their profound reveries, and recommenced their tender imbraces. Though *Artemiſa* appeared the more weak and unable to ſupport her affliction, yet ſhe ſpake firſt, and accompanying her words with a torrent of tears: My dear Siſter, ſaid ſhe to *Cleopatra* (for by this name of Siſter, Prince *Alexander* had intreated them to prevent the hopes of their future Alliance) ought not I to fear you will ceaſe to love me, when you conſider that I am Siſter to that cruel perſon who perſecutes you? Nay rather, anſwered *Cleopatra*, (interrupting her) do not you regard me as Daughter to thoſe perſons who have given to your houſe ſo juſt a Subject of reſentment againſt ours? Ah! replied *Artemiſa*, that remembrance which hath been able to do nothing againſt the affection which I have always born my beloved *Alexander*, is too weak to overthrow the reſpect I bear the Divine *Cleopatra*; and that amity which amidſt the moſt violent Subjects of hate, you have permitted to form it ſelf in you, hath received ſo great an increaſe on my part, by the admirable qualities of your perſon, and by the intereſt of my *Alexander*, that all the reſentment you can have againſt me as Siſter to *Artaxes*, is uncapable of bringing any diminution thereto: Believe me, my dear Siſter (replied the fair Daughter of *Antony*) I know my ſelf more worthy of your reſentments than you can be of mine, and particularly in reſpect of my misfortune of having been the cauſe of your ſurprize; ſince you cannot be ignorant that they ſought me only, and that unhappily you are invellopped in my misfortune. I can accuſe my ſelf of the ſame thing more juſtly, replied *Artemiſa*, ſince I have been the only cauſe of my Brothers Voyage, and conſequently of all the diſpleaſures you reſent: But alas! without accuſing our ſelves further, ſince our intentions are moſt innocent, muſt I not receive a ſenſible diſpleaſure to ſee that the quality of Siſter which I poſſeſs with your Enemy, gives me no advantagious opportunity of ſerving you? And inſtead of being able

to

to demand our liberty, and of all the Services which through my means you might hope from him, if he were more reasonable, I am constrained to flie to the Empire which your Beauty hath over him to obtain some moderation of those rigors which his cruelty prepares for me. These words filled *Cleopatra* with pity, and locking *Artemisa* in her Arms: My dear Sister, said she, there is more appearance that I shall need your intercession, than that mine can be necessary to you; for were the Soul of *Artaxes* yet more cruel, than it hath appeared by so many bloody testimonies, the Charms of *Artemisa* are capable of sweetning it; but if it succeed not thus, and that it prove true that I have any power over the spirit of the King your Brother, you may rest assured that the whole advantage of my life shall be imployed in your Service, and that I will willingly overcome some part of those just resentments which I have against him, if you suppose that by this means I may sweeten him towards you.

This is an effect, added the fair *Artemisa*, which I have not merited from your bounty, and doubt not but I had been possest by fears far greater than these you see, were I not much confident of your protection, to which I hope *Artaxes* will have a reverend regard, but if through your means I may in some measure shade my self from the cruelty of my Brother, and that our common misfortune designs our Journey into *Armenia*, doubt not but I will essay many things for your liberty, and possibly find the means to flie with you as fortunately, as I formerly fled with *Alexander*. This Name of *Alexander* so lively renewed her griefs, that it was impossible to divert the current of her tears; and *Cleopatra*, who could not condemn them, and who scarce could restrain her own, twisting her mournful remembrances with those of this sad Princess, they sank again into that silence from whence they had been drawn, and preserved it until Supper was served in.

Difficult it was to perswade them to take this repast, and scarce (by the perswasion of *Cleopatra's* Servants, who threw themselves upon their knees before their Mistris, conjuring her with tears, and the most pressing importunities) could they oblige them to receive any nourishment. They would not be undressed, but continued upon the Bed, where they were passing the Night in a most deplorable condition.

The remembrance of their misfortunes permitted not the access of sleep, and their Conversation interrupted by sighs and sobs, had nothing of reasonable or compacted in it, when at the return of day (for it was the season of the shortest Nights) their griefs began to abate something of its former violence, *Artemisa* perceiving that the Princess *Cleopatra*, (who was turned to the other side of the Bed, what essayes soever she made to retain some part of the testimonies of her grief, and to arrest the course of sighs and sobs, which uncessantly proceeded from her breast) gave her reason to believe that the interior miseries of her heart were far greater than they outwardly appeared, pressed one of her fair hands between hers, obliging her by this action to turn towards her: My dear Sister, said she, you sensibly augment my displeasures, by signifying so sadly that yours are not inferior to them, as I thought they must needs be. This liberty whose loss you deplore, is a good sufficient to merit some part of our tears; but this loss which is common to us both, joined with my fear of *Artaxes* cruelty, which casts me into mortal apprehensions, and the distancing and possibly eternal separation of my dear *Alexander*, is a misfortune incomparably above all those whereof you are a partaker with me; had you the like addition to your affliction, I would believe you as unfortunate as *Artemisa*; but your Soul being free, or at least little touched on this side, you will pardon me if I profess that I have not believed your grief equal to mine.

The charming *Cleopatra* smoothed the way of her answer to *Artemisa* by a sigh, and beholding her with eyes (drowned as they were) whose splendor she could scarce indure. How, my Sister, said she, do you imagine that my Captivity alone compleats my Grief? And judge you that I bestow not on *Coriolanus*, whom you have seen, it may be, dye in our defence, an equal portion of tears with yours for *Alexander*? If you consult my thoughts, replied *Artemisa*, you will be doubtless more affected than I thought you had been; for the marvels which I have observed in his person, during the little time that I have seen him, assisted by those you a few moments before related to me, of the great actions of his life, and Noble proofs of his love, makes me judge that you ought to deplore his loss, at least as much as I deplore my *Alexanders*; but after the Treatment you have given him in my

presence,

preſence, and the complaints I have heard you utter againſt his Infidelity (whereof you have given me no light by your Diſcourſe) I imagined your Soul ſo over-charged, that there remained not the leaſt favourable inclination for him; and though you were touched with the danger whereunto we ſaw him expoſed, and whereof I my ſelf was very ſenſible, yet generoſity alone I ſuppoſed to be the cauſe, and not any reliques of affection. Generoſity alone (replied the afflicted *Cleopatra*) might certainly have produced this effect, and had my Soul never been touched with the leaſt affection for the ſon of *Juba*, or had all that which his great Services could have introduced been torn up by his Infidelity to the leaſt root; I could not have ſeen him in the condition wherein we left him for our intereſts, without ſuffering great inquietudes for his ſafety, and without expending many tears for his death, if my cruel deſtiny commands that he ſuffer it for the love of me. But, *Artemiſa*, believe that beſides what we owe to generoſity and compaſſion, the ancient and only affection which my Soul hath ever received, hath not left it tranquill enough, nor ſufficiently diſpoyled of all the tender reſentments wherewith it inſpired her; to ſee *Coriolanus* periſh upon my account, with the ſame ſenſibility I ſhould have for the reſt of mankind. By his Infidelity he may root out of my Soul the ſweet and acknowledging thoughts I bare him, and poſſeſs me with horror for his Perfidy, and caſt me into a reſolution of addicting my whole life to the conſideration of my misfortune, without ever turning to the remembrance of the tokens of his love, unleſs it were to render his Treaſon more odious to me; yet ſcarce could it intirely blot out of my Soul the Character of an innocent affection, which I thought I had with reaſon received, and which I cannot retain but to my misfortune.

But, my Siſter (added the fair *Artemiſa*) will you not tell me what Infidelity this is wherewith you reproach him, and whereof I have ſeen ſo little appearance in your Diſcourſe, and much leſs in this Incounter, and the laſt actions of that Prince. I intended, anſwered the Princeſs, to have given you the Relation yeſterday in the Wood, where we paſſed almoſt the whole day, and where we had this fatal meeting. I learnt in that place, replied *Artemiſa*, part of your Noble adventures, and you forgat nothing (as I believe) of the moſt memorable paſſages which hapned until the wounding of *Tiberius*, and the leave which *Coriolanus* took of you in the Garden of *Octavia*, and his departure from *Rome* for *Mauritania*, to conquer the Kingdom of his Anceſtors; it was juſt at this ſeparation that our Diſcourſe was interrupted ſo well as our walk, by meeting the ſleeping Prince, and to a leſs adventure, I believe I had never conſented to remit its continuation. Since my Diſcourſe (anſwered *Cleopatra*) finiſhed where you mention, it is certain you have heard nothing but what ſpeaks advantagiouſly of the love of *Coriolanus*, and would to Heaven that the gods had here terminated the courſe of my life; but in that part whereof you are ignorant (whoſe Relation I will no longer defer, if I have ſtrength enough to make it, and you patience enough to give this intermedium to your grief) you will but too clearly behold this Infidelity, which compoſeth all the misfortune of my life, and which I ſhould more bitterly deteſt, did I not fear that he who committed it, is dead for my ſake, and if this fear did not make ſome part of my legitimate reſentments give place to compaſſion.

At theſe words the fair Princeſs was ſilent; and *Artemiſa*, having not only teſtified that ſhe would hearken with attention, but that her diſpleaſures by this Diſcourſe would receive a ſenſible allevation, ſhe bethought her ſelf ſome moments on the order of her recital, which a little after ſhe began on this manner.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of the Princeſs Cleopatra.

IT is certain, that before the unfortunate Voyage, wherein the Fidelity of *Coriolanus* was ſhipwrack't, I had reaſon to be ſatisfied with all the actions of his life, and even in thoſe whereunto glory ſeemed to pretend with the greateſt right. He alwayes reguarded me as his only mark; no! Glory it ſelf could not rival me in his heart; for he in ſuch a manner deſpiſed the powers which govern the Earth, and the offer which the Emperor made him of the Crown of his Anceſtors, and threw himſelf for my ſake into perils ſo great and

manifeſt, that any one, leſs eaſie than me, would have been perſwaded of the grandure and verity of his affection. I can alſo ſay that I appeared not inſenſible at theſe proofs of his love, believing that the point to which it was come, and the vertue which I had alwayes obſerved therein, might ſecure my acknowledging thereof without blame. So great it was, and ſo true, that *Coriolanus* himſelf (reaſonable as he then was) durſt not demand more.

I had, ſo well as he, refuſed very conſiderable eſtabliſhments; and I had, ſo well as he, irritated the ſoveraign powers, without conſidering what I ought to fear or hope. It is true, his love made all the fortune, and all the deſigns of my life; and as I cauſed all my felicity to conſiſt in the knowledge which I had of his affection, ſo I made it the whole imployment of my thoughts to render him what I thought was his due, and to ſecond with all my care the ſtrong inclination which I had for him. Alas! how many tears did this true affection coſt me at that mournful departure? How many did it cauſe me to expend, during the time of his dolorous abſence? And what a Spring hath it for ever eſtabliſh't in theſe eyes, which ſeem not to have been conſerved but for this uſe only? What proofs gave I not to this ungrateful perſon of an inviolable affection and fidelity, when after the cure of *Tiberius*, I ſaw the perſecutions of *Livia* begin again, arming againſt me more than ever the whole Authority of *Auguſtus*? With what conſtancy did I reſiſt their flatteries, promiſes, and threatnings? And with what Reſolution armed I not my ſelf at laſt, when being reduced to the utmoſt extremities by the power of *Ceſar*, I feared not to declare openly, how much I deſpiſed it, and to tell him in terms which rather expreſſed the Deſpair, than Courage of a Maid, that he ought not to hope for more from the Empire his Fortune had given him over mine, which when he endeavoured to abuſe, I alwayes knew where to find, after the example of the Queen my Mother, and mine own Courage, a Remedy to free me from his Tyranny.

I was obliged to theſe bold words for an effect which I durſt not hope for, and the Emperor was ſo affected with them, that from that moment he proteſted, That he would never uſe violence againſt the blood of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*; and that if the love and ſervices of *Tiberius* could not overcome me, I was ſecure for the future from any thing that I could fear from him in favour of the Son of *Livia*. He punctually obſerved this promiſe, and on what manner ſoever *Livia* could ſollicite him for her Son, he would never permit them to employ any other Arms againſt me, than thoſe ordinarily made uſe of to gain love.

If this Juſtice of *Auguſtus* was pleaſant to me amidſt my diſpleaſures, it was nothing leſs unpleaſant to *Tiberius*; and whereas he but newly began to leave his Chamber, and would not in a long time be in a condition to receive an intire Cure, it had almoſt caſt his life into the ſame danger from whence it was ſcarce crept out.

He complained to the Empereſs, and accuſed *Ceſar*'s change with more paſſion than reaſon; and did all the things that were poſſible to cauſe him to revoke the promiſe which he made me; but he attempted it in vain, and though the Emperor and Empereſs by intreaties, made many eſſayes to perſwade me, yet their only Arms were ſweetneſſes and promiſes, and I heard no more threatnings.

The Emperor was ſo much the more commendable for this obſervation of his word, having a few dayes after, according to his opinion, cauſes ſufficiently legitimate, to render ill Offices to *Coriolanus*, by the News which he received of the Arrival of that Prince in *Mauritania*, and of the Revolt of that Kingdom in favour of its legitimate Prince. At firſt *Ceſar* deſpiſed this News, not believing (what knowledge ſoever he had of the Valor and Prudence of the Son of *Juba*) that one man, without any other Forces than thoſe whom he could arm by his preſence, could do any great matters in a Countrey ſubject to the *Roman* Scepter, and peaceably ſubjected for more than Twenty yeart; but a little after he heard of ſuch beginnings, that made him ſomething doubt the ſucceſs, and that not only many Cities (having chaſed away, or devoured the *Roman* Garriſons) were fallen to his Party, and ſo given him the means of forming the Body of a formidable Army; but alſo that with thoſe Troops, he had defeated Fourteen or fifteen Thouſand men, conducted by *Canidius*, one of the Lieutenants of *Voluſius*, Prætor of *Mauritania*.

Ceſar

Ceſar was moved in good earneſt at this News, and vowed more ſolemnly than before, the deſtruction of *Coriolanus*, yet did alwayes imagine that this Prince would be too weak to reſiſt the Forces of *Voluſius*.

But though the Emperor was vexed at this ſucceſs of *Coriolanus*'s Arms, yet was it no diſſatisfaction to me. Albeit the luſtre of a Crown was incapable of adding any thing to the affection and eſteem I bare him, and I found that in his ſingle perſon, which I ſought not in the recovery of his Anceſtors Dignities. It is certain that having ſeen him depart to ſeek a Crown for me only, reſolving (as he would ſay) not to abaſe the Daughter of *Antony* to the condition of a diſpoyled and miſerable Prince. I could not without much joy receive the intelligence of theſe happy beginnings of his Enterprize, and too great were my concernments in his glory, to hear the recital of his brave actions, without taking therein that contentment which I ought. The generous *Octavia* (to whom I had diſcovered nothing of my knowledge of *Coriolanus*'s deſign) believing ſhe owed ſo much to the blood of *Ceſar*, as to hinder her participating in the Counſel of his Enemies (having been alwayes very affectionate to the intereſts of that Prince) made me an excellent Diſcourſe upon this occaſion, and half-confident that I was not ignorant of *Coriolanus*'s Deſigns, ſhe gave me thanks for not putting her diſcretion to ſo much hazard, between the reſpect ſhe owed to *Ceſar*, and the affection ſhe bare to the intereſts of *Coriolanus*, which ſhe believed to be mine alſo, aſſuring me continually, that what he had done againſt *Ceſar*, had not made her his Enemy; and that ſhe found ſo much Juſtice in his deſign of conſerving *Cleopatra*, and recovering the Kingdom of his Anceſtors, that it was impoſſible for her to condemn him.

The Princeſſes her Daughters, as well thoſe which were my Siſters by the Fathers ſide, as thoſe which ſhe had by *Marcellus* her firſt Husband, loving me equally with a ſincere amity, diſcovered their thoughts more openly, and freely opening their hearts to me, they proteſted their hearty wiſhes were, That *Coriolanus* might aſcend the Throne of *Juba*.

But the Prince *Marcellus* their Brother intereſſed himſelf after another manner in the Affairs of his Friend, and although he made me a light complaint of the little confidence *Coriolanus* had put in him, yet he judged that his ſecreſie was an effect of his diſcretion, and the conſideration he had for the Nephew of *Ceſar*; he became ſo paſſionately ſollicitous for the ſucceſs of this Enterprize, that if the often teſtimonies thereof had not been amongſt perſons well-affected to him, he had run the hazard of drawing ſome diſgrace upon himſelf. Nor was he intirely exempted, for the Emperor who was not ignorant of their friendſhip, asking him one day what were his thoughts concerning the War of *Mauritania*? *Marcellus* (who could not intirely diſguize them, though reſpect laid a conſtraint upon his tongue) anſwered, he was more troubled that *Coriolanus* had incur'd the diſpleaſure of *Ceſar*, than he could be for the loſs of *Mauritania*. The Emperor found this Diſcourſe too obliging for his Enemy, and could not receive it from *Marcellus*, but with a frown; but a little after conſidering that Vertue had formed this friendſhip between theſe two Princes, and knowing *Marcellus* too well to ſuſpect him of an intelligence, wherein there was any thing of baſe, he ſatisfied himſelf, with not calling him to the Council wherein they debated matters againſt his Friend, and went no further in any evil deſign againſt him, for his fidelity to his Friend in both Fortunes; and here the Emperors great inclination for him, proved very advantagious to him.

Livia and *Tiberius* failed not to improve this occaſion with all their power, forgetting nothing that might perſwade *Ceſar* that *Marcellus* was not ignorant of his Friends deſigns.

During this, *Tiberius* viſited me with his ordinary perſecutions, but with leſs pride and confidence in his Fortune, ſince the hopes were loſt which he had placed in the Authority of *Ceſar*; but though his deſigns had loſt this advantage, they nevertheleſs received a conſiderable one in the abſence of *Coriolanus*, and hearing him daily declared by the mouth of *Ceſar* himſelf, an Enemy to the *Roman* Name and Empire, he hoped with great appearance that he would never return in a condition of obtaining *Cleopatra* to his prejudice, and that *Ceſar* ſtirr'd by the hate he bare him, would do him the greateſt of all diſpleaſures, by depriving him of *Cleopatra*.

Amidst these hopes wherein he founded his consolations, he rendred me very frequent visits, and as his spirit is marvellous quick, he forgot nothing that might advance his own pretensions, or frustrate those of his Rivals. What advantages soever *Coriolanus* had in *Mauritania* (though he bare them an implacable envy) were pleasing to him, though displeasing to *Cesar*; and when the News came of his second Victory, against the two Lieutenants of *Volusius*, and of his taking many Towns, and the reduction of the greatest part of *Mauritania*, it became a Subject of hope and joy to him, though of grief and revenge to the Emperor.

In effect, *Augustus* was so sensibly provoked by this News, that had he not found comfort in the assurances of *Volusius*, who promised within few dayes to fall upon that young *African* with Forces whom he should be uncapable to resist, he would have given publick testimonies of his displeasure. Nor could he so well dissemble them, but that even to me he discovered some part, in terms sufficiently sharp, and I have heard since, that he was often upon the point of arresting me for a Hostage, believing that he possest the better part of his Enemy, and should have an infallible means, either to punish him severely, or to oblige him to whatsoever he desired, so long as he held me in his power.

In this mind he intended to have placed Guards upon me, and had done it, were it not for the intreaties of the Princess *Octavia* (for whom he alwayes preserved a great respect) who was responsible for me, giving her word that I should not stir from her. *Cesar*, who had a marvellous confidence in the vertue of *Octavia*, was satisfied with this assurance for that time, and suffered me not to be at all worse treated, though he was very much solicited thereto by *Livia*.

Marcellus indeavoured much for me on this occasion; but the poor Prince was sufficiently troubled for himself, and the inconstancy of *Julia* gave him business enough. This volatile Princess had then cast her eyes with too much concernment upon the young *Drusus*, Brother to *Tiberius*; and if the Emperor had not interposed his Authority in this quarrel, great disorders had insued in *Rome*, which was divided between them, according to their different affections. And as *Marcellus* comforted me in my troubles, he also communicated to me his own; but I will not inlarge upon his adventures, which you shall learn when we have more time, I le speak only of those that concern me; and that I may not draw my Discourse to a greater length on so distasteful a Subject, I will pass by things of less importance, to tell you, that at last the News came to *Rome* of the utter defeat of *Volusius*, of his being taken Prisoner, and of the intire reduction of the two *Mauritania's*, with the Crowning of *Coriolanus* to whom the *Africans* had re-given the Name of *Juba* his Father, which he also received when he was born.

I will not be large upon the Emperors resentments, against which the Authority of *Octavia* could not so well defend me, but that I received order from the Emperor to keep my apartment, with a prohibition not to stir forth upon pain of a more severe imprisonment. Had it not been for the power of those who protected me, I had not escaped so well, and I protest I with ease enough indured this restraint, for the sweetness sake of its cause: In effect, I could not behold *Coriolanus* upon the Throne of his Ancestors, and upon a Throne obtained by so many brave Victories, and actions which placed his Glory incomparably more high than his Fortune, nor (if I may be permitted to speak it) flatter my self with the part which I therein pretended, through the assurances he had given me, and the testimonies I had received of his affection, without interesting my self as I ought in this change of his condition. Lastly, I hoped with some joy to ascend with him to the dignities of our Fathers, and being assured that *Octavia*, my Brothers, and *Marcellus* (who were the only persons that either by Nature, or my own will, had any legitimate power over me) would not oppose my intentions towards him, I formed my designs with a firm resolution to despise all obstacles which the malice of our Enemies, or the Authority of *Augustus* could interpose.

Scarce had I received this important News by the common report, when *Marcellus* (who interessed himself no less than me) entred my Chamber. Presently I observed in his face a joy which he neither could, nor would dissemble in my presence, and testifying for the good success of the Affairs of his Friend, a Gatery which he used not for his own: My Sister (*said he*) although I was not born in *Africa*, yet I come to render you the first homage,

homage, as Queen of *Mauritania*: But I fear (*added he*) that I too much abuſe this liberty which it hath pleaſed you to give me; and leaſt the Name of Brother which you have granted to the Son of *Octavia*, may derogate from the reſpect due to a great Queen. Brother (*anſwered I with a ſmile*) I am neither Queen of *Mauritania*, nor you in a condition to behold the greateſt Queens with other reſpect, than that which your Civility will allow to their Sex. But your deſign is (*continued I, anſwering to his Raillery*) to teach us our duty, and that we ought no longer call by the Name of Brother, a Prince deſtined to the Empire of the Univerſe, and who muſt one day, Soveraignty diſpoſe of our deſtinies.

I receive this Diſcourſe, *replied Marcellus*, as ſeriouſly as you make it, being unable to fear that you have an opinion bad enough of me, to believe that when this change ſhall happen in my condition, I ſhall diminiſh, ought of the reſpect I ſhall bear whilſt I live, to the Princeſs *Cleopatra*. But you foreſee thoſe things afar off, which in themſelves are very doubtful, and which will not be perhaps in the diſpoſe of *Ceſar*, though he ſhould continue his good-will towards me; inſtead whereof, I ſpeak to you of things already come to paſs, finding no other diſtance between the Coronation of *Juba*, and yours, than the Tract of land which ſeparates you, neither any other difficulties than thoſe that you bring your ſelf. How knew you, *ſaid I*, (*ſpeaking againſt my heart*) but that this new dignity hath changed his inclinations, and the buſineſſes of recovering and governing a great Kingdom, hath made him forget things of leſs importance?

Ah Siſter (*replied Marcellus*) how much do you injure him, if you imagine, that the cares of a Crown can be more important than the remembrance of *Cleopatra*, ſince I dare aſſure you in his ſtead, that the Empire of the whole World would be inconſiderable to his ſpirit, in reſpect of your affection. I was very joyful to obſerve in this Prince ſo many teſtimonies of affection for *Coriolanus*, and being willing to hold him longer upon this point: But is it poſſible, *ſaid I to him*, that you perceive no diminution of your friendſhip towards that Prince, for that which he hath cauſed in an Empire deſtined for you; and when it ſhall come into your own hands, will you not behold him with an evil eye, that hath diſmembred it of two ſo great Kingdoms.

I have already told you, *added Marcellus*, that the poſſeſſion of the Empire, is a thing whereof I have very little aſſurance through the change which may happen in *Ceſars* humor, or Dominion; but the gods are my Witneſſes, that were it offered to me to day, I ſhould receive thereby no greater joy, than to part it with my Friend; and I ſhall ſay no more, when I tell you, that him to whom I would yield *Cleopatra*, I would eaſily give the whole Empire. Ah my Brother (*replied I, bluſhing at this Diſcourſe*) *Cleopatra* is not a price conſiderable in reſpect of the Empire; and though your bounty had made her ſo, ſhe would have been very ſorry to have made you loſe, with the dignities which you poſſeſs, the happineſs you injoy in the perſon of *Julia*.

I ſpake thus, becauſe at that time he ſtood upon very good terms with *Julia*; and it was believed that the Emperor would ſhortly cauſe the Celebration of their Marriage. We were upon this point, when we were interrupted by the Princeſs *Julia* her ſelf, who did me the honour to viſit me, and as ſhe then deſired to teſtifie a great deal of affection to *Marcellus*, of whoſe joy for the advantages of his Friend ſhe was not ignorant, ſhe would not loſe this occaſion to let me ſee that her ſentiments were conformable to thoſe of the Prince ſhe loved, though thoſe who deſired to ſtand well in *Ceſars* favour, durſt not viſit me at this time, which was to me a time of diſgrace; but *Julia* might do it more commodiouſly, becauſe I lodged in the houſe of her Aunt *Octavia*, whom ſhe ſaw almoſt daily, and for whom the Emperor made extraordinary deferences. She teſtified to me at that time a hundred marks of ſatisfaction, which would have rendred her very criminal before *Ceſar*, had they reached his ear; and as her ſpirit was very quick and ready, ſhe forgat nothing which might perſwade, that ſhe had very much intereſt in the Fortune of *Juba*.

Marcellus teſtified much acknowledgment for this bounty, and it ſeemed that this meeting gave ſtronger bands to their love.

Tiberius came to ſee me on the morrow, but made no mention of *Coriolanus*, not daring ſufficiently to conſtrain his thoughts, to teſtifie any joy at this good ſucceſs, and having a ſpirit too ſubtile to ſpeak before me, againſt a Prince, for whom my eſteem and affection

were

were publick; yet could he not some dayes after, but touch upon it, and finding me in my ordinary coldness towards him: I will not believe, *said he*, that the ill-assured hope of a Crown, hath added any thing to the disdain which you have alwayes shewed towards me; and as your Courage is too great to raise your self by things that are below you, so you have too much judgment to believe that *Coriolanus* can resist the puissance of the Emperor, armed against him; or that his condition is better upon that tottering Throne, than it was here in *Rome*, when he was honoured by the Amity and Protection of *Cesar*.

It is not Fortune, *replied I*, for which I esteem men, and the change which *Coriolanus*'s hath and may receive, can add nothing to the sentiments which I have for him.

Nevertheless you see, *replied Tiberius*, that the thoughts of his love possess not the upper places of his spirit, and he appears sufficiently hot, and busied about the Conquest of a Crown, to give you reason to believe that his strongest endeavours are not for the Service of *Cleopatra*. I will believe it so well as you (*replied I smiling*) and I shall have but little reason to blame him for preferring a Crown before the possession of *Cleopatra*, who doubtless is not of value sufficient to be put in the Balance against a Crown. Ah! Madam, *added Tiberius*, were the Empire of the whole World offered to me, without doubt I should despise it for you; and you do me an infinite injury, in case you entertain any other thought of the affection of *Tiberius*. I will believe, *said I coldly*, that you are very generous, and that you give a sufficiently great proof thereof, in visiting a disgraced person, or rather a person, who by the Command of *Cesar*, is forbidden to go out of her Apartment.

It is just, *replied Tiberius*, (turning it into *Gallantry*) that she who enchains so many persons, should once in her life make tryal of the condition of Prisoners; and you ought not to think it strange, that *Cesar* should make sure of an Enemy, by securing his better part, infringing himself by such a Hostage, from the most dangerous of his practices.

I could not but laugh at this Discourse, and beholding *Tiberius* a little more maliciously than I had done before: If, as you say (*replied I*) the highest endeavours of *Coriolanus* are not for the Service of *Cleopatra*; and if he preferreth the interest of a Crown before his affection to me, the Emperor troubles himself with an unnecessary precaution in detaining me, and there is little appearance, that a man hot and busied in the Conquest of a Kingdom, would lose his advantages to promote an interest of far less importance. *Tiberius* was a little confounded to be so taken by his own words; but his nimble spirit would have soon assisted him, if in that moment the Princess *Octavia* and her Daughters had not entred my Chamber, and with them *Emilia*, *Sulpitia*, and the fair and wise *Cipassis*, whom *Julia* a little before had drawn from the condition of a Slave into which she was fallen through the misfortune of War, placing her amongst the most beloved of her Maids. I give you this slight mention of that stranger, because beside the advantages of her beauty, which is excellent, she is one of the most vertuous, and most reasonable persons, I ever knew in my life, and one of those in whom (during the misfortune lately arrived to me) I have found my greatest consolation.

But laying aside the Subject of this little digression, that I may come to the expected issue of my discourse; I must acquaint you that some time after the last Victory of *Juba*, and his establishment, *Volusius*, Prætor of *Mauritania*, whom he had overcome and taken Prisoner, and whose liberty he had granted since his Coronation, arrived at *Rome*.

Before he came, it was doubted after what manner he would be received, and many who knew that the *Mauritania*'s were lost, partly through his fault (as well by reason of his evil treating the *Africans*, as his negligence of so ill defending from the Prince the Countries under his Government) feared that the Emperor would shew him no good countenance, or rather severely chastise him; but I know not by what good Fortune or intercession it was, but he was well enough received, and the Emperor seemed rather to compassionate, than accuse him. This bounty of *Cesar* was praised by all, and the Friends of *Volusius* visited him, and he again visited the most considerable persons of the Court. When

he

he came to kiss the hands of *Octavia*, she was in my Chamber, and there it was that she received his Visit.

I protest, that knowing this man to come from *Coriolanus*, that he had been his Prisoner, and one of the most signal marks of his Victory, I could not behold him without great emotion; neither, if I may with modesty speak it, without taking some part of the advantages which my Prince had over him. I expected with impatience to hear him speak of him, nor was I long without this satisfaction; for after the first discourses of Civility, of his own accord he fell upon that of his misfortunes; and though he spake of *Juba*, as of an Enemy who had deprived him of all, yet was it with so many Elogies, that I could not but believe this man more sensible of the favours he had done him in the sweetness of his Prison, and the gift of his liberty, than of the injury he had suffered by the loss of so many men, divers Battels, and his Government; for in the mouths of vertuous persons, even their Enemies find their deserved praises. I was possest with a marvellous satisfaction, in hearing him relate the wonderful Exploits of my Prince, with what order and prudence he had managed his design, and with what prodigious Valor he executed it, the Victories having been almost obtained by him only.

Volusius spake truly like a disinteressed person; and as he made no difficulty to tell us how he was overcome, and born to the Earth by the hand of *Coriolanus*, who thundred upon him, and assaulted him like lightning; so, nor did he forget to relate with what grandure of courage he received him, and what care he took of the conservation of his life, what treatment full of sweetness he had received whil'st he was in Prison, and with how much generosity he gave him his liberty; and lastly, with what moderation he received the happy change of his Fortune.

The gods know whether these words of *Volusius* did not inflame the heart of the innocent *Cleopatra*, and whether in finding so many great qualities in the person she loved, she strongly confirmed not the gift she had made over of all her affections; I was a little troubled to see that in all the Relation which *Volusius* had made of *Coriolanus*, he mentioned nothing of me, neither signified that he had the least word to say to me from him. I took it for a very ill sign, but at last I found my consolation in this belief, that either the Son of *Juba* would not confer his secret with *Volusius*, or that *Volusius* himself, in case he had any thing to tell me, would choose a more convenient time to acquit him of his Commission, than in the presence of *Octavia*, and so many other Witnesses, who might be suspected of no great correspondence with *Coriolanus*.

But if I retained the first opinion, yet I quickly lost the last, seeing many dayes pass without a Visit either from *Volusius*, or a person of quality amongst the *Moors* named *Themistales*, who came to *Rome* with him.

This, I protest, began to disquiet me, and reflecting upon the long time since I received any Letters from *Coriolanus*, though I believed it would be very difficult for him to find the means to do it with security; I here found my self labouring under a kind of fear, which my good opinion of that Prince never till then had suffered to assault me. I did my endeavours to chase it away, and possibly it had produced no great effects, had I not a few dayes after received an entire knowledge of what I am going to relate.

Volusius had been at *Rome* five or six dayes, and I found my Soul a little agitated by those diffidences which *Coriolanus*'s silence had produced, when I observed in the generous *Octavia* (who daily visited me in my apartment, and from whence I was not permitted to go forth) a melancholly which give me some little inquietudes, and taking the liberty to demand the cause: My Child, *said she*, we cannot be alwayes satisfied, and often when Fortune appears most favourable, she is then preparing for us something most cruel. Is it possible, Madam, *said I*, that Fortune can disturb the Tranquility of your life? I complain not of her, *replied Octavia*, but I counsel you not to trust in her, though I can assure you that you shall not be much longer a Prisoner, and I believe nothing at all suspected by *Cesar*.

It is possible she would have said more, but at the instant there came one from the Emperor to speak with her; yet these few words cast multitudes of disquiet thoughts into my bosome, and were the Subject of a profound revery for part of that day, being unable to imagine wherefore I should soon be unsuspected by *Cesar*, unless he were perswaded of my disinteresst in the Affairs of *Coriolanus*.

Tiberius

Tiberius failed not to see me that day, but said nothing that could any thing enlighten my doubts, and he was too subtile to let me understand from his mouth those truths which would be less suspected from another. At last the gods would that I should have it from him, from whom of all men I should the least have expected it, for that Evening (the Candles being lighted) *Marcellus* entred my Chamber. Though there was less light than at Noon-day, yet was it enough to let me behold in the face of that Prince all the marks of grief, or rather all the tokens of despair. He blush'd, and waxed pale, almost at the same time; and from his eyes, lightning sometime seemed to proceed, and sometimes they were covered with darkness. He remained a good while (silent) upon the Chair where he sate, beholding me by turns with eyes full of grief and fury; and in a posture, which if it made me not fully devine my misfortune, at least it sufficiently signified that some great misfortune was come upon him, or that some disastrous News he had to tell me.

Presently a shivering ran through all my veins, and his sadness communicating it self to me, my face in all things resembled his; I was about to have instructed my self further in what I ought to fear, and had already opened my mouth to satisfie my timerous curiosity, when he breaking silence with violence: Ah my Sister, *said he*, must *Marcellus* bring you the first News of the infidelity of *Coriolanus*? And must he, who at the peril of his Fortune, hath hitherto defended him against the accusations of his Enemies, be the first to accuse him of the basest Treason, the heart of man is capable of conceiving? Ah perfidious man (*pursued he, lifting his eyes to Heaven*) if thou wouldst that *Marcellus* should become neither thy Accuser nor thine Enemy, thou ought'st to have preserved thine innocence, and that vertue which was the band of our first affections, and not have interessed it as thou hast, in the double perfidy which thou hast committed both against thy Mistress, and thy Friend; thou knowest that he sufficiently abhors thy wickedness, not to conserve the least sentiment of esteem for thee, having committed such horrid things against the innocent *Cleopatra*.

I was rather dead than alive, whil'st he spake thus; nor had I the courage to interrupt him, or so much as to ask the cause of so strange and unthought of a change; but he perceiving my thoughts, My Sister, *continued he with the same impetuosity*, I shall say but little, when I tell you that the Son of *Juba*, formerly so dear to *Marcellus*, and so happy in the affection of *Cleopatra*, is the most ungrateful and unfaithful of all men, both towards *Cleopatra*, and towards *Marcellus*; and you will confess that his Treason exceeds in blackness the possibility of my expression, when you know that *Volusius* obtained not his liberty (being come to *Rome* with the principal men amongst the *Mauritanians*) but to treat of peace with *Cesar*, and to offer the submission and tribute which he receives from all the tributary Kings of the Empire, upon condition that he will grant him —— My Sister, upon condition that he will grant him the Princess *Julia* for his Wife.

Before *Marcellus* pronounced this cruel word, I thought he would have told me that *Juba* for some reason of State towards the maintaining his new Royalty, was married in *Africa*, and for that Act I could have only accused him of infidelity towards me; but seeing that instead of a perfidious man, the distance of whose person might have obscured some part of the uglines of his fault, I found him impudent enough to publish it at *Rome*, even before the eyes, and in the bosome of his Mistress and Friend, this so surprized and confounded me (the change being so strange, and so unworthy of such a Prince) that it is impossible for words to represent my astonishment.

Ah! *Marcellus*, cryed I (*being unable to resist this first shock*) is it possible that what you tell me is true? What I say, is but too true, *replied Marcellus*, and would to the gods there remained any room for doubting a thing, which my belief resisted no less than yours; but you may be too easily resolved, for the Negotiation of *Volusius* and *Theocles*, in favour of this pretended Marriage, is at present a thing publickly known, and the Letters of Credence, with full power of concluding the peace, is in the hands of these two Agents; and had they found for the effect of their Negotiation, so much facility in the spirit of *Cesar*, as they hoped, *Marcellus* had ere this lost all his hopes of the possession of *Julia*, as *Cleopatra* must lose all which she had in the love of *Coriolanus*. ——

These (Sister) were the words of *Marcellus*, who also accompanied them with some tears,

tears, which produced such an effect upon my spirit, that I hardly avoided in those first moments, being carried to the utmost extremities. No certainly, all that constancy whereof I think I have given some testimonies, could not defend me against the most lively assaults of grief, and the greatest succours that it gave, were only sufficient to hinder its appearing in actions contrary to prudence, locking up my resentments with a violence which had like to have taken away my life. I cast upon *Marcellus* a regard wherein there appeared something Funest and deadly, and forcing through some sobs which opposed the passage of my voyce; How, Brother, *said I*, hath *Coriolanus* betrayed us! And seeing that he held his eyes fixed upon the ground without answering, Just gods, *continued I, lifting my hands to Heaven*, have you patiently suffered so black a perfidy! I held my peace here, and *Marcellus* being buried in mournful thoughts so well as I, we kept for some time a silence. All that could assault a Soul disposed like mine, incompassed me on every side, and being engaged in the love of this ungrateful Prince, so far as vertue and innocence would permit me, it is certain that I could not understand his black Infidelity, and think upon that love which was almost born with me, and upon which I had bestowed the most precious moments of my life, and to which I had dedicated the remainder, to see it I say terminated by so strange a conclusion, without relenting a violence ready even to tear in pieces my Entrails.

But if my affection excited passionate and tender motions, my glory interessed it self no less in the injury which I received; and as I thought my self able (to whatsoever height Fortune might raise him) to preserve the affections of that Prince by the sincerity of mine, I could not behold the gift which I had made over to him, without regarding his oblivion and disdain as an outrage unsupportable to a good Courage. So that my resentments against him (for my affections so cruelly betrayed, and for my glory so unworthily offended) made my spirit float in a Sea of sad thoughts; and though it expresst not it self by cryes and imprecations against this ungrateful man, yet it began to open the source of this River of tears, which hath almost uncessantly slid from mine eyes ever since that cruel day.

In that sad moment, they took their course from my Cheek over my hand which sustained it, along my Arm which was propped by that of the Chair, and were seconded by some sighs which I would not restrain before *Marcellus*, to whom my thoughts were not unknown. At last that Prince came from his profound study, and feeling himself touched with pity for my sake, so much as he was with anger for his own, he could not behold the sadness of my soul by that which appeared upon my face, without feeling a redoubling of his own, and rising from the place where he sate: My Sister (*said he*) *Coriolanus* whil'st faithful deserved your friendship, but *Coriolanus* unfaithful is unworthy of your tears, and the grief which you testifie for his loss. Seek your consolations in your Courage, and your remedies in the knowledge of your self, which will soon make you judge, that the ungrateful man hath done you a less sensible injury, than he hath done himself; and that to expose himself to shame and disdain, he hath himself overturned his most glorious Fortune. Moreover, he hath succeeded in his design according to his desert, for the Emperor hath not only rejected his proposition with disdain, but beheld them with a frown who made it, and whose lives possibly had run a great hazard, had they not found a powerful protection in *Rome*.

Hereupon seeing that I lent him a very peaceable Audience, and no other way interrupted him save by my sighs, he more at large related how *Volusius* and *Theocles* having demanded of the Emperor a particular Audience, and shew'd him their power sealed with the Seal-Royal of *Mauritania*, declared their charge which they had from the King *Juba*, which was, That although he entred the Dominions of his Father by Arms, and was in a condition of defending his Kingdoms against whatsoever Forces he could send, yet if it pleased the Emperor to honour him with his Alliance, and to grant him the Princess *Julia* for his wife, he would hold of him the Crown which he had Conquered, with the same Homage which he received from other Vassal Kings and Tributaries to the Empire, adding this on his part, That he had not taken the liberty of making this demand, had he not believed that the Princess would not take it ill, and possibly would have no repugnance thereto. *Marcellus* pursued, that *Cesar* appeared much amazed at the Proposition, and having

ving checked those that made it, in terms teaching them what fruit to expect from their Negotiation, he added: That he praised the gods that this man whose Arms he might have feared whil'st he was vertuous, was now become so wicked and perfidious; and that since he had changed his inclinations, he doubted not the success of the War; that his Daughter was designed for him that should possess the Empire, and not for a barbarous *African*; Nay, and had he been born in the Throne of *Romulus*, he could not but with disdain have beheld a man unfaithful to his Mistress and his Friend. After this, he commanded *Volusius* never again to open his mouth upon this business, and *Theocles* to leave *Rome* within eight dayes; and that after they were gone, the Emperor related the business to *Agrippa* and *Domitius*, and all those that were with him, and within an hour after to *Octavia*, and that he was last of all advertized thereof by *Cesars* own mouth, who could no longer keep secret from him the perfidy of his Friend, and who detested it as much as any of those that heard it, amongst all whom there was not one found who would speak a word to excuse it.

Marcellus had time enough to make me this Discourse, and instead of interrupting him, I spake not till he had done; at last, seeing that he expected from my mouth some knowledge of my resentments, promising to employ his whole life in our common vengeance against a man, for whom not long since he would willingly have layed it down. My dear Brother (*said I, with pain enough*) I demand no vengeance neither from the gods nor you, upon the infidelity of *Coriolanus*; it is possible the gods are just enough to give it me without my desiring, or without your arming your self against a man who even now was so dear to you. His intentions ('tis true) were equally evil both towards you and me, but the effects have been prejudicial to me only (if it be a misfortune for *Cleopatra* to have lost the perfidious *Coriolanus*) and that which he hath attempted against you, hath turned to his own confusion, since that in demanding *Julia* he hath not obtained her; and lastly, you will not lose *Julia*, though I have lost *Coriolanus*. So will you be revenged of his evil design against you, in conserving that which he would have unjustly taken from you, and in making him for ever lose the hopes of a good for which he hath forsaken me. This is all the punishment which I wish him, and if my resentments have endeavoured something against this, yet is it against my heart from whence I shall endeavour to tear the image of this unfaithful man. These words were accompanied by all the tokens of a true grief, and *Marcellus* who compassionated them, as well through the goodness of his Nature, as his interest in their cause, prepared to reply with vehemence; just as we saw *Octavia* enter the Chamber with the Princesses her Daughters, and the young *Ptolomy* my Brother.

She would not bring me the News of my misfortune, though she heard it before *Marcellus*, and would speak no more than what she said in the morning, which had fill'd me with distrust; but then knowing that I had learn't all from the Prince her Son, she spake freely, testifying how great a part she took in my displeasures with all the tendernesses of a true Mother, and forgot nothing which she thought capable of bringing me any consolation.

The Princesses her Daughters appeared not less officious, nor less afflicted than my self; and to have beheld the countenance of this illustrious Company, one would have judged them all to have had an equal interest in the Treason of *Coriolanus*; Nay, they were so generous, that they expressed more resentment against him for the injury he had done me, than for that which he would have done to *Marcellus*: And though they all possessed a great amity for *Coriolanus*, whil'st he retained his innocence; yet could they not refuse to his Crime the detestation which it merited, endevouring all together to perswade me, that a man capable of so great a wickedness, was unworthy my remembrance, or the sorrow which I testified at his loss.

I answered nothing to their Discourse, and better expressed my grief (to persons who knew my humor) by my confusion and silence, than others would have done by cryes and reproaches. When I was a little more at liberty, and that of all the Company, only the Prince *Ptolomy* my Brother remained in my Chamber, and the two Princesses *Agrippina* and *Antonia*, my Sisters, the Daughters of *Antony* and *Octavia*, I no longer retained my tears, nor those complaints which I was able to utter, being amongst persons whose age and

degree

degree of Proximity permitted me to act without constraint, and to whom my love had been known and approved. My Sisters wiped away my tears, and out of compassion abundantly shed their own, and *Ptolomy* (young and boyling, though he had alwayes a great amity for *Coriolanus*, and respect for his vertue) transported himself in Menaces against that Prince, and spake of nothing but vengeance, and a reparation of the injury which I had received.

At last, being left alone with my Maids, I layed me down upon the Bed, where I passed the rest of the Night in the most sad condition I was ever in in my life, and the cruel thoughts which tormented me, suffered not the access of one wink of sleep.

As in all the former Actions of *Coriolanus* I had observed a marvellous Vertue, and as nothing could ever make me suspect, that he could be capable of the wickedness which he had committed, I could not be sufficiently astonish't at so strange an alteration; or hardly credit a truth which I had nothing to alledge against. All my indeavours were, that I might find some occasion of doubting; and certainly had my misfortunes been known only by some reports, or by any other than infallible truths, I should have suspected the artifices of *Tiberius*; but in actions so solemn as are the Negotiations of Princes and publick Treaties, there was no reason to believe that a man of *Volusius*'s quality amongst the *Romans*, and of *Theocles* his Rank amongst the *Moors*, would act without Authority, or addresse themselves to *Cesar*, with an imposture of so great importance: No, *said I*, it is not permitted thee to flatter thy self, and this Prince so charming, the beloved of the unfortunate *Cleopatra*, is too truly convinced; nothing can justifie him, neither hath he the same care which thou hast for his justification; and herein he is more criminal against thee, in that he would have his Crime known to thee, and hath not sought either the obstacles of the Seas which separate us, or the desarts of his *Africa* to hide it from thine eyes, but must needs cause it to enter *Rome* as it were in Triumph by one of the most injurious proceedings that was ever practised amongst men, must thou needs expose me to the sight, indignity, and disdain, not only of the *Romans*, but also of the whole world? Ah, Son of *Juba*, by which of mine actions have I merited this disgrace? If I am not possest with qualities amiable enough to conserve thy affections, yet what could st thou find in me worthy of this injurious treatment, and unworthy of the consideration and respect due to persons of my birth? If amongst the *African* beauties thou hadst chosen one, who had blotted out of thy Soul the impressions it received amongst the *Romans*; or if for the establishment of thy Monarchy, thou hadst been constrained to make the Maxims of thy State take place of those of thy love, I would have excused thy change so much as I could, and then I might have said, That either with reason thou hadst laid down thine Arms at the feet of a greater beauty than *Cleopatra*'s, or that *Cleopatra* was not of value sufficient to be put in competition with the security of a Crown; but it is for neither of these reasons that thou hast forsaken me, and since 'tis for *Julia* that thou leavest me, it must follow that thy love took its birth in *Rome*, and not in *Mauritania*, and this love was Master of thy Soul: When thou appeared'st most passionate for me, even then when thou ran'st to kill *Tiberius*, even then when in appearance for me only, thou braved'st the Emperor, and all the powers of the Empire; and at that time, when for me alone, thou generously refused'st the Kingdom of thy Father.

Ah! No, *Coriolanus* (added I a little after) it is not the love of *Julia* that I ought to accuse for thy infidelity, neither *Julia* nor *Cleopatra* found place in the Soul of a Conqueror, and thou forsookest *Cleopatra*, not for *Julia*, but for the alliance and protection of *Cesar*, which thou judgest more advantagious towards the maintenance of thy new Monarchy, than the love of an unfortunate Princess. Ah! *Coriolanus*, whom I to my misfortune have too much loved, and whom, to my misfortune, I fear I shall never sufficiently hate, since that Heaven, and thy cruel ungratitude, hath ordained that thou shalt never be mine, and that so many sweet and dear hopes are for ever rowled from me, return me at least ungrateful man, these testimonies of mine innocent affection which were sometimes so precious to thee; return me those favours which (all pure and innocent as they were) are become criminal through thy Crime; return me (cruel man) return me those reliques of my heart which thou detainest in despite of me, and which notwithstanding thy infidelity I cannot recover

With ſuch thoughts was I miſerably tormented, and I ſhould not in a long time conclude, ſhould I recite them all. The day appeared ere I could find any conſolation, nor had I then left my Bed, had not *Octavia* ſent to advertize me that the Emperor would ſee me, to whom, and to all thoſe who knew not the ſecret of my heart, I was reſolved to conceal ſome part of my grief.

In order to this deſign, I did my ſelf no little violence, and all that I could do, was a little to compoſe my countenance againſt Night, which was the time of the Emperors Viſit. *Agrippa* and *Marcellus* were with him; and, to give me the greater confirmation, he brought along *Voluſius* and *Theocles*, the two Miniſters of my griefs.

I will not relate all the Diſcourſes of the Emperor, I'le only tell you, that after he had ſufficiently exaggerated the Treaſon of *Coriolanus*, and ſhewed the power which he had given to *Theocles* and *Voluſius* to treat about the Peace and Marriage, and the Letter of Credence which he had written to himſelf, and all ſealed with the Seal of the Kings of *Mauritania*. *Cleopatra* (*added he*) what part ſoever I take in the diſpleaſure which you reſent, I am not a little glad that you have nothing to do with our common Enemy; and, as I have a great conſideration for your Vertue, and after the example of my Siſter, do eſteem you, as though you were really my own Daughter; I proteſt unto you in ſincerity, that my reſentments againſt the Son of *Juba*, have received an increaſe by the Juſtice of yours, and that I will for the future purſue him, as well for the injury which he hath done you, as for that which I have received my ſelf; leave the care of our common vengeance to me, and in the mean while reſt aſſured that in me you ſhall alwayes find a Protector and a Father, and one that will proſecute your intereſts as affectionately, as though you were the Daughter of *Octavia*.

To theſe words he added many more full of love, and I received them with the acknowledgment and reſpect I ought, without ſaying any thing that might irritate him more againſt *Coriolanus* than he was already, which made him imagine that I drew ſome conſolation from the vengeance he promiſed me.

Voluſius made me an ill-favoured Complement for his proceedings, and told me, That what obligation ſoever he had upon him for the Courteſies which he received from *Juba*, he would not have taken the charge of his Commiſſion, had he known my intereſt therein. I anſwered coldly to his Diſcourſe, and the Emperor recalling in my preſence the Command which he had laid upon him, never to ſpeak more on this buſineſs whil'ſt he lived, cauſed *Theocles* to draw near, and beholding him with an aſſured countenance: You may tell your Prince (*ſaid he*) that had not his paſt actions rendred him unworthy of my Alliance, I would nevertheleſs have denied it to a man ſmutted with baſeneſs and perfidy; and it would be little prudence in me to truſt him, after he had betrayed his Miſtreſs and his Friend. Let him maintain, if he can, his new Dominions, and expect a more full knowledge of my intentions by an Army of a Hundred thouſand men, whom he ſhall ſee within a few dayes in his Countrey. *Theocles* took charge of this Commiſſion, and after that day I have not heard that he was ever ſeen in *Rome*.

In the mean time I was almoſt daily viſited by *Tiberius*, and he failed not of his utmoſt endeavours to make his advantage of his Rivals Treaſon, but it ſucceeded not; and inſtead of his becoming more amiable in mine eyes, he appeared more odious than before, being unable to imagine any other cauſe thereof, than the bad humor into which the infidelity of *Coriolanus* had caſt me, and by my belief, that ſince I was betrayed by a man whom I loved, and in whom till then I had found ſo much vertue and ſincerity, I ought not to put any great confidence in a man whom I had alwayes hated, and who had alwayes appeared to me full of Malice and Artifice. At laſt, whatever was the cauſe, *Tiberius* could never get a good word from me; and though the Emperor took the pains to ſpeak often to me in his favour, I ſo excuſed my ſelf to him, that without angring him through my reſiſtance to his will, I might give him little reaſon to conceive any hopes for *Tiberius*.

Though the Emperor was diſpleaſed thereat, yet he teſtified no reſentment againſt me, but hitherto exactly performed his promiſe of Protector and Father, ſo that I might have truly ſaid, That on all occaſions he made an affection for me appear, little different from that he bare the Princeſs *Julia*.

During which, *Marcellus* (whoſe reſentments againſt *Coriolanus* were violent) believed

lieved that he had alſo juſt ones againſt *Julia*; and though ſhe had taken great pains to juſtifie her ſelf from the Accuſation which was made againſt her of having favoured the deſign of *Coriolanus*, and teſtified that ſhe had no repugnance thereto, *Marcellus* thought that he obſerved in her ſome conſtraint, through the care which ſhe took therein, and finding ſome coldneſſes in her, which he had not ſeen ſince their laſt reconciliation, he could not imagine any other cauſe, ſave the Propoſition of the King of *Mauritania*, which he thought very capable of renewing the former flames of that Princeſs. As he communicated to me the greateſt part of his thoughts, ſo he hid not this; and as I deſired his repoſe, I did what I could to chaſe it out of his ſpirit; and it may be I ſhould have obtained my end through the natural ſweetneſs of *Marcellus*'s ſpirit; but by misfortune he met with ſome who told him, that *Julia* had ſeveral private Conferences with *Voluſius*, and that ſhe had ſent ſome Letters by *Theocles* when he left *Rome*. *Julia* alwayes ſtifly denied theſe things, but the report whether true or falſe, made great impreſſions upon *Marcellus*'s ſpirit, taking away all the remainders of his repoſe, and threw him into thoſe violent reſolutions againſt *Coriolanus*, which the remainders of his friendſhip had hitherto kept him from. This made him demand of the Emperor the Command of the Army which he ſent againſt him; *Tiberius* endeavoured no leſs than he to obtain it, and employed all the Credit of *Livia* to be preferred before *Marcellus*: But neither of them obtained it, though all the World judged them very capable; and the Emperor having excluded them, either that neither might be jealous, or for ſome other conſiderations which he alledged to them, and gave it to *Domitius Ænobarbus* an experienced Sea-Captain, and Illuſtrious by many brave Actions. It is true, that *Agrippa* might have obtained it rather than *Domitius*, or any other; but he expreſſed no deſire thereof, and the Emperor knowing how well that great man had alwayes loved *Coriolanus*, and finding that he had no great inclination to the charge, offered it not to him, but ſignified that he had buſineſs for him near his own perſon.

This Army departed from *Brindes*, and ſailed towards *Africa* with a full wind; and three dayes after, *Marcellus* and *Tiberius*, troubled for not having obtained the Command, departed from *Rome*. It was generally believed, that being unable to revenge the injuries they had received from *Coriolanus*, with the glory and advantage which they deſired, they were gone to take an Account of him in any other place.

I believed it ſo well as the reſt, having heard them teſtifie this deſign the one to the other; but be it what it will, they departed both of them without taking leave of me, neither of the Emperor, *Livia*, nor *Octavia* their Mothers, who were ſenſibly afflicted at their departure, but much more when they underſtood that they were gone without any Equipage which might make them known. They cauſed ſeveral to follow them for many dayes, but it was in vain, though the Emperor took great care therein, and teſtified much diſpleaſure at the abſence of *Marcellus*. I proteſt, I was not a little ſenſible thereof, being by his departure deprived of a very great conſolation, though I was a little angry with him for going away without bidding me farewell, not thinking as afterwards I did, that he went ſo for fear of being detained: But if the abſence of *Marcellus* afflicted me, that of *Tiberius* was a great comfort; and ſcarce could I receive a greater refreſhment in my misfortunes, than to ſee my ſelf delivered from a man whom I could not love, and by whom I was perpetually tormented.

In the mean time (*my dear Siſter*) I ſhall make no difficulty to tell you, that my reſentments againſt *Coriolanus*'s Infidelity, were not capable of effacing from my memory, leaving their ſtill remembrances ſo tender and ſo mournful, that I could eaſily ſee, that anger was not the ſtrongeſt paſſion of my Soul. Were I with the Princeſs *Antonia* my Siſter, whom I particularly loved for a Hundred Noble qualities which accompanied her beauty, and to whom I had thitherto diſcovered the moſt ſecret of my thoughts; or if *Camilia* were with me, which is ſhe of my Maids in whom I have the greateſt confidence; or were I alone (as I often ſought the opportunity ſo to be) I continually bewailed the loſs of a man whom I had infinitely loved in all his qualities; who had given me a Thouſand gallant teſtimonies of his love, and upon whom I had for ever faſtned my firſt and laſt affections; and although according to reaſon I ought to deteſt his remembrance, at leaſt not to think upon him, but to abhor him; yet could I never get this power over my ſpirit, and as my affection

affection was produced in proceſs of time, and after a long knowledge, having contracted nothing of thoſe irregular and turbulent motions which do often accompany the paſſions, it produced nothing impetuous or violent, and ſatisfied it ſelf by undermining me with grief, and in conſuming me with a perpetual languiſhing, without introducing either hate, rage, or the deſires of vengeance. I made a ſtrong reſolution never to re-ſee that unfaithful man whil'ſt I lived, though the gods and Fortune ſhould permit (notwithſtanding the diſtance which ſeparated us) that he ſhould ever preſent himſelf before me; and I imployed all my ſtrength to chaſe out of my Soul, what therein remained of this unhappy affection.

But this was all that I endeavoured for my ſatisfaction, and the gods are my Witneſſes, that I never demanded from them any vengeance upon that ungrateful Prince, nor harboured the leaſt wiſh againſt the proſperity of his Arms, and the eſtabliſhment of his Fortune. Nay more, I could not but rejoyce at the News of the gallant Victory obtained by Sea, againſt the Army of *Ænobarbus*, whereby it was believed that his Dominions were for ever ſetled againſt all the powers of the Empire; and though I had no more reaſon to intereſt my ſelf in his good and glorious ſucceſs, yet could I not reſiſt this inclination of my ſpirit, which could not behold them without emotion, and a favourable opinion. Let him overcome (would I ſay) let him triumph, let him reign glorioufly, and let the Infidel proſper in all the deſigns that a juſt Ambition can inſpire him with; I will behold his Victories, and the eſtabliſhment of his Throne with wiſhes which my heart cannot refuſe him; and this heart which once was ſo ſenſible of his love, can never be inſenſible of his intereſts. I wiſh that his Crown, whereof I ought to have part, and for which he hath doubtles forſaken me, may be ſo ſetled upon his Head, that nothing may ever ſhake it; and if I wiſh any trouble to this ungrateful man, it is only remorſe of Conſcience, when his Eſtates are peaceable.

This was my reſignation, which nevertheleſs could not prevent a lively reſentment of all that grief could produce in a Soul ſo touched to the quick. I forced my ſelf to diſſemble in thoſe Companies wherein I was conſtrained to be, but when I was at liberty, I retained neither my ſighs, nor my tears, giving a free ſcope to all the effects of my affliction. Alas! how many cruel Hours, how many Nights without ſleep hath my ſad thoughts made me ſpend? how many whole dayes have I given to my ſolitudes, to my complaints, and ſometimes to reproaches.

At laſt this ſad courſe of life made the body partake of the ſpirits diſeaſe, and I loſt in a little time (with all my joy) a good part of my plumpneſs, and of that little beauty which I received from Heaven; I became pale and lean, and my eyes more ſunk and dull than uſual.

Thoſe who loved me, afflicted themſelues more at this change than I did; and ſometimes when I beheld it in a Glaſs, I could not but ſay with a ſigh; *Ah! King of* Mauritania, *how thou haſt carried away the ſpoyles of the innocent* Cleopatra? *How well thou knoweſt to triumph at once over the Arms of thy Enemies, and the beauty of that unfortunate Princeſs! Would to the gods this face had never been owner of greater Charms than theſe thy Infidelity hath left, or that they had never been powerful enough to kindle theſe unfortunate flames, which at this day are the cauſe of my deplorable deſtiny.*

On this manner I lived, when *Auguſtus* (having received with impatience and diſpleaſure the News of the laſt Victory of *Juba*) reſolved to leave *Rome*, partly to ſend Forces into *Africa*, and partly upon other Affairs, which called him into *Greece*, and from thence into the Provinces of *Aſia*. His departure was much ſooner than was believed, and becauſe he deſired that *Octavia* ſhould take this Journey, and I living with her as her Daughter, had nothing that could diſpenſe with my not following the Court: Beſide, the Emperor treated me wonderful well ſince I was no longer ſuſpected by him, and the Empereſs to comply with him, ſhewed much eſteem and friendſhip to me; and I went with no other repugnance, than that of a multitude to my ſolitary diſpoſition. We departed from *Rome* with all the great perſons of the Empire, and took ſhipping; and the firſt place we touched at (after a proſperous Navigation) was *Sicilia*, where we made ſome abode at *Syracuſa*, where the beauty of the walks that are about that City gave me ſome divertiſement. In my walks I was ordinarily accompanied by my Siſter *Antonia*, and ſome of my Maids without

without greater attendance; and it was in one of these walks that an adventure hapned unto me, which cruelly opened all my wounds, and an adventure so strange, that it will be difficult for you to imagine it.

It was (*my dear Sister*) that whil'st I walked with *Antonia* and *Camillia*, and in a little Wood near the famous Fountain of *Arethusa*, entertaining my self with the Infidelity of *Coriolanus* (what care soever I took to banish him from my remembrance.) That same *Coriolanus* whom I thought to be employed in gathering the fruits of his Victories, and governing his new Monarchy! That same *Coriolanus* from whom I thought my self a great distance, presented himself before me.

I know, *Sister*, you are amazed how to understand this fickle effect of my Fortune: *Yes certainly I am astonish't* (replied *Artemisa*) *and I so little expected this Encounter, that I cannot apprehend it without a great surprize.* You may believe, *replied Cleopatra*, that I was no less surprized at so unexpected a sight, and that I often accused mine eyes of false information, when they represented to my Soul a face, whose Character, in spight of my just resentments, I carried graven in my heart; but that which amazed me yet more, was, that this Infidel accosted me with as much assurance, as though he had been the most innocent man of the world, speaking to me in terms as passionate, as those he used at *Rome*, Treating me at last after the same manner; as though nothing had ever been heard, or as if he himself had never so much in all his life as thought on the Treason which he committed.

Here the Princess related the long Conversation which she had with *Coriolanus*, in the same manner as *Emilia* had related it a few dayes before to *Tiridates*, repeating word by word all the Princes Discourse, and forgat nothing of the cruel Answer which she gave him, and the rigorous words whereby she thought she had banish't him her presence for ever; and when she was come so far, she proceeded on this manner.

What just resentment soever I had in my Soul, believe not (*my Sister*) but it was with some violence that I constrained my self to follow my just resolutions; I was armed with a most legitimate anger, and my wrath increased with reason at the sight of this perfidious man; but withall I could not behold that face formerly so beloved, the suppliant face of *Coriolanus*, neither hear the sound of that voyce, which once so sweetly charmed me, without resenting extraordinary emotions, and such as could not assault a Soul without making a great impression therein.

I retired with my Sister and *Camillia* into our Chariot, rather dead than alive; and having observed (as I thought) at our separation something deadly in the reguards of *Coriolanus*, I was possessed with a fear accompanied with tenderness, that fill'd me with most cruel agitations. So long as the way lasted to *Syracusa*, I was not able to utter one word, and my Sister and *Camillia* who saw me in a condition so little capable of converse, kept themselves in the same posture, and opened not their mouths to interrupt those thoughts tormented my heart; but when we were in my Chamber, wherein I locked my self with them, without seeing any one else the rest of that day, and that time had a little reduced me out of my astonishment, beholding *Antonia* with eyes, from whence not withstanding all my constancy, tears prevented the first word I would have said: *Well Sister* (said I) *What think you of this adventure? And what judge you of the Caprices of my miserable Fortune?* I say (*replied Antonia*) that I was never more surprized in my life, and my spirit is so intangled with what I have seen, that I know not what judgment to make thereon. But at last (added I with much pain) *If the Encounter of the King of* Mauritania *be not an effect of Chance, what think you doth he come to seek with us? And what may be the design of so much pain and agitation, which we saw in his words and actions? Is it feigned, is it Repentance?* And lastly, *What conformity hath these things with the Treason he hath committed?*

It will be difficult, *replied Antonia*, for me to comprehend any thing; but unless I am mistaken, I observed in the face, actions and words of *Coriolanus* such a confidence, which a criminal spirit is uncapable of; and so many Marks of a true passion, that I know not how to reconcile what I have seen, with what I have heard of his Infidelity; for, if we grant that he may dissemble his countenance and words, yet wherefore hath he left his Kingdom, and taken so long a Voyage to seek you? And what appearance is there that he would

leave

leave an Eſtate as yet little ſetled, and to whoſe Converſation his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary, that he would commit himſelf to the Mercy of the Seas, and run into the hands of his implacable Enemies, if he had no paſſion for you?

What you ſay hath therein ſome veri-ſimility (*ſaid I*) but Siſter, we have not learn't his Crime by ſimple ſuſpitions or conjectures, and our knowledge thereof is of ſuch a nature, that nothing can diſprove it; and if we owe this meeting to deſign rather than hazard, and that *Juba* hath really left his Kingdom to ſee me, which he could not do without putting his life and his Eſtate in danger, that which I can believe as moſt likely and moſt advantagious for him, is, that having done violence to the love he bare me, that he might obtain the Alliance of *Ceſar*, which he thought more advantagious than that of the houſe of *Anthony*; and having learn't the bad ſucceſs of his deſign, and the injurious refuſal which the Emperor made of the Princeſs *Julia*, deſpairing of *Julia*, he is returned to *Cleopatra*; and being unable to obtain *Julia*, he had rather have the perſon, and it may be the Alliance of *Cleopatra*, than of an *African*.

This is really my thought, and the only one I can have upon this Encounter; to which *Antonia* (convinced ſo well as I of *Coriolanus*'s Infidelity, was conſtrained to ſubmit, finding none more likely; only ſhe blamed me for not giving him a longer Audience, believing that by a little further Diſcourſe we might have been reſolved in all our doubts.

Since that day my thoughts to my misfortune were more ſtrongly faſtned to the remembrance of *Coriolanus* than before, and I proteſt I looked upon him with leſs reſentment and more tenderneſs than before, being unable to behold a Prince, whom once I ſo dearly loved with all the marks of his former paſſion upon his face, and in his Diſcourſes, without feeling ſome motions in a heart which had too much weakneſs for him. O ſight! how fatal haſt thou been to that little repoſe which I forced, to ſettle it ſelf in my Soul! and how difficult hath it been ſince, for me to efface then the leaſt Characters of this interview? Were I waking, or were I ſleeping, this *Idea* preſented it ſelf alwayes before me; nor could I, without ſome conſolation, recollect the amorous and paſſionate words of that Prince; nor could I, without ſome grief, and perhaps, not without ſome Repentance, recollect my rigorous Reply, by which I ſuppoſed I had baniſh't him for ever! Alas would I ſometimes ſay, Is it poſſible that all the World is deceived? And that *Coriolanus* is as innocent in effect, as he would appear; and that the deſtiny of *Cleopatra* is changed. But alas, all my hopes are quite rooted up! and this ungrateful man hath been ſo unpitiful in his ungratitude, that he hath taken away even the leaſt doubt wherewith I was permitted to flatter my ſelf.

Such Diſcourſes, and others of the like Nature, took up my whole time during *Ceſar*'s Voyage; with whom, in a few dayes after, we departed from *Syracuſe*, and viſited all *Grecia*, and part of *Aſia*. Upon Sea and Land, it was all one with me, and my pitileſs grief kept me perpetual Company, ſo well in *Aſia* as in *Europe*. And it is certain, that they have received a very ſenſible increaſe, through the ill ſucceſs of *Coriolanus*'s Affairs, and what reaſon ſoever I have to be little intereſſed therein, yet could I not hear that in his abſence he had loſt his Kingdom without a double affliction, his Subjects who under ſo valiant a Leader, would doubtleſs have braved the Forces of the whole Empire, and had formerly under his Conduct appeared more than men, made leſs reſiſtance now, than women, under the *Roman* Arms; and were moſt eaſily reduced under the Dominion of *Auguſtus*.

I imagined (to increaſe my affliction) my ſelf to have been the cauſe of this fatal abſence of *Coriolanus*; and though I could not comprehend what ſhould hinder his return into *Africa*, having had time enough to go thither and defend his State, yet I believed my ſelf partly to have been the cauſe of his misfortune, and that belief moſt cruelly redoubled my misfortunes. *Ah! Son of* Juba (have I often ſaid) *I have alwayes feared that the gods would puniſh thee for thy Crime, but I call them to witneſs, that I never wiſhed it, and that I cannot ſee thee diſpoyled of thy Kingdom, and poſſibly a wandring Vagabond, without any aſſured retreat, without deploring thy misfortune, and intereſſing my ſelf more therein, than my ingratitude deſerveth. My juſt reſentments are ſatisfied to ſee thee troubled with ſome remorſe, and puniſh't by a vain Repentance; and it is upon thy heart, not upon thy fortune that I would be revenged.*

In theſe ſad imployments I travelled with *Ceſar*, whom I ſaw every day, and the Empe-

reſs

reſs alſo, who knowing the Emperors intentions, appeared nothing ſharp towards me for my ill treating *Tiberius*, neither oppoſed ſhe the birth of her Sons (the young *Druſus*) paſſion for my Siſter *Antonia*, towards whom he began to ſhew great teſtimonies of a vertuous affection, we received the knowledge thereof with ſatisfaction, as well for the preſent Fortune of the Sons of *Livia*, as for the Noble qualities of that young Prince, who really poſſeſſed all that could render a man accompliſh't. He teſtified a ſenſible Repentance for the pretences he formerly had to *Julia*, and finding in *Antonia* a humor quite different from that of *Ceſars* Daughter, and with an excellent beauty a ſpirit full of prudence and ſweetneſs, and a marvellous vertue, he became wholly hers, and began to make his Addreſſes with the approbation of *Octavia* and *Ceſar*, and all thoſe that were intereſſed therein. I alſo daily ſaw the Princeſs *Julia*, who failed not of the former teſtimonies of her friendſhip, and aſſured me by a thouſand Oaths that ſhe contributed nothing to the infidelity of *Coriolanus*, and if it were ſo that that Prince had a real paſſion for her, my intereſt, and that of *Marcellus*'s (which ſhe conſidered as ſhe ought) would never have permitted her to have turned her eyes or thoughts upon him. All this while nothing was heard of *Tiberius* nor *Marcellus*, only they learn't that they had not been in *Mauritania*.

I will hold you no longer upon the recital of our Voyage, and you ſhall only know that leaving *Cyprus* for *Alexandria*, our Veſſel ſailing towards *Egypt* with a proſperous wind, the Princeſs *Octavia* deſiring to viſit the Empreſs, paſſed out of our Veſſel into hers, accompanied by my Siſters; and I had waited upon her in this Viſit, had not a little indiſpoſition hindred me, obliging me to ſtay where I was with my Maids: You learn't yeſterday how we were attaqued by a furious Tempeſt, which diſperſt all the Veſſels of the Fleet; and ours having for two dayes reſiſted the waves with very little hopes, fell at laſt into the power of the King your Brother, from whom, inſtead of the ſuccours we demanded, we had like to have received our deaths amongſt many of the Paſſengers whom he ſlew; you know all that hapned to me with him, the perſecutions which I ſuffered by his love, the Captivity wherein he kept me, till by good Fortune I found the means of eſcaping, through the aſſiſtance of that valiant man whom I found with you, and whom I have learn't ſince to be the Prince of *Silicia*.

And laſtly (*my dear Siſter*) I had the good Fortune to find you, and to ſee the Prince *Alexander* my Brother, to know and be known of him; you ſaw our Careſſes at ſo unthought on a meeting, and I received yours with much affection, when you knew that I was the Siſter of *Alexander*; and when I learn't from *Alexander* that you were the Princeſs to whom he owed his life, to whom he had given it, and to whom he had ſo great obligations. Our friendſhip formed it ſelf without difficulty, we remembred each other of the young years we had paſſed together at *Alexandria*, with the Queen *Cleopatra* my Mother; I learn't your Fortunes by the mouth of my Brother, and you deſired to know mine by my own. I related to you in the Wood where we walked, the moſt part of the accidents of my life, when by an Encounter, as little expected as that at *Syracuſa*, that *Coriolanus* of whom I had ſpoken ſo much, who ſo poſſeſſeth my thoughts, and who had ſo great a concernment in our Diſcourſe, preſented himſelf again before me, and hath not only troubled my Soul, and awaked the agitations of my ſpirit by this laſt Encounter, but alſo in the maniſeſt danger wherein we have left him fighting for our ſakes (ungrateful and unfaithful as he is) he hath poſſeſt me with ſo ſtrong a grief, as that of having re-fallen into the hands of *Artaxes*.

The afflicted *Cleopatra* thus ended her Diſcourſe, and the mournful occaſion whereon ſhe ended, ſo touched her, that ſhe could not but with tears accompany the ſad concluſion. *Artemiſa* would have comforted her, had ſhe not been in ſo uncomfortable a condition her ſelf; and although her own Affairs were capable of wholly filling her ſpirit, yet could they not hinder her from ſaying, in joining tears together; I hope, my dear Siſter, that the gods have delivered that Prince from the danger wherein we left him, having formerly done marvels in his favour, which may reaſonably hinder our deſpairing of his ſafety; and if I durſt (Siſter) I would ſay that poſſibly you have more reaſon to intereſs your ſelf therein than you think, being unable to imagine, after your Relation of his life, and the effects of his love, but much more of that meeting at *Syracuſa*, and this laſt, whereat I have been preſent my ſelf, that that Prince can be intirely culpable of thoſe Treaſons wherewith you

reproach him, and which makes all his misfortunes yours. All his Actions have so little correspondence with that infidelity, and he appeared with so much innocence both in his face and words, that I am the most deceived person in the World, if he be not rather betrayed than the Traytor, and if those appearances which have deceived you, be not some effect of the artifice of *Tiberius*. For (although you have proofs apparently convincing) if *Coriolanus* hath forsaken you, what can be his design of seeking you at *Syracusa*, and at *Alexandria* with so much labour and danger? Wherefore hath he left a Kingdom, which with so much travel he Conquered, to run to you alone? And wherefore, valiant and full of glory as he is, hath he abandoned the defence thereof, and suffered it to re-fall into the Enemies hands, without drawing his Sword, and it may be without making a step towards its conservation, if it be true that the Kingdom is more considerable to him than *Cleopatra*? *I told you before*, replied the desolate Princess, *that his last actions might proceed from his Repentance, and that Repentance cannot re-give him those affections which he ought to have kept by an intire fidelity*. The fair Princess stopped at these words, whether it were to consider *Artemisa*'s Discourse, wherein she found some resemblance of truth and comfort, or that the violence of her griefs impeded her speech; but she was silent, and with sobs stopped the passage.

The Eighth PART of CLEOPATRA.

BOOK II.

AS this was the season of the shortest Nights of the year, the day began to appear before the Princess *Cleopatra* had finished her story, and many hours followed before grief would permit the access of sleep to the two Princesses: The sad posture of their Affairs was too apparant to the eyes of their remembrance, to permit an easie repose to those of their bodies, and if they slept at the last, it was rather a submission of Nature to their affrights and wearinesses, than any refreshment to their sad misfortunes.

They were upon the point of sleeping, when on the other side of the partition which separated their Chamber from the rest of the Ship, they heard themselves named with the King of *Armenia*, which caused them to hearken with a little attention, supposing that in the condition they were in, they ought to neglect nothing; and they distinctly heard the voyce of him who commanded the Vessel in the Kings absence, questioning a man who was newly arrived: And well, *Aristus (said he)* in what condition is the King? And how hath he received the News of the surprize we have made? *My Lord* Megacles, *replied* Aristus, *the health of the King is in a better posture than I could have hoped, and his wounds not only are not dangerous, but I hope they will permit him to come hither before to morrow Night; I know not how to express the joy he resented at the good News which I brought, how he Caressed me, and how many Recompences he hath promised me; the excess of his joy had like to have been prejudicial to him, but I now believe it will prove an excellent remedy to advance his Cure; he hath spoken words, and done things, that have made me judge, there was never a more violent passion than his, for* Cleopatra. But *(replied Megacles)* what are his

his thoughts for the Princeſs his Siſter? And what ſaid he, when you related how you met her? *He teſtified very much joy*, replied *Ariſtus*, *and, if I am not deceived, his ſpirit towards that Princeſs is ſomething ſweetned; and I believe that the love he bears the Siſter, will diſpoſe him to pardon* Artemiſa *part of that Fault which ſhe committed for the Brother.*

He uttered no Menaces againſt her, as I thought he would have done; and laſtly, he made me conjecture by his actions and his words, that beſides the ſatisfaction of recovering his Siſter, he ſhould receive thereby a notable advantage through his hopes of conſerving her as a powerful Hoſtage, to procure the protection, and even the aſſiſtance of *Alexander*. All his words were full of Tranſports, and all his Diſcourſes commanding the ſafeguard of the Treaſure which we had in our hands, as of a thing more precious to him than his Kingdom and life; and particularly hath ordained that we keep our ſelves well concealed within this Rock, for the little time that we muſt ſtay, fearing with ſome appearance leaſt we be diſcovered, and ſo the Noble prey be taken out of our hands.

This fear will make him haſten his departure, though it put his life in danger; and certainly, unleſs ſome accident happen to his wounds, that may prevent, he will be here to morrow, to provide for our Journey into our Countrey, ſo ſoon as he is in the Veſſel. Beſides his impatience of ſeeing the Princeſs *Cleopatra*, the fear of being ſurprized upon theſe Coaſts if he ſtay longer, will precipitate his departure from a houſe where all the objects are mournful, the Maſter whereof, or at leaſt him that poſſeſſeth it, and hath given a retreat to our King being dead after the moſt pitiful manner in the World, and hath poſſeſt his Domeſtiques with ſo much regret, that the place reſounds with nothing but cryes and groans. But have you not learn't *(ſaid Megacles)* who was that charitable Hoſt who beſtowed ſo favourable a retreat upon our King? You will be aſtoniſh't, *replied Ariſtus*, at what I am going to tell you. I was ſo my ſelf, when after the death of this man, his Servants, who had carefully concealed his Name whil'ſt he lived, declared to us, that it was the Prince *Tiridates*, Brother to the King of *Parthia*, the ſame who fought a Sanctuary from Court to Court againſt the cruelty of the King his Brother, and the ſame who in his young years we ſaw under the protection of our Court. He dyed ſuddenly at ſome News *(* as they ſaw *)* which one of his Domeſticks brought him, and I believe that grief did never produce ſo prompt and marvellous an effect. I was with the King, who was giving me theſe Commiſſions, when one came and told him after how ſtrange a faſhion his Hoſt was dying. The King to whom that Prince was diſcovered, and who alſo knew the King, was very much troubled; and notwithſtanding the incommodity of his wounds, would needs aſſiſt at the laſt ſighs of his life, and cauſing himſelf to be covered with ſome of his Cloaths, and leaning upon mine and my Companions Arm, he went into the Chamber of the poor Prince. He was juſt dead as we entred, and amongſt thoſe of his Domeſticks who drowned themſelves in tears at his Bed-ſide (through the aſſiſtance of many Torches which were lighted in the Chamber) we ſaw two men of the nobleſt Mine and preſence in the World; the one ſitting on the ſide of the Bed, holding one of the cold hands of that poor Prince; and the other who was but half-cloathed, and the paleneſs of whoſe face declared him to be ſick, ſate upon a Chair, which was juſt at his pillow; both of them teſtified a great grief for the death of *Tiridates*, and the King my Maſter having accompanied theirs with his, they a little after entred into Converſation. The life and death of that unfortunate Prince, (whoſe Name neither the one nor the other endeavoured to conceal now after he was gone) was the Subject of their Diſcourſe; and, I proteſt, I heard thoſe two men ſpeak the braveſt things, and after ſuch a noble manner, upon the inſtability of Fortune, and the miſeries of mans life, that ever I heard. They talked with the principal Officers of *Tiridates*, how his body might be tranſported into *Parthia*, that he might be buried in the Tomb of his Anceſtors; and he that ſate upon the Bed-ſide, would that they ſhould build him another Monument upon that ſhoar, and writ with his own hand an Epitaph to be inſcribed thereon. As for him of the two, who ſate upon the Bed *(* whoſe Mine and Converſation was ſweet and charming *)* we knew him not. But the other who ſate upon the Chair, whoſe Mine was more fierce though pale, ſo ſoon as we had ſeen him by the Torch-light, we obſerved ſome features in his face, which neither his paleneſs, nor the change which ſome years might have made, could conceal; but ſo ſoon as he opened his mouth, the tone of his

voyce was not leſs familiar to us, and my Maſter upon theſe ſuſpitions beholding him with attention, perceived that the man beheld him with an earneſtneſs no leſs than the Kings; perhaps the Torches would not have reſolved their doubts, but a little after the day appeared, and the King through the incommodity of his wounds, being deſirous to paſs into his Chamber, and betake him to Bed; this man either through deſign or chance, aroſe at the ſame time, and went the ſame way; they met together upon a little Gallery, where the King ſtayed to ſee him paſs by; he ſtood ſtill alſo when he came where the King was, and they fixedly beheld each other in a place, where objects were eaſily diſcovered, and the day-light was great enough upon the Gallery to draw them out of their doubts; they beheld each other for ſome time without ſpeaking, whether it were to confirm their opinions, or whether (being no longer doubtful of the Truth) they were uncertain how they ſhould manage their knowledge; but at laſt that man (the moſt hardy of mankind) taking the word, Doubt not, ſaid he to the King, if thou art *Artaxes*, but that I am *Britomarus*. Theſe words opened the Kings eyes, and as naturally his Soul is ſufficiently proud, he could not brook ſo fierce a dialect from a man of a quality ſo inferior to his: It is true, (*ſaid he*) that in beholding thy face, I call to mind a man whom I have ſometimes ſeen in my Service, neither have I forgotten, that after I had raiſed him by my favour to imployments and dignities, to which he had no right to aſpire, he quitted my party ſo ſoon as Fortune began to be mine Enemy.

The audacious *Britomarus* beholding the King with a diſdainful ſmile; As I followed thy party without any obligation (*replied he*) till by thy Cruelty, and unworthy Treating me, thou madeſt thy ſelf unworthy of my Service; thou may'ſt eaſily judge what eſteem I made of thy dignities, by my great unwillingneſs to forſake them; and if Fortune forſook thee when I did, thou needeſt not wonder that thoſe Victories which thou heldeſt by my Sword only, ſhould follow the ſame Sword that brought them. The King grew pale with anger at this Diſcourſe, and impatiently ſupporting theſe audacious words of *Britomarus*; Time, *ſaid he*, hath not abated thy pride; but were I in another condition, thou ſhouldſt not ſpeak with ſo little reſpect to the King of *Armenia*. *Artaxes* (*replied he diſdainfully*) ſince our ſeparation, I have ſeen more than one King humbled beneath me, and poſſibly thou ſhouldſt ſoon be ſo thy ſelf, had I not regard to the condition wherein I find thee, and to the remembrance of *Arſinoe* and *Ariobarzanes*. I know not what were the Kings thoughts (to whom *Britomarus*'s Valor was too well known to be deſpiſed) but both were without Swords, and ours were in the Chamber; but I believe this, their ſtrange Converſation would at laſt have run to the utmoſt extremities, had not that man of the noble aſpect, whom we left in the Chamber with *Tiridates* appeared upon the Gallery, and interpoſed between them, conjuring them not to make a greater diſorder in a houſe wherein grief had already produced ſo mournful effects. *Britomarus* received this intreaty in good part, and teſtifying by his proud face leſs choler than diſdain, he retired with his Eſquire that accompanied him into a Chamber which was at the end of the Gallery, and the King being in his, we did put him to Bed. He continued a good while moſt livelily touched at this Encounter, and I doubt not but he formed many Deſigns againſt the life of *Britomarus*, which his feebleneſs would not permit him to execute.

In the mean time the unknown being called away, as I believe, by his Affairs, left order with the Officers of *Tiridates*, to prevent the meeting of the King and *Britomarus*, and they promiſed an exact care therein. The King meditating a long time both upon his anger and his love, at laſt conſidering his unability to expreſs his reſentments againſt *Britomarus*, and fearing that in caſe he called us to him to revenge him upon that valiant man, he ſhould loſe the occaſion of keeping and carrying away the Princeſſes; for once he made his anger give place to his love, and deferring his revenge until another time, he ſent me with Orders, that you carefully preſerve the illuſtrious Priſoners, and commanded me to return to morrow a little late, to aſſiſt at his bringing hither.

Thus finiſhed the *Armenian*, and *Megacles* made reflexion upon all that had been related, and particularly upon the Encounter of *Britomarus*, and the two Princeſſes, who had attentively hearkned, learn't by this Diſcourſe ſome part of their Deſtiny. *Cleopatra* underſtood with much grief, that on the morrow they muſt leave the ſhoar of *Alexandria*, and fall yet more into the power of that barbarous King; and *Artemiſa* (though part of her

her fears diminish't at the News of the Kings milder inclinations towards her) yet could thence draw no consolation for her love, being unable to resolve without a mortal grief, to be separated (perhaps for ever) from her beloved *Alexander*; yet had not all hope forsaken them, that day which *Artaxes*'s wounds gave them, might be a day of succours through *Alexanders* means, and the assistance of those whom that Prince might draw to his succours in a Countrey which obeyed *Cesar*, and in a Countrey wherein the very Name of *Cleopatra*'s Children was considerable; the two Princesses communicated this thought to each other, and (hearing neither of those two men speak whose Discourse was ended, or else they were in some other part of the Ship) thus began their sad entertainment on this adventure; and although in appearance they had enough to do with their own Fortunes without medling with others, yet *Cleopatra* could not hear of the death of *Tiridates* (whom she had known at *Rome*, and whose vertue she had in great esteem) without a very sensible affliction, neither could *Artemisa* apprehend the Encounter which the King her Brother had with *Britomarus*, whose name and person was very well known, being drawn thereto by his brave Actions whilst he lived in *Armenia*, without interessing her self in the adventure. *Cleopatra* demanded who that hardy man was, who spake to Kings with so much fierceness; and *Artemisa*, who had the same opinion of his vertue, as the rest of those that knew him, replyed: It is a man, *said she*, who appeared like a bright Sun amongst the men of our Nation, and who (if the other Actions of his life do correspond with those of his youth) may deserve a condition as high and great as his ambition; we knew him but very young, our sensibility of his loss might make us say that he passed from us so swift as lightning; of a mean birth, he is great above Princes; and if Fortune answer his Valor and Vertue, he will soon receive from his Sword the Crowns which Fortune hath denied to his house. He is fierce and presumptuous beyond the bounds which his condition seem to prescribe; but that fierceness appears in him so naturally well placed that one cannot condemn it, nor imagine him any thing below the person he represents. These words stirred up the curiosity of *Cleopatra* to understand more of the Fortune of *Britomarus*, and *Artemisa* briefly related part of what he did in *Armenia*, and by her Discourse raised in that Princess as much esteem for him, as aversion for *Artaxes* at the recital of that cruel Action which caused *Britomarus* to leave his Service.

After that the fair Princesses had spent some moments in this entertainment, they found their eyes heavy, and their bodies wearied and distempered through their long watching, so that permitting sleep to steal upon th[illegible], they gave some interval to their displeasures.

Whilst they slept, and that *Cleopatra*'s Maids slept also, or careful of her repose, kept themselves in the Chamber with a profound silence: The *Armenians* who guarded the Vessel, endeavoured to acquit themselves exactly of their charge, and though they treated the two Princesses with all respect and deference, and took great care that they might be well served; yet they guarded them so carefully, and so prevented their discovery under the Rock, which quite hid them from those that on the shoar might seek them; so that these illustrious persons had but little hopes from thence. *Megacles*, who commanded in the Kings absence, walked upon the Deck, giving orders to those that were about him, and on a sudden he thought some strange noise descended from the Top of the Rock (whose head shot it self out into the Sea further than the Ship.) At first neither he, nor those that were with him, could discern what it was; but a little after, advancing upon the upper part of the Vessel, and lending an attentive ear, they heard the voyce of a man from the Top of that horrible Precipice, uttering these words: Implacable gods! (*said he*) Malicious men! Irreconcilible Fortune! it were insensibility to hope for any good from you; and since (to defend me against so many Enemies) Death only stretcheth forth her Arms, and that the miserable reliques of this life are unprofitable for that end to which they were conserved: O Death, I willingly receive the assistance thou presentest.

Scarce had *Megacles*, and those that were with him, heard the last of these words, when they saw him that pronounced them (cleaving the Aire from the Top of the Rock) fall into the Sea, some four paces from the ship. The waves parted under his feet with a great noise, and rebounded higher than the Mast of the Vessel. The water was very deep, and that desperate man who threw himself into its bosome, being armed at all points, had quickly

ly found his death, had not *Megacles* (though a Servant to a cruel King) been poſſeſt with ſome pity and vertue, and commanded earneſtly that they ſhould do what they could to draw this man out of the pitileſs waves. The Mariners who were Maſters of their Trade, taking great Poles, headed with Crooks of Iron, ſought him amongſt the Sands with an admirable diligence. Had the ſucceſs of their labours been leſs ſpeedy, they had been utterly unprofitable; but by a great good Fortune, after ſome moments ſearch, they found the body (the weight of whoſe Armor had hindred its riſing) and faſtning their Irons in ſome default of the Arms, not without lightly wounding the bearer, they eaſily drew him up, and uniting their Forces, got him into the ſhip. Preſently the natural compaſſion of men how barbarous ſoever, and the curioſity which ſo unordinary a ſpectacle raiſed, cauſed them to flock about him. *Megacles* commanding them to take off his Caſque, the viſir whereof was half lifted up, yet could perceive by his pale and meagre face but few ſigns of life; but as he would not ſuccour him by halves, he neglected nothing that might ſave him, and by his orders whilſt ſome diſarmed him, others holding him up by the feet, gave paſſage for the ſalt water out of his mouth.

He diſgorged a great quantity, and when they ſuppoſed him intirely diſcharged, they layed him on a Bed, and attended the effect of their ſuccours.

Preſently *Megacles* knew they would not be unprofitable, and although the unknown came not to quite to himſelf, he began to breath freely, and to ſtir his Head, though with much weakneſs. *Megacles* gave him ſome ſpirits to drink, and either through the means of that, or what was done before, or both, a little after he opened his eyes, and found his ſtrength by little and little to return in ſome proportion.

Had not *Megacles* underſtood this mans deſpair by his own words, which he uttered falling, he would have left him to take ſome neceſſary reſt, but imagining that ſince he ſought death, he would run to it again, were he left to his own diſpoſe, he not only watched him, to prevent any ſecond effects of his Deſpair, but reſolved, if it were poſſible, to cure him by reaſon, and to perſwade him of all thoſe things that might give him ſome deſire of life. He was confirmed the more in this Deſign, when with attention he caſt his eyes upon the face of the unknown; for he believed that what he had done out of compaſſion, ought to be done to preſerve a man of the beſt Mine he had ever ſeen. His face, though pale and changed, as well through the laſt effect of his Deſpair, as through the preceding diſpleaſures, was formed with a proportion ſo accompliſh't; the ſweet and charming being raiſed by ſome things ſo great and high, that it was difficult to behold him without reſpect; the beauty of his body marvellouſly accorded with that of his face; and laſtly, all his parts made an admirable accompliſhment.

Whilſt *Megacles* ran over all thoſe marvels with his eyes, the unknown began alſo to turn his towards the place where he ſtood, and opening his mouth ſo ſoon as he was able to ſpeak: Ah miſerable man *(ſaid he with a feeble voyce)* art thou then returned to this odious life; he ſtopped at theſe firſt words, and a little after eaſily recollecting all that had paſſed: O Coward, *added he*, thou hadſt not re-entred thy miſeries, if of thy hand thou hadſt demanded what the pitileſs waves have refuſed thee; hadſt thou conſidered that with the gods, men and fortune, even the Elements are become thy Enemies, thou hadſt not unprofitably ſought that aſſiſtance from the water which thou mighteſt have commanded from thy Sword. Finiſhing theſe words, he attentively beheld thoſe that were about him, and not doubting but that it was they who drew him out of the water, he teſtified by ſome ſighs, the little thanks he gave them for their officiouſneſs. *Megacles*, who carefully intereſſed himſelf in his ſafety, ſitting down by him, and preſſing one of his hands between his with much affection: I know not, *ſaid he*, what miſfortunes have cauſed your Deſpair, and I imagine by all advantagious appearances, that you have courage enough to ſupport all the ordinary aſſaults of Fortune; but whatſoever the cauſe be, that hath given you ſo much averſion to life, I cannot repent me of what I have done towards your preſervation, and I ſhall do what lies in my power, not only to oppoſe your Deſign of dying, but to find what may render life leſs odious to you.

The unknown beholding *Megacles* with an acknowledging Aire (ſo well as the ſad condition he was in would permit) and gently preſſing the hand that held his: Your good intention *(ſaid he)* hath obtained pardon for the injury you have done me, and I alſo beg

your

your pardon, if I can give you no greater thanks for the care you take of my ſafety. Theſe few words pronounced with an extraordinary grace, touched the heart of *Megacles*, and becoming more affectionate towards what he had undertaken: Is it poſſible, *added he*, that ſuch a man as you appear to be, can find in Death only a remedy of his misfortunes, and have you not reſolution enough to reſiſt Fortune, having ſo much as to precipitate your ſelf into a terrible Death. The horrors of life, when the cauſes are legitimate (*ſadly replied the unknown*) proceed not alwayes from want of courage, and thoſe that can voluntarily expoſe themſelves to Death, *as you ſay*, may eaſier reſiſt leſſer evils than Death is in the opinion of moſt men, but I believe there are cauſes that can render Deſpair honourable; and though it be weakneſs and a ſhame to flie to Death for the loſs of ſome goods, or advantages of fortune; yet is it honourable to imbrace it rather than ſurvive ones glory, or the loſs of a beloved perſon. We have familiar examples enough thereof in our age, and they are great perſons, ſuch as *Antony*, *Cato* and *Brutus*, who have ſought this laſt remedy, either to avoid ſhame, or to yield to the anger of Heaven, and not to the aſſaults of Fortune, fitter for feeble ſouls and ordinary perſons.

The Examples which you alledge, *replied Megacles*, have found but few that have approved them, and many that have condemned them; and though it be confeſt that *Anthony* could no longer live with glory after the loſs of the Empire, neither *Cato* nor *Brutus* after the ruine of their party; yet it muſt be granted, that fear of their Enemies, and their evil Fortune, made them forſake that which they durſt no longer defend, and run to Death as an evil much leſs, than the terror thereof imprinted in their affrighted ſpirits, whereas had they marched with their heads erected againſt their deſtiny, and had indured until the end all that Fortune, or the anger of Heaven had prepared for them, they had left a more Noble reputation to poſterity, and had been taken for conſtant and undaunted, for unalterable in good and evil Fortune.

Well, *replied the unknown with a ſigh*, if it be a weakneſs to ſeek Death, it muſt be pardoned to our Nature, which hath no more ſtrength than Heaven hath given it; for my part I will neither juſtifie nor condemn them that have preceded me herein; it ſufficeth to believe, that life being to me an unſupportable evil to the indifferent ſtrengths of my ſpirit, I have no more reaſon to preſerve it, than a Captive to carry his Chains which he may break. Nevertheleſs, *replied Megacles*, in caſe your Deſpair proceed not from ſome loſs which the gods themſelves cannot repair, you ought a little to wait their leiſure, and there is little reaſon to believe that the gods do conſent to your Death, or that they preſerve you not to a better Fortune; for were it ſo, they would have ſuffered you to periſh in that danger from whence you are miraculouſly eſcaped. Of ſo many kinds of death, that you might have choſen, they would have inſpired you with another, and rather to any of the Rocks that ſurround the ſhore would they have directed you, than to this you have choſen, becauſe perhaps beneath them, you would not have found the ſuccors we have given you. This is a viſible obſtacle that Heaven hath caſt in your way, teſtifying that it diſapproves it, and I certainly believe it intends ſome change in your Deſtiny ſince it hath hindred it. I exceedingly deſire through the intereſt I take in your life, and my advantagious opinion of you, that theſe conſiderations may arreſt your Deſpair; but if they are uncapable ſo to do, and if you think that the aſſiſtance I have given you, deſerveth any acknowledgment, and gives me right to demand any thing; I beſeech you earneſtly to receive our Services, and to attempt nothing againſt your life, whil'ſt you are with us; we will in time obtain more, if it may be done without importuning you; but in the mean time give me your word, if you think the Service I have done you, merits any ſatisfaction. The unknown remained for ſome time without reply to the obliging words of *Megacles*, but at length beholding him with an Action which teſtified his acknowledgment, *I ſhould be too ungrateful* (ſaid he) *for your good intentions for my ſafety, and the pains you take for a miſerable Unknown, the Butt of angry Heaven and Fortune, if I conſider not your deſire and intreaties; but I could wiſh you had asked ſomething elſe in recompence of your goodneſs, rather than the prolongation of this miſerable life; but ſince from ſuch an unhappy perſon as I am, you can receive no other mark of acknowledgment, nor any thing which it may be, would be more hard for me to grant; I promiſe you to enterprize nothing againſt that life which I owe you, ſo long as I am with you. I believe it will not be long, but be it ſo long as it will, I will exactly perform my promiſe.*

After

After this assurance, which much rejoyced *Megacles*, the unknown nothing oppoſed the care they took of him, permitting them to take away his wet garment, and put him to Bed, that he might receive ſome refreſhment after the great quantity of ſalt water which he had ſwallowed down.

Megacles having ordered things towards the aſſiſtance of the unknown, went to paſs into the Princeſſes Chamber, whom he ſerved with much aſſiduity, and ſecure caution. In the diſpleaſure they received through his means, he indeavoured to render himſelf the leaſt odious he could poſſibly; and he the rather hoped it; for that he was not of the Number of thoſe who forced them from the ſhore the day before; for the King his Maſter knowing his little inclination to violent Actions, and that he had ordinarily a contradiction of ſpirit thereto, commanded that he ſhould ſtay and keep the Veſſel (which was no leſs important for his return) whilſt thoſe that he had appointed for the Rape of *Cleopatra*, prepared themſelves to execute his Orders. *Megacles* failed not to let the Princeſſes underſtand his juſtification, and *Artemiſa*, to whom his quality and manners were known, forgat not to give a favourable teſtimony thereof to *Cleopatra*, believing that in the condition wherein both of them at preſent were, they might need this mans aſſiſtance, and that they ought not to neglect complying with him.

Cleopatra, who with a grandure of courage, elevated above the reſt of her Sex, had an allay of ſweetneſs, gratitude and equity, eaſily diſcerned that he diſobliged her only out of fear; and if ſhe did not greatly careſs *Megacles*, it was through her Souls total occupation upon its own misfortunes, rather than any particular reſentment. *Megacles* entred not their Chamber till he heard they were up, and that it was neceſſary to ſollicite them to ſome repaſt.

The two Princeſſes ſate upon the Bed where they had paſſed the Night, and *Megacles* having bid them good morrow, with a profound reſpect, addreſſing himſelf to *Artemiſa* (to whom he had the moſt acceſs) he beſought her in the moſt preſſing manner he could poſſible, that ſhe would not deſtroy her ſelf with hunger, whilſt ſhe was in his guard, but receive the food he offered, not as from an Enemy, ſince ſhe knew he never had deſerved it; and that of all the miſeries the King had inflicted on her, there was not one proceeding from his Counſel. *Artemiſa*, who ſaw the truth of what he ſaid, received him with much Civility, and as ſhe intereſſed her ſelf in *Cleopatra*'s health more than in her own, ſhe conſented to oblige her thereto. So that both riſing from the Bed, refreſhed themſelves with a light repaſt; which done, though languiſhing and ſick as they were, they entred into ſome converſe with *Megacles*, who was a man of ſpirit and agreeable converſe, and knew ſo much the more through his extraordinary Travels, having viſited the Courts of many Kings both in *Aſia* and in *Europe*. It was by Diſcourſes of his Voyages that the Princeſs *Artemiſa* deſired him to divert part of *Cleopatra*'s ſadneſs, and *Megacles* being willing to ſatisfie them, related many things worth attention, and capable of charming ſome part of their griefs; but when he had deſcribed what he had ſeen moſt memorable in the Courts of *Cappadocia*, *Cilicia*, *Meſopotamia*, *Thracia*, and many other Kingdoms; and having told them that he paſſed the *Boſphorus*, entring and making a conſiderable ſtay in *Scythia*, *Cleopatra* interrupting him haſtily, That *Alcamenes* King of *Scythia* of whom you ſpeak (*ſaid ſhe*) and whoſe Actions have given him the ſurname of, Great, is now with *Auguſtus* (unleſs the Tempeſt by which we had almoſt ſuffered Shipwrack hath divided them) and is to accompany him to *Alexandria*. It is very ſtrange, *replied* Megacles, that ſo great a Prince as the King of *Scythia*, who hath no dependance upon the Empire, and who knows no greater than himſelf in the world, except the Emperor of the *Romans*, and the King of *Parthia*, ſhould put himſelf into the power of another Prince, it being a thing never done but with great formalities and precautions. The Reputation of *Ceſar* (*replied Cleopatra*) and the free ſpirit of *Alcamenes*, hath made him infringe theſe conſiderations; and the King of *Scythia*, in whom the glory of *Auguſtus* hath raiſed a great emulation, and paſſion to ſee him, having learnt that he muſt go into *Macedonia*, ſent Ambaſſadors to demand his Alliance and Friendſhip, and to tell him, That if he would give him his word, he would paſs over the Cuſtom of the Kings his Predeceſſors who never paſſed their own bounds, unleſs to make War, and come into *Macedonia*, that he might ſee the greateſt man of the world, and the worthy Succeſſor of great *Ceſar*, who had filled the whole Earth with his glory. *Auguſtus*

guſtus believing himſelf obliged by the Civility of that King, whoſe Anceſtors never feared the *Roman* Armies, and having heard marvels related of him (notwithſtanding the great diſtance between, and the little communication that the *Romans* have with the *Scythians*) he teſtified a great deſire of knowing him, and alſo believed that his Alliance could not but be profitable towards the eſtabliſhment of the Empire. Upon this account he honourably received the Ambaſſadors, and replied by *Decimus Fabius*, whom he ſent back with them, that he ſhould with joy receive the offers of his friendſhip, that he had a great deſire to ſee a Prince, whoſe fair Reputation had often reached his ear, and he not only gave him his word, which nothing was able to alter, but in caſe he deſired it, he would advance himſelf, and contract the way to ſee him. With this Anſwer, the Emperor ordered that *Livia* ſhould ſend a magnificent Preſent to the Queen his Wife, whoſe name and adventures are no leſs known, than that of the King her Husband. *Alcamenes* intirely confident in the Emperors word, having left the government of his Kingdoms to the Queen, who is no leſs capable thereof than the braveſt men, departed thence accompanied only by Five hundred Horſe, and came to find *Ceſar* in *Pella*, the capital City of *Macedonia*. The Emperor made him a moſt honourable Reception, and treated him with much more deference than he ever teſtified to any other King, and in my opinion his eſteem was very juſt; for beſide that the Mine of this Prince is as good as any I have ſeen, all things in him appear ſo great, that he hath much more of the Hero, and of the Demi-gods of Antiquity, than of ordinary men. Had you heard, *replied* Megacles, the Relation of his admirable Adventures, you would have beheld him as a perſon much more extraordinary; for before he came to the Crown, there hapned to him in the courſe of his Loves, things ſo little common, that were not the memory thereof freſh, and the teſtimonies publick, they would be rather taken for Antique Fables, than real Truths. I believe that the diſtance and little Commerce between the *Scythians*, and other Nations, may have deprived you of part; yet I believe not ſo, but that you have heard mention thereof.

It is true, *replied the Princeſs*, I have heard of many valiant and amorous Deeds which have rendred this Prince famous in many parts of the World; but what I have heard, hath been confuſedly related, and I know not whether my Siſter (*ſaid ſhe, looking upon* Artemiſa) hath had any clearer knowledge. I have heard many things, *replied* Artemiſa, but with as little order as you, and I doubt not, but if you have a deſire to know the particularities, *Megacles* can give you a full information, knowing that he is too curious, and too intelligent, not to have learnt them whilſt he ſtayed in *Scythia*.

It is true (*replied* Megacles) that there are few perſons in the World who know thoſe paſſages better than my ſelf, having taken care to inform my ſelf even to the leaſt circumſtances; and if, *Great Princeſſes*, you will both promiſe me to receive the recital as ſome refreſhment to your griefs, or at leaſt, whilſt the Relation laſts to ſuſpend ſome part thereof, I will do my indeavour to relate things worthy your attention.

Cleopatra and *Artemiſa* being willing to be acquainted with thoſe Adventures which had made ſo great a noiſe in the World, promiſed *Megacles* what he demanded, and he being willing to comply with them ſo much as he could poſſible, having taken a Seat at their command, he thus began the expected Diſcourſe.

THE HISTORY OF ALCAMENES *and* MENALIPPA.

BOOK I.

THE adventures which I take upon me to relate, are not such as arrive in the courses of ordinary lives, and principally to great Princes, such as *Alcamenes*; who, by his birth, and the rank he holds amongst the most puissant Kings, seems that he ought not to be exposed to particular accidents, more proportionate to the fortunes of a private man, than to that of a Monarch, of whom likely the most remarkable actions ought to pass, at the head of Armies, in a splendour conformable to their Dignity.

The *Scythian* Monarch, as you know, is not only the most ancient of the world, but also the greatest and most puissant: and, after the Roman Emperour, and the King of *Parthia*, there is no Soveraign that possesseth a greater Countrey than the *Scythian* King, nor who commands a more War-like people. Never could the greatest Conquerour amongst either the Greeks or the Romans, extend their limits upon the Frontiers of *Scythia*; neither did ever the most powerful, or the most happy, carry a War thither, but to their own confusion. I will not give you a description of this Kingdom, nor of the manners of the Inhabitants; 'tis known to all the Earth, and few persons are ignorant of the valour, policy, and simplicity of the ancient *Scythians*, or those now living. I will only add, that what hath been reported of their former poverty, will appear otherwise at present; and although the *Scythians* affect less pomp, ceremonies and riches, than many other Nations, are nevertheless sufficiently proud in their Armes, Equipages, beautiful Cities, and fair Houses, and inhabit not Tents and Chariots, but when they march in the body of an Army. I will say no more of a people, who have but a small part in this History; and as it is altogether for *Alcamenes*, I will not enlarge but upon the recital of his particular actions.

During the non-age of this Prince, the King *Aromtes* his Father, (a great and redoubted Warriour, who dyed lately, and during whose raign, the most remarkable of his Sons adventures happened) had a long and bloody War with *Decebalus* King of *Dacia*, and the fields of either King had often blusht with the blood of their miserable subjects.

The Kingdom of *Dacia* was formerly obscure, and of an indifferent consideration. But 'tis at present very potent, and its Princes may keep rise, with the greatest Soveraigns of either *Asia* or *Europe*. To the ancient Dominions of the *Dacians*, are added (either by Conquest or alliance) the *Getes* and the *Gelones*; and it was as I suppose, about the Tribute that the *Scythian* King demanded of these Nations, which bred the quarrel. But be the original what it will, the process was cruel, and for some time doubtful, but at length the King

King of *Dacia* ſunk under the Arms of the *Scythians*, and was killed by the King *Arontes*'s own hand, in a battel fought on the Frontiers of his Countrey. *Arontes*, after this Victory, was in a capacity to have extended his Arms over the *Dacian* Territories; but he contented himſelf with the advantages he had, without ſeeking greater, conforming his Ambition to the cuſtom of his Predeceſſors, who have alwayes believed they could not without a crime, invade their Neighbours Poſſeſſions; He therefore granted to the Widow of *Decebalus*, the truce ſhe demanded, keeping himſelf peaceably within his own limits, and governing his ſubjects with all juſtice and moderation.

But the Queen *Amalthea* (that was the name of *Decebalus*'s Widow) retaining an inconſolable grief for the death of her Husband, and breathing nothing but revenge, was not appeaſed by the moderation of her enemy, forgetting none of her reſentments, though the evil ſtate of affairs forced her to diſſemble them; and alſo her impuiſſance to continue a War, the ſucceſs whereof had been already ſo mournful.

The only teſtimony of her marriage, was a daughter, then about five or ſix years old, fair amongſt the marvellous beauties of the univerſe, and born with an extraordinary ſpirit and grandure of courage; The afflicted Queen ſought in this little Princeſs all her conſolation, and in her founded all the hope of her premeditated revenge, ſuppoſing this growing beauty when it ripened to perfection, would enſlave all the Neighbour Princes, and arm them in her quarrel. The Princeſs, whoſe high ſpirit made her eaſily conſent to the reſentments of her Mother, refuſed not to make thoſe advantages, which ſhe had received from Nature, the incendiaries of that revenge they both equally breathed.

In this Hope was the young *Menalippa* educated, with all that care could do to advance the deſign of making her a moſt accompliſhed perſon, neglecting nothing that might acquire ſpiritual ornaments, to accompany thoſe of her beauty! Like a young Lioneſs, the Queen brought her up, inſpiring her alwaies with more of the Fierce than the Sweet, and during her infancy, ſhe never heard the name of *Arontes* pronounced, but with hatred and horrour; Her recreations were framed after a ſort, little common to her ſex, and ſeeing ſhe was of a vigorous ſtrong complexion, and an extraordinary ſtature, they made her practiſe the moſt violent exerciſes, to ride ſo ſoon as ſhe was able to ſit, and chaſe the ſavage Beaſts with bow and arrows; and if ſhe were not entirely an Amazon, at leaſt ſhe was capable of thoſe Martial women's practice, who till *Alexanders* time inhabited *Aſia* with ſo much reputation.

Menalippa marvelloufly ſeconded the deſigns of the Queen her Mother, fair to the admiration of all thoſe ſaw her, her ſpirit tempered with all the Graces that excellent education can add to excellent Naturals, her body accuſtomed to violent exerciſes, with as much force as thoſe of the ſtrongeſt men; her heart naturally high and proud, eaſily received thoſe fierce impreſſions from her Mothers inſpiration, and withal, as much hatred to the perſon, name, and houſe of her fathers murtherer, as ſhe could deſire; when the Queen ſaw her ſuch a one as ſhe wiſhed, ſhe concealed her intentions no longer, but practizing for ſuccours with her Allies and Neighbours, to make a puiſſant expedition, ſhe propoſed the fair *Menalippa*, who (beſides the Marvels of her perſon, was heir to a potent Monarchy) the price of that vengeance ſhe continually breathed, not ſcrupling to promiſe her to that Prince, who with the greateſt power, and moſt fortunate ſucceſs, would aid her againſt her enemy.

Whilſt *Menalippa* was thus nurtured in *Dacia*, the King of *Scythia*, to whom the Gods had given but one Son, older than *Menalippa* by two years; this young Prince employed all his ſtudy; to render himſelf conformable by education to thoſe hopes were conceived of him; and certainly it was not without reaſon that they expected Marvels from him, ſince Heaven ſeemed to have inſpired this young Prince with whatſoever might entitle him admirable. I ſhall add nothing, Madam, to what you have ſaid concerning his good Mine, which certainly might diſpute precedence with all thoſe I have ever ſeen of great or majeſtick in the whole courſe of my Travels; his ſpirit is excellent, lively and active, his ſoul adorned with all the vertues, and form'd with the moſt beautiful and grand inclinations; but you will know him better by my relation, than any deſcription I can make of him.

This young Prince ſo happily ſeconded the deſigns of the King his father, that at the age of fifteen years, he not only rendred himſelf more knowing in all ſort of exerciſes than his

teachers, but alſo appeared at theſe years the ſtrongeſt man of *Scythia*, in all exerciſes wherein addreſs and force of body could ſhew it, doing things which made all that ſaw him, judge, that at a more advanced age, he would ſurpaſs all thoſe whom antiquity had preſented for the moſt famous. But in a ſhort time he gave more authentique proofs; for ſcarce had he attained the ſeventeenth year, when the King his father was obliged to march againſt the *Maſagetes* (who were in Arms through the inſpiration of the Queen of *Dacia* and her Allies) And being willing to teach his Son his trade, gave him the command of a part of his Army; he did, in this Imploy, things ſurpaſſing belief, defeated the enemy in three or four Combats, ſuch as might paſs for Battels, teſtifying a marvellous Conduct, and excellent intelligence, in an occupation which he had but begun to practiſe; he had alwaies the glory to have killed the Chiefs with his own hands, at the head of their Troops, and did things in his own perſon ſo aſtoniſhing, that the *Scythians* compared him to *Achilles*, *Theſeus*, and the fabulous Heroes of Antiquity; and, a little after, the King his father being retired, having left him the ſole command of the Army, he gain'd a memorable Victory, terminating that War by the moſt glorious ſucceſſes could be deſired.

Theſe marvellous beginnings fam'd the reputation of *Alcamenes* through all the neighbour Kingdoms; they talked every where of *Alcamenes*, as of a prodigie of valour, and the noiſe overtaking all places, arrived in *Dacia*, poſſeſſing the irritated Queen with a mortal diſpeaſure, fearing this young Prince as a potent obſtacle to her deſigns, of one day poſſeſſing his fathers Territories, and this rendred the name of *Alcamenes* both to the Mother, and to the Daughter, as odious as that of the King his father.

The *Scythian* Monarch, who had a great and generous ſoul, view'd with an incredible joy theſe tranſcendent actions of *Alcamenes*, and beholding in him nothing but grand and elevated above the reſt of man-kind, he treated him as an extraordinary Son, a Son given by Heaven, for the glory and conſolation of his dayes; and as a Prince, who would bear the honour of *Scythia* to a higher degree than it ever yet arrived; and moreover, being acquainted with the Queen of *Dacia*'s practices, and the preparations ſhe made againſt him (who with thoſe ſuccours ſhe hoped to draw by her Daughters beauty, was not to be deſpiſed) he believed himſelf furniſhed (in the perſon of *Alcamenes*) with a valiant defender, and diſdained more than formerly, the evil deſigns of his adverſaries.

He had often ſpoken of it to the Prince, and perceived him burn with a generous reſentment againſt thoſe enemies of his Family, and a vehement deſire to meaſure his Sword with whomſoever the perſwaſions of *Amalthea*, or the beauty of *Menalippa*, had armed againſt his father, deſiring rather to carry the War into the enemies Countrey, than expect it in their own. The King, who was as moderate as valiant, and who now loved peace as well as formerly he had done the Wars, reprov'd without condemning the noble heat of his Son, alledging that he ought (after the example of his Predeceſſors) contain himſelf within the juſtice of his cauſe, and expect the enemies on-ſet, before he endeavoured their ruine; and beſides he had compaſſion on a Queen, whoſe reſentments could not be condemned, though they were not entirely reaſonable, and who tranſacted more through the love ſhe bare her husband, than out of any hope ſhe could conceive to conquer *Scythia*. *Alcamenes*, in whom generous reſentments found all manner of approbation, troubled not himſelf to combate theſe reaſons, and eaſily excuſing the revenge of *Amalthea* and *Menalippa*, both through the reſpect he bore to their ſex, and by the report he heard of the beauty of the Daughter, and vertue of the Mother; ſo that turning his anger againſt thoſe Princes who had embraced their intereſt, he no more ſolicited the King his father to begin this War.

Beſides this conſideration, which prevailed upon the ſpirits of theſe two Princes; they underſtood that the irritated Queen, inſtead of being in a condition to them, was imbarked in another War againſt the Prince of the *Sarmates*, and the Prince of the *Nomades*, upon ſome diſpute they had with *Amalthea*, about the extent of their Frontiers.

The King *Arontes* might have taken this advantage againſt his enemy, and others (poſſibly) would have done it, but he judged it unworthy his courage, and the Prince his Son boyling as he was for occaſions to get glory, had not the leaſt thought to lay hold on this advantage.

But although the King of *Scythia* taſted the greateſt ſatisfaction in the company of a Son ſo brave and ſo lovely, he was forced to part with him through the neceſſities of his affairs, and

and ordered him a journey into ſome Provinces, where the Father's or Son's preſence were abſolutely neceſſary.

Alcamenes departed from *Palena* (where the King then made his abode) and tranſported himſelf into thoſe places whither he was ſent; by his preſence he reduced all things into an entire tranquility.

But having bravely acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion, given by the King his Father, inſtead of returning where he was expected, he found himſelf preſt with an ardent deſire to travel, and viſit (unknown) ſome ſtranger Courts; few perſons 'tis poſſible have known his true deſigns, which came not to my knowledge; and I have thought with the reſt of the world, that curioſity only, and a youthful deſire, led him to that reſolution which many have condemned. But whatever was the cauſe, he writ a Letter to the King, wherein, with many excuſes, he begg'd his pardon for this ſally of youth, profeſſing that he left him only to render himſelf more worthy to ſerve him, by the experience he hoped to reap by his Travels, promiſing not to abſent himſelf longer than a year, and during that, not ſo far from *Scythia* or *Dacia*, but eaſily to obſerve the motions of his enemies, in which caſe he would abandon all things, to render his King that ſervice to which his duty obliged him: he accompanied theſe promiſes, with words full of humility and ſubmiſſion, to efface the reſentment which the King might conceive for his fault, and having given the Letter unto the principal of his ſervants, with whom he returned all his retinue, retaining only two Squires to accompany and ſerve him in his Voyage: and on this manner, maugre the reſiſtance of all his attendants, he leaves them, and takes his way by the ſide of the *Boriſthenes*, to go towards *Bizantium*.

I'le not entertain you with the return of his people to the King, nor the Kings grief at this unhappy news; you may believe it was exceſſive, and that *Orontes* had need of all his courage to reſiſt this diſpleaſure, yet he had a firm confidence in the Princes promiſe, and knew his courage too well to believe any thing could recall him, ſave the War that threatned his Father: he only feared thoſe dangers to which he might be daily expoſed in an equipage, ſo little conformable to his dignity, and turning all his thoughts this way, he not only cauſed publick vows to be offered to the Gods for his preſervation, but commanded ſome perſons, in whom he had moſt confidence, to march after him, with expreſs order not to leave him, what commands ſoever he gave to the contrary, whilſt this Prince Adventurer (carried with a youthful deſire to ſee the world) viſited a part of *Thrace*, under the name of *Alcimedon* (which he would take to diſguiſe his own) and ſeeking occaſions to ſignalize himſelf in ſome Wars (wherewith this Kingdom was troubled) by divers actions of extraordinary valour, he rendred the name of *Alcimedon* famous through all *Thrace*, obliging the old King *Adallas*, Father of this which now reigns, to entreat him to come to his Court.

Alcimedon went, and by his good mind, added greater credit to the fame of his actions, receiving all manner of Carreſſes from this good King; he would not here make any long abode, though they offered him charges, as much (as they thought) above him, as they were indeed below him: the fear of being known in a Court, to which he was too near a Neighbour, hindred him from ſtaying longer there.

From *Thrace*, he would have gone to the *Taurick Cherſoneſe*, which obeyed *Merodatus*, a Prince of great valour and reputation; but this Prince was then abſent, and, as *Alcimedon* underſtood, he was in the Court of the Queen *Amalthea*, whither he had been drawn by the beauty of her Daughter, the Princeſs *Menalippa*, and by the hope which they gave, to yield her to that perſon, who moſt puiſſantly ſerved the Queens reſentment, againſt the King of *Scythia*.

He ſaw that in the abſence of *Merodatus*, they made great Levies in his Countrey, to paſs into *Dacia*, (the firſt intention of their Prince, having been to employ them in the *Scythian* expedition) but 'tis ſuppoſed they ſerv'd in the War which the *Dacians* had with the *Sarmates* and *Nomades*.

The brave *Alcimedon* beheld with indignation theſe preparations againſt his Father, and told his Squires that followed him, that he hoped to render this enterpriſe as fatal to it's Authors, as it had been light in it's cauſe. But that which he learned in the *Taurick*, made him take a ſtrange reſolution, which was to paſs into *Dacia*, and make ſome abode there,

by

by which he might learn many things, capable to give him great advantages in that War for which they prepared; beſide this conſideration, he felt himſelf drawn by an unknown force to this deſign, and out of curioſity to ſee, whether the beauty of *Menalippa*, which raiſed ſo many enemies againſt his Houſe, was parallel to the fame ſpread abroad of it.

On this account he made no difficulty to hazard this voyage, believing with reaſon he could with greater facility remain unknown in *Dacia*, than in any other Kingdom, in reſpect of the little communication the *Dacians* have with the *Scythians*, their ancient enemies, and particularly in the Court where he had been educated.

He left the *Taurick*, and paſſed into *Dacia*, which he found all in Arms, eſpecially the Frontiers bordering upon *Sarmatia*, upon which already many bloody Battels had been fought, the events whereof were doubtful enough.

Alcimedon hating to remain peaceful in a Country of War, viſited the Armies rather than the Court of *Dacia*, believing this employment more ſutable to his courage; and alſo that here he would run the leaſt danger of being known, and chiefly to obſerve the enemies faſhion of War, before they brought it into his own Country; ſo that without further weighing, he put himſelf into the *Dacian* Army, commanded by the Prince *Barzanes*, Brother to the deceaſed King of *Dacia*, a great and experienced Captain. And for one of the firſt proofs of his generoſity, though he knew how much the Queen of *Dacia* was his enemy, knowing that on this occaſion, Juſtice was on her ſide, he choſe rather to ſerve on her ſide, than on that of her enemies; knowing alſo that neither the Prince of the *Sarmates*, nor *Nomades*, were friends to his Family; and if the Queen would have given them the ſatisfaction they required, they offered to ſerve her againſt the King of *Scythia*.

At laſt, whether by theſe reaſons, or others, *Alcimedon* put himſelf into the Army of *Barzanes*, without any charge, and to abridge thoſe things which I muſt but ſuccinctly relate, in reſpect of the multitude of others, of far greater importance, which I muſt decypher more at large; being carried on all occaſions with his accuſtomed valour, he did things marvellous, that in a little time the valour of *Alcimedon* was the diſcourſe of the *Dacian* Army; *Barzanes*, (to whom he was conſtrained to ſhew himſelf the firſt days) complemented him with a thouſand extraordinary Carreſſes, offered him the moſt important chage of the Army, writ of him to the Queen and Princeſs, with all the Elogies he was capable of, to repreſent his valour and other admirable qualities; but he did much more, when *Alcimedon* (having been over-born by the entreaties which he made, to take the command of one part of the Cavalry) executed things ſo much above the hopes of the *Dacians*, that they regarded him as a divine perſon; he ſaved the life of *Barzanes* in divers encounters, and in a great Combat, which might have paſt for a Battel, being joyned in perſon againſt the Prince of the *Nomades*, (who had gain'd the repute of valiant) he ſlew him with his own hand, at the head of his Troops.

Theſe actions, and many others of the like nature, made the name of *Alcimedon* ſo glorious in the Court and Camp of *Dacia*, that they talked of nothing elſe; and the Queen *Amalthea* writ to *Barzanes*, expreſſing a marvellous eſteem, and an ardent deſire to ſee and know him, as a man whom ſhe believed heaven had ſent to ſerve her in her deſign againſt *Scythia*.

Alcimedon underſtanding her intentions, both by her Letters, and the diſcourſes of *Barzanes*, had divers debates amongſt his Eſquires concerning this adventure, which to relate, would draw this ſtory to a troubleſome length.

But if the Queen of *Dacia* teſtified a deſire to ſee him, the marvels which he daily heard (both by *Barzanes*, and the principal Officers of the Army) of the Princeſs *Menalippa*, gave him no leſs curioſity to apprehend whether the truth were conformable to the repute; he intended no ſtay in the Court, believing that in time he might run ſome hazard; but, he reſolved to paſs by, and ſee this perſon, of whom ſuch wonders were related. He communicated his deſign to *Mandaris* and *Soſthenes*, his two Squires, in whom he had a perfect confidence. And a few days after, the enemies being reduced by his valour to bad terms, demanded a years truce, which *Barzanes* granted; ſo that *Alcimedon* finding no more occaſions to employ his Sword, took leave of the General, promiſing him, that if it were poſſible, he would ſee him in the Court of *Dacia*, whither he intended to go to ſalute

lute the Queen, if his affairs permitted him. *Barzanes* did what he could to ſtay him, or at the leaſt to perſwade him to retire into the Court of *Dacia*; but although *Alcimedon* had a deſign to viſit the Court, yet he would give him no abſolute promiſe, fearing leſt *Barzanes* ſhould make it known; and he contented to give him the Hope, knowing well that *Barzanes* (notwithſtanding the Truce) was obliged to make a ſtay of two or three dayes upon the Frontiers; when they parted, *Alcimedon* would viſit a part of *Dacia*, and particularly thoſe places which bordered upon *Scythia*, before he went to *Tenaſia*, where the Queen kept her Court, which is in the heart of the Kingdom; yet e're he went, he complemented all thoſe Officers, which *Barzanes* had given to ſerve under him in the Army, retaining only one Eſquire, named *Leander*, whom he knew paſſionately devoted to his ſervices, and whom he admitted, at his inſtant intreaties, having firſt abſolutely forbidden his *Scythian* Squires, to let him know any thing of their Maſters birth or true condition; ſo that this affectionate *Dacian* linckt himſelf to his ſervice with much fidelity, without knowing him by any other name, than that of *Alcimedon*, and without endeavouring to know more, ſeeing it was not his Maſters intention he ſhould.

The Prince after he had ſpent ſome moneths in viſiting this Kingdom, took the great Road, and after ſome days journeys, which paſſed without any memorable event; he approached the great City *Tenaſia*, where the Court was then very fair and flouriſhing. *Barzanes* (who was ſome days ſince arrived) had fill'd it with the reputation of *Alcimedon*: the valiant *Merodatus*, and divers other Princes, whom the charms of *Menalippa* kept there, ſwell'd with emulation and envy, at the praiſes given to the unknown *Alcimedon*.

This diſguiſed Prince (whoſe ſpirit began to be agitated with ſome unuſual diſquiets, which by a ſecret inſtinct, ſeemed to foreſee the traverſes which fortune prepared for him) had already diſcovered a Hill on one ſide of the Walls of that proud City, and on the other a Forreſt, which covered a great part of the Plain, and finding himſelf weary, what with the heat of the ſeaſon, and the weight of his Arms which he uſually wore; he caſt his eyes upon the Forreſt, whoſe ſtately Trees form'd a beautiful and delicate ſhade, and being invited to take there an hour of repoſe, he quitted the way, and mingled himſelf amongſt the Trees.

When he had conſidered the beauty of the place, and the great number of paths which traverſed on every ſide, he ſought the moſt unfrequented, as propereſt to the deſign he had to ſleep; and by fortune, having heard the murmuring of a little Rivulet, which ſlid over the pibbles with an agreeable ſound, he walked to it, in purſuance of the Fountain which was not far off. It was a moſt delightful Spring, whoſe natural beauty, a little Art had very much augmented; the ſource was clear and lively, the graſs green and freſh round about, and by a great tuft of Trees, embraced and defended from the Sun, and the ſight of paſſengers.

Alcimedon beholding the beauty of the place, alighted, and giving his horſe to his Squires, (who out of reſpect diſtanced themſelves, and followed the courſe of the River) to take ſome reſt whilſt their Lord ſtayed in the Wood, who approaching the Fountain, and taking off his Caſque, quenched his thirſt, and lay down upon the Graſs; where, after ſome thoughts, of the nature of thoſe which had for ſome time diſquieted him, he inſenſibly gave place to ſleep.

Whilſt he ſlept, the other part of the Wood reſounded with Horns and Dogs, and the noiſe of Hunters; the fair, fierce *Menalippa* (to whom the exerciſes of *Diana* were more agreeable, than thoſe of the other Goddeſſes) was this day hunting in the Wood, with the greateſt part of thoſe perſons which compoſed the Court.

The Garments proper to this days exerciſe, added a new grace to her admirable beauty; her hair, which Nature had made moſt beautifully flaxen, was covered with a Texture of Gold and Silk, made after the faſhion of the Grecian Morion, ſhadowed with a tuft of white Feathers; and the reſt, tyed in ſeveral places with Bandelets of the ſame, fell ſome upon her cheeks, and ſome upon her ſhoulders, in an agreeable confuſion; that part of her habit, which covered from the ſhoulders to the waſte, ſhined with Gold and precious ſtones; but the ſleeves were of a light flying ſtuffe, turn'd back, and faſtned to the ſhoulders with claſps of Pearl, and ſo likewiſe at the knee, giving the appearance to a Buskin of the

the ſame embroidery, locking the middle of her leg with a Fermoir of Rubies and Emeralds: a gilt Quiver full of Arrows, hung behind upon her ſhoulders, in a Scarf of the richeſt and faireſt embroidery, and carrying in her left hand a Bow, in the poſture of the fabulous Nymphs of the Poets, her Horſe white as ſnow, proud and haughty by nature, but much more of the burden he carried, and the fair Princeſs managed him with ſo much grace and vigour, that ſcarce the furious *Pentheſilea*, or the ſtrongeſt of thoſe warlike Women, (who eſtabliſht their Monarchy upon the banks of *Thermodoon*) could have performed it with ſo much facility and addreſs.

This day ſhe had given the Chaſe with an unuſual eagerneſs, and being mounted on one of the ſwifteſt Horſes of *Dacia*, had, in the chaſe of a Deer, out-run the company very many paces, and found her ſelf alone, and out of the way, in the middle of the Forreſt. She no ſooner heard the ſound of the Horns or Dogs, e're ſhe perceived her errour, and ſeeking to return, and joyn the company, ſhe found her ſelf cloſe by the Fountain, where the *Scythian* Prince lay rocked in an agreeable repoſe. When the noiſe of the ſtreams had diſcovered the Fountain, the Trees could not hide it from her, knowing well the place, it being her retreat when her exerciſe had fill'd her with thirſt; and being ſo now, ſhe drew near to refreſh her ſelf a moment, and having alighted, and found a tree to faſten her Horſe to, ſhe ſaw *Beliſa* (the Maid whom ſhe beſt loved) coming towards her: *Beliſa* no ſooner ſaw the Princeſs, but alighting, received her Horſe. The Princeſs left her, and walked amongſt the Trees, till ſhe came where *Alcimedon* lay.

The firſt thing that preſented it ſelf to her view, ſome ſix or eight paces from the Prince, was his Caſque, which gilt in many places, and covered with Plumes of divers colours, preſented her with an agreeable object; but almoſt at the ſame time ſhe ſpyed its Maſter, who ſleeping ſounder than ordinary, waked not at the noiſe ſhe made in approaching him, by which means he gave her leiſure to conſider whatſoever her curioſity might make her deſirous to ſee; ſomething of fear poſſeſt her at an encounter ſo little expected, and thoſe advantages ſhe had above the moſt couragious of her ſex, did not defend her from ſome apprehenſions, at the ſight of an armed man, ſo far from attendance; but having a ſpirit little inferiour to the hardieſt men, and being in a place where ſhe was abſolute Princeſs, and could at the ſound of Horn draw many to her ſuccours, ſhe reſolved to ſatisfie that curioſity which the ſight of his Arms had given her.

They were fair and proud, enriched with branches of Gold, wrought by an induſtrious hand; here and there divers ſtones of price, mingled their ſparkling beauties, which through the addreſs of the Workman, ſeem'd to be employed with ſome neceſſity.

If their ſplendour ſtruck the eys of the Princeſs, that of the ſleeping Prince toucht her after another manner. For extended he lay upon the Graſs, and though a little turned on the left ſide, yet his face remained almoſt quite decovered, all the features thereof were form'd with an admirable proportion, and although his eyes were ſhut, 'twas yet with ſuch a grace, as nothing diminiſht his natural beauty; his Hair, which enclined rather to flaxen than black, play'd about his cheeks, by the aſſiſtance of a gentle air, advancing marvellouſly the beauty of his complexion, which through the coldneſs of his Country is common to all *Scythians*, but his had the advantage of an extraordinary luſtre.

He was not more than twenty years of age, and having not as yet reſented any of thoſe diſpleaſures, which did afterwards ſomething alter his health and good Mine, he appeared to *Menalippa* with all the beauty he had received from heaven, and in it's higheſt ſplendour, or rather he appeared as a perſon admirable, and to which *Menalippa* had never ſeen any thing comparable, but in her Glaſs.

I know not whether it was an effect of the good Mine of *Alcamenes*, or the deſtiny of *Menalippa*, but certain it is, the Princeſs beheld him with ſome emotion, and her high fierce heart, which amidſt ſo many Princes that adored her, never beheld any but with diſdain, loſt part of its pride, and abaſed it ſelf to a particular attention for this extraordinary object: ſhe ran over the beauty and proportion of his face, conſidering his perſon from head to foot, and the more ſhe regarded him, the more worthy ſhe judged him to be regarded; ſhe devoured him with her eys, yet thought ſhe ſaw him not half.

At firſt, this attention for an object ſo charming, did much delight her, but a little after, conceiving ſome deſpight, and retiring her eyes from a magnetick, which even forceably

ably attracted them: Ah! what intereſt ſo great have I (ſaid ſhe half-angry) ſo curiouſly to obſerve this Unknown, and what conſideration can arreſt me, who till now with diſdain have beheld the reſt of man-kind? Is this he, to whom the Gods have deſtined the ruine of the King of *Scythia*? and, is this he, to whom I am deſigned, as the price of that ſo famous Revenge? At theſe words ſhe turned from *Alcamenes*, and approached the Fountain to quench her thirſt; but when ſhe endeavoured to retire and take Horſe, it was impoſſible for her to follow this motion, or hinder her once more caſting her eys upon the ſleeping Prince.

At this ſecond view, ſhe was more taken than at the firſt, and began to perceive the poiſono's ſubtil inſinuation through her eys into her heart; this forced bluſhes into her cheeks, as though ſhe had committed a fault in the preſence of ſuch who had power to condemn it, and began to reprove her weakneſs with reſentments of a true choler.

Yet with all this, ſhe continually beheld *Alcamenes*, and not to hold you longer with this deſcription, that great heart, which till then had beheld all men with repugnance and diſdain, and who could never imagine her inclinations would bow to receive a husband, though from the Queen her Mothers choice, ſaw it ſelf in a few moments diſarmed of all its fierceneſs, and began truly to love an unknown perſon, ignorant whether ſhe ſhould be ever beloved again.

Ah! *Menalippa*, ſaid ſhe within her ſelf, what is thy deſtiny, and by what ſtrange adventure goeſt thou to revenge thoſe, in whom thy diſdain have cauſed juſt reſentments? O fatal! O impoiſoned ſight! She ſtopped at theſe words, and ſupporting her head with one of her fair hands, If it pleaſe the Gods (continued ſhe) that he for whom heaven and my fortune reſerves me, reſemble this unknown, how much ſhall I be obliged to their bounty? But alas (purſues ſhe with a ſigh) I feed upon vain imaginations, for I am Maid, and incenſed.

Whilſt ſhe thus entertained her thoughts, the Prince, (whether by any noiſe ſhe made, or that his ſences were ſatisfied with ſleep) awaked; and no ſooner opened his eys, but they were dazled with the ſight of *Menalippa*; and this Princeſs, who roſe ſo ſoon as ſhe ſaw him move, appeared with ſo much ſplendour and majeſty to his ſight, that he became altogether confounded.

The beauty of *Menalippa* is ſuch, that few in the univerſe can equal it, and amongſt all thoſe whom I have ſeen in the world, yours only, Madam, (continued *Megacles*, addreſſing himſelf to *Cleopatra*) can pretend to any advantage over it; 'tis a majeſtick and enlightning beauty, a beauty which ſtrikes at the firſt ſight, without the little aſſiances of art or converſe: Her Complexion ſurpaſſeth the whiteneſs of the *Scythian* Snows; the lineaments of her face form'd after the moſt regular proportion, her blew eys may paſs for the faireſt in the world, their motions are ſo ſweet and imperious together, that they never inſpire love without fear, nor make themſelves fear'd but lov'd alſo; the beauty of her neck and hands, yielded nothing to the reſt; and for the make of her Body, it would be the faireſt of the world, were it not a little-thing extraordinary for her ſex, and approaching to the pitch of *Alcamenes*, who is one of the propereſt men of *Scythia*. *Menalippa* (ſuch as I have in few words deſcribed her) though a thouſand times more fair, could not ſo unexpectedly appear to the aſtoniſht *Alcimedon*, without poſſeſſing him with emotions proportionate to the marvels of this encounter, and at that prodigious brightneſs which poſſeſt him at the ſame inſtant with aſtoniſhment, veneration, and fear, inſpiring him with no other thoughts, than thoſe which tended to adoration.

After he had with a trembling, and ill-aſſured action, run over this Marvel with his eys, the faſhion of her habit, and the divine beauty of her perſon, made him take her for *Diana*; and without ballancing this opinion, he caſt himſelf at her feet, Great Goddeſs, ſaid he, pardon to a ſtranger the errour he may have committed againſt your Divinity, had I known this ſacred place, I would not have prophan'd it by my preſence, nor have incurred the puniſhment of Acteon, by a fault parallel with his.

This action, and theſe words of *Alcamenes*, though pronounced in an humble poſture, were yet ſo full of Grace and Majeſty, that they gave freſh ſpirit to that fatal draught which the Princeſs had received into her boſome; and knowing the ſtranger's error (though ſhe beheld the cauſe thereof with joy) yet would not leave him in it; but raiſing him with a

ſweetneſs never uſed to any; Brave ſtranger, ſaid ſhe, (I am no Goddeſs, or if I were, I could not be diſpleaſed to meet you: for the encounter of ſuch perſons are neither diſagreeable nor unfortunate; and I am glad that my preſence is neither troubleſome nor unpleaſant to you;) With theſe words ſhe raiſed him almoſt by force, and the Prince beholding her with more aſſurance than before, obſerved thoſe charms in her perſon, againſt which his young liberty, though maintained fierce and invincible againſt all other beauties, made not a moment of reſiſtance: I know not whether deſtiny, or their own merits, produced this prompt effect; but it is certain, that never mutual affection was more ſuddenly form'd, or rather, never fire catcht with more facility the moſt combuſtible matters.

But *Alcamenes* and *Menalippa*, being born one for the other, that which in ſome perſons, years would not have done, became perfect in the ſouls of theſe two Heroes, in an inſtant.

Alcamenes, loſt, and burning, beheld this Miſtreſs of his heart with an unaſſured regard, and the countenance of a perſon attainted of ſome crime: (Gods, cryed he, where could be born, or from whence come a perſon, ſuch a one as appears to my dazled eys! What Land can contain her, or what men are worthy to adore her!) *Menalippa* was raviſhed with joy at theſe words, and the paſſionate action of *Alcamenes*, knowing that her beauty had produced his aſtoniſhment, and part of that effect which ſhe deſired; in a moment ſhe read in the eys of this Prince, the motions of his paſſion, and ſcarce able to diſſemble her ſatisfaction: I am not (ſaid ſhe, with a modeſt action) ſuch a one as you would perſwade me to be; and were you no ſtranger, as your words, and divers marks expreſſe you to be, you had poſſibly known the Princeſs *Menalippa*.

At the name of *Menalippa*, *Alcamenes* was troubled, though by very great appearances, he ſupected the truth before, yet could he not apprehend it without trouble, conſidering that in the perſon, who had forced his heart the firſt moment he ſaw her, he ſhould find *Menalippa*, his mortal enemy, deſtined to the deſtruction of his Houſe, and murther of his Father.

This knowledge wounded him ſenſibly, yet made him not diſpute the victory with this triumphant beauty, and he ſecretly vowed, after a reflection of ſome moments, that had *Menalippa* been much more the cruel enemy of his father, and himſelf alſo, he could not but yield, nor live, but ſlave to *Menalippa*.

The fair Princeſs, who obſerved his emotion, though ignorant of the cauſe, was willing to draw him out of it: (I know not, ſaid ſhe, whether the knowledge of my name hath given you any diſpleaſure, but I ſhould be very glad to learn yours; and I ſee things extraordinary enough in your perſon, to become inquiſitive after your condition.) The Prince having time to recollect himſelf, gathering an aſſurance, and lifting up his eys, which till then were fixt upon the earth, (Great Princeſs, ſaid he, the knowledge of your name hath not ſurprized me, neither do I find any thing in your perſon leſs great than your fortunes; and I am not amazed to ſee you hold a rank upon earth, nothing below that which I gave you in my firſt opinion, of which, I can ſcarce as yet diveſt my fancy; I ſhould rather take you for the Soveraign of the Univerſe, than the Princeſs of *Dacia*; and you ought not to expect leſs homage from all men, than from thoſe who are born your ſubjects; and amongſt the moſt humble adorers of thoſe marks of Divinity, which appear viſibly in you, you may number (continued he kneeling, and kiſſing the border of her Garment) him whom his good fortune hath conducted to your feet, and who will eſteem himſelf exceeding glorious, if that little ſervice, by which he hath endeavoured to render you the name of *Alcimedon*, hath arrived at your ears.

At the name of *Alcimedon*, *Menalippa* recoyled ſome paces, for it was a name ſo known in the Court, and over the whole Kingdom of *Dacia*, by the brave actions of its bearer, for the ſervice of that Crown, that ſhe could not hear it pronounc'd without ſurprize, and very much joy, to underſtand that the perſon, whoſe beauty had conquered her in a few moments, was more worthy of that fortune by the charms of his valour: O how agreeably did this famous Name touch her ears, how did ſhe pleaſe her ſelf with the deſtiny of her, till till then unconquered-heart, who receiving the yoak by a caprice of fortune, rather than a judicious choice, found that the beauty which captivated her, was even it ſelf a captive to the

the valour, and other vertues of its bearer, ſhe ſecretly thanked the Gods, and again raiſing the proſtrate *Alcimedon*, you could have told me, ſaid ſhe, nothing more pleaſant than this, and as you take me for ſomething above my ſelf, ſo I ſhall find no great difficulty to believe you to be that valiant *Alcimedon*, to whom this Crown hath ſo many obligations, and whoſe Reputation is ſo beautiful amongſt us, by ſo many glorious actions which you have performed for our intereſt; that Princeſs which ſpeaks to you, is the moſt obliged to acknowledge them; which doubtleſs ſhe will, if, to the great engagements we have to you, you add this, of accompanying us to the Court.

The Princeſs ſpake thus, to a Prince already perſwaded by his own paſſion, to yield; when ſhe ſaw her ſelf accoſted not only by *Beliſa*, but alſo by a great part of her Train, and a little after by all thoſe that compoſed the Chaſe; the Prince *Barzanes* was there, who no ſooner ſaw *Alcimedon*, but he knew him, and (having demanded leave of the Princeſs, by a geſture full of reſpect) ran to him with open arms, careſſing him with as much tenderneſs, as if he had been his own Son, rendring him the honour could be given to a Prince of the moſt elevated dignity.

The name of *Alcimedon* ran preſently from mouth to mouth through this noble company, and if thoſe that knew him in the Army, preſt to imbrace this valiant man, who by his vertues had gain'd a powerful aſcendent on their hearts, thoſe that knew him only by his reputation, ſtrove no leſs ardently to ſee him; and beholding with aſtoniſhment, that the reports made of his good Mine, were exceedingly below the truth.

They regarded him with a marvellous attention, and loaded him with praiſes, which his modeſty could not indure; *Barzanes* as the moſt affectionate, and him that knew him beſt, was the moſt diligent about him, teſtifying a high joy at his arrival, and acquainting the Princeſs with many things to his advantage.

Merodates, Prince of the *Taurick* was there, and from this firſt moment, conceived an envy and jealouſy againſt him, yet could not refuſe to his fair reputation, nor thoſe excellent appearances he found in him, thoſe things which he thought due, and teſtified the eſteem he had of vertue in the perſon of him that poſſeſt it.

At laſt. *Alcimedon*, in obedience to *Menalippa*'s will, to *Barzanes* prayers, but moſt of all through the perſwaſions of a powerful inclination, which attracted him to *Menalippa*, received his Horſe from his Squires, and followed the Princeſs, who entertained him during the way to *Tenaſia*.

His paſſion was ſcarce born, but it became great and violent, and the Princeſs, as ſhe hath ſince proteſted, already loved him paſſionately. Theſe two great ſouls knew each other at the firſt approach, and the ſympathy was greater between them, than the hatred of their Families, or other obſtacles which ſeemed to oppoſe the birth and courſe of this affection.

The ſame day *Alcimedon* was preſented to the Queen by the Princeſs, and the Prince *Barzanes*, and *Amalthea* (who ardently deſired to ſee him, partly out of the love ſhe bare to his vertue, as alſo the uſe ſhe intended to make of him, in the War with the King of *Scythia*) received him with all the marks of eſteem and good-will, which ſhe could give to that perſon of the world, whom ſhe moſt dearly loved, and forgot none of thoſe carreſſes and favours, which might engage him to her ſervice.

Moreover, he was firmly eſtabliſhed in the Court, for having in a little time made his vertues ſhine, (beſide the general eſteem) he gained in ſuch ſort the affections of the Queen, that never favourite rendred himſelf more powerful over the ſpirit of any Soveraign, than he did over that of *Amalthea*. And as he gained the favour of all the world, ſo none envied his fortune, except the ſtranger Princes, who pretended to the poſſeſſion of *Menalippa*; and ſeeing him ſo favoured by the Mother and the Daughter, began to doubt whether the grandure of their birth, and the poſſeſſion of their Crowns, would render them more conſiderable than the vertue of *Alcimedon*.

Euardes, Son of the King of *Bithinia*, and *Phratapherne*, Son to the King of *Pont*, both drawn from their Countries, by the beauty of *Menalippa*, ſighed equally for her in the Court of *Dacia*; *Merodates*, the moſt valiant of the three, and withall, the moſt proud, though not the moſt powerful, felt the ſame fires, and entertained the ſame pretenſions: *Oroſmanes*, Prince of the *Baſternes*, neighbour to *Dacia*, breathed the ſame paſſion; yet

none of them had been able to touch the ſtately heart of *Menalippa*: and though the Princes were all conſiderable for their valour and greatneſs, yet this fierce haughty Princeſs had never favoured them with one regard, which might afford the leaſt hope; the Reputation of her Beauty, and the Declaration which the Queen her Mother had made, to yield her to him that reveng'd her on the King of *Scythia*, had called thoſe Princes into her Territories: and, whilſt at the feet of *Menalippa*, they indeavoured to make ſome progreſs in her affection, Levies were made in all parts of their Kingdoms for the *Scythian* expedition.

Thoſe of *Merodates* and *Oroſmanes*, were bordering, but thoſe of *Phratapherne* and *Euardes*, were to be drawn out of *Aſia*, and required a larger time e're they could come, none forgetting whatſoever might advance his particular fortune, yet they had really done nothing; and *Merodates* only by the repute of his valour, could boaſt of ſome place in the eſteem, though none in the affection of *Menalippa*.

Alcamenes beheld with diſpleaſure ſo many Princes Arm'd againſt his Father, and unable to diſſemble his reſentments, was (notwithſtanding the obligations he had to be pleaſant) perpetually fierce, and contracted no friendſhip with them.

'Tis true, that their love and pretenſions to *Menalippa*, rendred them more odious, than their deſign to carry a War into his Country: and, as Rivals, hated them more than as Invaders; he beheld them with adverſion, and would have done with diſdain, had not prudence been an Enemy to his paſſion: for knowing himſelf more rich in all ſort of vertues, and more great in the extent of Monarchy, than them all; he might reaſonably have hoped for a better ſucceſs than them all, had not the hatred of the Mother and the Daughter, powerfully oppoſed themſelves to his hopes, and been an obſtacle greater than all the traverſes of his Rivals.

Whilſt this amorous Prince conſum'd, without diſcovering himſelf, and by his regards only, gave *Menalippa* cauſe to judge that his heart was wounded; by thoſe only he declared his torments to his fair Princeſs, nor was this Language altogether unſufficient to make her apprehend part of the truth.

Menalippa, over-born by her deſtiny, ſubmitted to that yoak, which hitherto ſhe had deſpiſed, and ſuffered nothing leſs than he; yet not daring to permit her eys to enter into ſo free a converſation, as *Alcamenes* did his, ſhe lived in a greater conſtraint, yet could not alwaies ſo command them, but by ſome favourable glances ſhe flattered his hopes, and as he obſerved them with a particular intereſt, in a ſhort time he perceived a great part of his happines.

This mute language prepared, and all other circumſtances ſeconded ſo well, that theſe two illuſtrious perſons no longer doubted a mutual affection; and the haughty *Menalippa*, who from ſo many Princes of birth equal to hers, could never indure the leaſt ſyllable of Love, became now even afflicted, that an unknown man, and apparantly of Rank inferiour to hers, kept a forced ſilence, and ſpake not openly of his paſſion. For in ſome moments ſhe would continue in theſe thoughts, but preſently began to fear what ſhe ſeemed to deſire, and ſounded the bottom of her courage, to find in what manner ſhe ought to receive ſo hard a declaration from this unknown perſon.

Alcimedon, though naturally hardy, and knowing himſelf ſufficient, to believe that the greateſt Princeſs upon Earth ought not to be offended with the declaration of his love, was yet diſquieted with cruel conſiderations, and could not reſolve to declare himſelf as an unknown, or as *Alcimedon*, without expoſing his hope to an entire ruine. To diſcover *Alcamenes*, he could by no means yield, ſuppoſing the little affection they began to entertain for *Alcimedon*, was not comparable to the hatred they bare to his Houſe, and himſelf alſo; and to declare his paſſion to the Princeſs, in the diſguiſe of an unknown perſon, could boad no other than a bad ſucceſs, nor did he think ſuch a Princeſs as *Menalippa* heir to a flouriſhing Kingdom, and who might chuſe out of the greateſt Princes of EUROPE and ASIA, would behold but with diſdain, the paſſion of a man, whoſe birth and quality were unknown, though pre-poſſeſt with much eſteem and good-will towards his perſon.

He made on this ſubject many diſcourſes too long to relate, and in this poſture many Months paſſed, e're he could obtain from his courage the ſuccours he demanded.

But

But at last (as he is capable of the most hazardous enterprizes) and as he saw himself more animated by the favourable treatments of *Menalippa*, who sufficiently favoured his design, and gave him often opportunities to entertain her with liberty) he resolved (notwithstanding his so many reasons to the contrary) to ease his torment by discovering them, or to ruine his hopes.

One day, the Princess call'd him to her, to walk in the Palace Garden, and having discharged her Squires, to grace *Alcimedon* with the employment, she made several turns, and at last led him into a little Cabinet; but her Maids entred not, by reason it was but little, but walkt in the Alley, and left *Alcimedon* alone with the Princess.

He had already resolved, by the Essayes he had made upon his Courage, and the hope those favourable appearances had given him, to lay hold on the first occasion to discover his passion: So that he sought a way, though trembling, to enter with a good grace upon this discourse: Whilst he was meditating, the Princess (through an open place of the Cabinet) shewed him a Spring, encompassed with some Trees, from whence a Rivulet took its rise, branching forth in many Channels through the Garden: It was (said she) near such a place as this, that I first saw *Alcimedon*; and you may add, Madam, replyed *Alcamenes*, ('twas in that place, that *Alcimedon* left his liberty at the feet of the divine *Menalippa*, and charged himself with these glorious Chains, which he will carry to his Tomb.) He stopt at these first words, and the Princess, though she were not angry, yet blushed, and became much disordered, and keeping her eyes fixt on the ground, as unable to lift them to *Alcamenes's* face, she remained silent. The Prince, who stedfastly beheld her Countenance, and finding nothing there of cruel, but much more bashfulness than choler, became more hardy than before; and putting one knee to the ground, some paces from the Princess, (Divine Princess, said he, if I have offended you, ordain with what manner of death you will punish my boldness, only grant me the favour as to believe, that if our adorations offend not the Gods, you can receive no injury from those my heart entertains for you. This heart was yours from the first moment I saw you, and shall be yours till the last moment of my life; you may disapprove it, you may condemne it, but you cannot by death draw it out of this glorious servitude.)

Here he stopped, and after *Menalippa's* example, fastned his eys on the ground, and if the Princess had regarded his action, she might have seen that fear took possession of his heart in this encounter, which it had never been able to do in the greatest dangers.

Menalippa was joyful that he loved her, and she loved him dearly, yet knew not how to express her self, or treat him; She was not ignorant of the Rules of good manners, and she had a natural disposition to punish with rigour, faults of the like nature with this of *Alcimedon*; yet had she no dissembling spirit, nor could receive with appearances of dislike, those things which she desired with all her heart. This irresolution made her keep a long silence, at length, a little raising her eyes upon *Alcimedon*, whose humble posture helpt to gain her. (Stranger, said she, if I behold thy boldness with rigour, I should judge it worthy of punishment, but if I follow my inclinations, I shall do thee no harm; thy temerity alone is all I can dislike in thee, but nothing of the rest is odious to *Menalippa*, and if thou wilt have her tell thee any more, first let her know who is this audacious man, that without giving us any other knowledge than that of his Sword, dares lift his eyes to the Princess of *Dacia*; on the accompt thou givest her, may depend a great part of thy destiny: And I tell thee further, thou wilt not disoblige *Menalippa*, in letting her know thee to be such a one, whose affection she may entertain without offence.)

These words heightned the courage of the Prince of *Scythia* (Divine *Menalippa*, said he (with more assurance than before) death shall be less cruel to me than any occasions of disobeying you; but I am constrained by a necessity (which when you know, you will certainly pardon) for some Months to conceal both the Birth and Fortune of *Alcimedon*;

an

and the gods are my Witneſſes, that it is only my reſpect to you, that cauſeth this difficulty, in a ſhort time you ſhall receive a knowledge of me, confirm'd by the teſtimony of all *EUROPE*, and therefore (great Princeſs permit me to ſay, that though in all ſorts of great qualities, I am infinitely your Inferior, yet in Nobility of blood, in Dignity and Dominions, my Houſe gives place neither to yours, nor any in *EUROPE*; and if you are ſatisfied with the perſon of *Alcimedon*, that which ought to accompany him, to render him worthy of you, will be here found more advantagiouſly than in all the other Princes who have taken upon them the honour of ſerving you: In the Name of the gods, and by your bounty pardon me, if I can diſcover no more. When the term of this cruel conſtraint ſhall be expired, I will declare my ſelf wholly to you, without expecting a ſecond command, during which time, I ſhall deſire no further favour than thoſe I have received from you, nor pretend to any thing from your bounty, which may in the leaſt ingage you, before theſe truths are ſufficiently known, and until the Queen your Mother, with all the Court of *Dacia*, do confeſs that *Alcimedon*, is a Prince great enough to pretend openly to the glory of ſerving you.)

Alcimedon finiſhed not this Diſcourſe, but with much difficulty, finding a ſtrong averſion to diſobey the command of *Menalippa*: But this fair Princeſs was ſo intricated on all ſides, as if ſhe were troubled in being unable to learn of *Alcimedon* that which ſhe deſired; yet what he related concerning his Birth and Fortune, did highly ſatisfie her; and as ſhe had too much confidence in his vertue, to ſuſpect him of a lye, and of a lye which could but be unprofitable by his own conditions, her contentment became ſo great, that ſhe could hardly diſſemble it. And beholding *Alcimedon* with an affectionate ſweetneſs: (As I am more reaſonable than many others, ſaid ſhe, and that viſibly I act with more ſincerity than artifice, I will excuſe for your Reaſons the denial you make me; but I beſeech you not to abuſe that good opinion, which will have me believe that all you ſay is true.)

Alcimedon falling on his knees, and with Tranſports imbracing her feet (My viſible Deity, ſaid he, if this heart were capable of diſguiſing it ſelf from you, it were not that heart-burning for you with a paſſion the moſt holy a Soul can be inflamed with; and I deſire you to baniſh me your preſence, as that man of all the World the moſt unworthy to adore you, if (before I pretend to any other favour than this, of imbracing your ſacred knees) I preſent not in the perſon of *Alcimedon*, one of the greateſt Princes of the Univerſe.

He uttered theſe words with an Action ſo paſſionate, and *Menalippa* read ſo much love in his eyes, that (unable to maſter the motions of her affection) after ſhe had offered her hand with an Action full of ſweetneſs and Majeſty (Friend, ſaid ſhe, if this be true, *Menalippa* ſhall never be anies but thine; but if to my unhappineſs it prove falſe, ſhe ſhall never be to any one at all.)

Finiſhing theſe words, ſhe carried one hand to her face to cover a bluſh, and with the other looking upon that of *Alcamenes*, and raiſing him: (*Alcimedon*, added ſhe, you have gained my heart with too much facility, but believe that it is my deſtiny and inclination which hath given it you, rather than your Services; and ſo carry it, that I may never have cauſe to complain of the one nor the other; to day I will entertain you, but no longer:) Finiſhing theſe words, ſhe went out of the Cabinet; but it was in a condition, and with a countenance ſo changed, that had it been obſerved by the Company, they might have feared ſome diſaſter had befallen her.

But *Alcimedon* was ſo tranſported with joy, that it was hard for thoſe who ſaw him that day, not to diſcern it in his face the ſatisfaction of his heart, and no ſooner had he quitted the Princeſs by her command, and recollected himſelf concerning his good Fortune, but he found his felicity too great to be contained, and ſcarce in the impetuous motions of his youth could he retain publick demonſtrations of that happineſs which ſo many reaſons commanded him to conceal, he made a thouſand paſſionate Diſcourſes, and as he loved with as much violence as ever any did, ſo all that his love produced was violent like it ſelf; but if his joy was immoderate at the firſt view of his happineſs, it became more compleat when he perceived that he was not only dearly loved by *Menalippa*, but that he had need of a ſpirit firm and ſolid, to require a Princeſs born with a true generoſity, and uncapable of any artifice.

At

At laſt through the ſympathy of their humors, and the force of their deſtinies, their affection became ſo ſtrong, as to juſtifie the opinion of thoſe who believe (that the love proceeding from inclination, is more powerful than that of acknowledgment and obligation) you will ſee by the ſequel of this Diſcourſe, that this is true, and may thence conclude that there was never a more ſtrong love contracted, than between theſe two illuſtrious perſons.

Menalippa intirely opened her heart to *Alcimedon*, and this happy Prince read there his happineſs with extaſies; his love increaſed daily, by the freſh graces he received from the Princeſs; and although they extended no further, than the honour of kiſſing her hand, yet he found ſo many charms in the Action, and thoſe words by which ſhe daily eſtabliſhed his happineſs, that he ſcarce believed there could be a compleater Bliſs; yet he was ſometimes perplex't, to think what the knowledge of *Alcamenes* would produce againſt the Fortune of *Alcimedon*, and *Menalippa* juſtified his fears a few dayes, after when in a converſe they had together (having hearkned with her ordinary bounty to the proteſtations made of his fidelity. (*Alcimedon*) (ſaid ſhe) (whatever promiſe I have made to favour your Deſigns, in caſe you prove faithful and true, yet that which you call your happineſs, is not intirely in my hands, and although I hope the Queen my Mother will yield much to my choice, yet it is certain that in the diſpoſition of *Menalippa*, ſhe will follow her firſt reſolutions, to give me only to him that ſhall moſt powerfully advance the King of *Scythia*'s Ruine; and were I not confident of your Valor, from which I hope in this occaſion much more, than from all the other pretenders, whatſoever affection I have entertained for you, I ſhould not think my ſelf obliged of my promiſes, but as I know that in this War we are to expect nothing but Wonders from you, you need not doubt a favourable ſucceſs, and I am more troubled at the danger you muſt expoſe your ſelf to for the love of me, againſt thoſe redoubtable Enemies, than comforted by the advantages you may carry away.)

This Diſcourſe troubled *Alcamenes*, though he long ſince expected it, and being prepared, he quickly recollected himſelf, and did all he could that the Princeſs might not obſerve the diſorder in his face. Madam, ſaid he, I am not ignorant of the conditions that engage thoſe who aſpire to the glory of ſerving you; and you ought not to doubt, ſince my heart is yours without reſerve, but that I will alſo eſpouſe your reſentments; and I will not only ſerve you in your Deſign againſt *Scythia* with ardor and fidelity; but I dare promiſe you above all thoſe who ingage in this War for your Service, that I will ſerve you with ſucceſs, and will put the Crown of *Scythia* upon your Head: This promiſe may ſeem extravagant in the condition you ſee me, but when I ſhall be better known, I hope you will expect the performance with ſome confidence; there is a great deal of preſumption in my Diſcourſe, yet to drive it to the higheſt point, I promiſe my Princeſs never to demand the poſſeſſion of *Menalippa*, till I have Crowned her Queen of *Scythia*.

Whil'ſt *Alcamenes* ſpake, *Menalippa* beheld him attentively, and being unable to accuſe a man of vain boldneſs and preſumption, whom ſhe knew of a true and ſolid vertue, was ignorant what judgment to make on this hardy Propoſition, and the conditions wherewith he bounded his own good Fortune; his great confidence in promiſing things ſo great, perſwaded her of the grandure of his condition, and calling to her thoughts all the powerful Princes of the Earth to find *Alcimedon* amongſt them (*Alcamenes* only being excepted in the Number) not imagining that Prince would unneceſſarily expoſe himſelf to too manifeſt danger, or that he againſt whom the Queen her Mother arm'd the whole Earth, ſhould come and ſubmit himſelf to the power of his implacable Enemies.

Having kept ſilence a good while, and then beholding *Alcimedon* with a ſmile, you promiſe things difficult enough, ſaid ſhe, but I will diſtruſt neither your power nor intention; I will only ſay, that in caſe you proſper not in your Deſign of making me Queen of *Scythia*, I will not bind you ſo rigorouſly to the conditions your ſelf hath put to your pretences, and will not for the Crown of *Scythia* loſe the affection I bear to *Alcimedon*, yet you have given me an occaſion to call to mind the Oracle, by the conformity you find between it and your promiſe; for the Queen my Mother having conſulted with the moſt famous of the Earth, concerning her Deſign of revenging the King my Fathers death, they have all unanimouſly anſwered, That the Conqueſt of *Scythia* was reſerved for *Menalippa*, and that

Menalippa

Menalippa ſhould be one day Queen of *Scythia*. You need not doubt that the Queen received great ſatisfaction from this anſwer of the gods, and I believe that this hope is as great an incendiary to the War, as the vengeance ſhe breaths againſt the King of *Scythia*.

Alcamenes hearkned attentively to theſe words, and inſtead of fearing the ſucceſs of this War, he ſaw his hopes increas'd, and believed that the gods promiſed not the Crown of *Scythia* to *Menalippa*, but by her Marriage with *Alcamenes*; he again confirmed the promiſe he had made, and *Menalippa* proteſted, with incomparable bounty, that ſhe deſired not ſo much the Crown of *Scythia*, as ſhe feared the life of *Alcimedon*, having Martial Enemies to encounter, a King valiant and experienced, and againſt the young Prince *Alcamenes* his Sonne, who had the Repute of one of the moſt Valiant men upon Earth.

But whil'ſt *Alcimedon* enjoyed this felicity, he had the diſpleaſure continually to ſee his Rivals, and was obliged even before his face, to permit *Merodates*, *Phrataphernes*, *Euardes*, and *Oroſmanes*, publickly to proclaim their affections to his Princeſs: 'Tis true, the cold reception ſhe gave them, did miniſter ſome comfort to his ſpirit, and if the need ſhe had of their aſſiſtance, did ſeem to ſmooth her brow with a pleaſing aſpect, 'twas with ſuch a viſible conſtraint, that *Alcimedon* had not any cauſe to harbour the leaſt umbrage of diſcontent, ſhe alwayes teſtified more eſteem to *Merodates* than the reſt, viewing him as a Prince, whoſe vertue and courage claimed every ones reſpect, but ſhe confin'd her reſentments to this eſteem, without permitting him any place in her amity.

Alcimedon by the appearances of his condition, was obliged to ſhew them ſome exterior reſpect, and to ſeek in ſecret what they openly pretended to; yet thought not his Fortune any thing worſe, deſiring rather to be ſecretly lov'd, than publickly eſteemed.

Whil'ſt theſe intereſſed Princes beheld his acceſs to *Menalippa*, his frequent converſe with her, and many other teſtimonies of her eſteem, which ſhe would not hide, they began to regard him with envy; and a little after this jealouſie increaſing by the appearances that cauſed it, they entertained a mortal hatred againſt him, and believing him their Inferiour, would ſometimes treat him with diſdain; but though *Alcimedon* did diſguize his Birth, and paſs in that Court for a private perſon, yet in theſe incounters he would not belie himſelf, nor give place to theſe Rival Princes his Enemies, no more than if his true condition had been known.

One day they were together in the Queens Cabinet, who entertained them about the War of *Scythia*, to which ſhe daily prepared her ſelf. *Euardes*, who was the moſt inconſiderate, made a Hundred Diſcourſes full of Bravadoes againſt the King of *Scythia*, the reſt ſeconded him in the ſame manner, one brag'd he would depopulate *Scythia*, another promiſed to preſent the Queen with the King *Orontes*'s Head, and the moſt modeſt aſſured her, they would lay at her Majeſties feet, both the King and the Prince his Son, charg'd with Irons. *Alcamenes*, though he derided their preſumption, yet could not ſuffer it without Reply, and addreſſing himſelf to the Queen, having beheld the Princes with diſdain: Madam, ſaid he, though your Forces are great, and the aſſiſtance of theſe Princes conſiderable, I counſel you to prepare to the King of *Scythia*'s Defeat, as to a buſineſs much more difficult than they repreſent it, and to forget nothing that may advantage you in an Enterprize where you'l have need of all; I know the power of *Scythia*, which is not leſs than that of all theſe Princes together; I know the King *Orontes*, who in valor and experience may not be equalled by any of thoſe who imagine themſelves able to carry ſo aſſured a Victory over him; I have ſeen his Son *Alcamenes* fighting with a Courage might make the moſt hardy of theſe tremble, who imagine themſelves able to Chain him with ſo much facility; *Alcimedon* had ſcarce uttered theſe words, but he repented them, fearing he had ſaid too much to conceal the intereſt he had in the King of *Scythia*; the four Princes murmured together, and *Euardes*, who ſpoke firſt, believing himſelf moſt intereſſed in the Diſcourſe of *Alcimedon*, took the word, and caſting a regard on the Prince of *Scythia*, which ſufficiently ſignified his reſentment: It ſeems, ſaid he, you intend to terrifie us with the praiſes you give our Enemies, we know *Orantes*, and have heard of the Prince *Alcamenes*; but we know nothing of either, that might make us apprehend the ill ſucceſs of this War; and you

are

are misinformed of our Valors, if you imagine we can tremble for one *Alcamenes*, or many *Alcimedons*, though they imbrace his Party: *Euardes* (replied *Alcimedon*) wish your self no other Enemies to join with him, who of himself is strong enough without others assistance; and believe that to vanquish one *Alcamenes*, and many *Alcimedons*, would require a great Number of *Bithinian* Princes.

Ah! it is too much *Alcimedon* (cryed *Merodates*) were you well affected to the Service of the Queen, you would not take her Enemies part.

I beg the Queens pardon (replied *Alcimedon*) if I have failed in the respect I owe her) in publishing Truths well known to me, to the advantage of her Enemies, I am nothing the less zealous to her Service; and when we appear in the Field against her Enemies, we shall see who will give the braver on-set, whether those that praise, or those that despise themselves.

This Discourse had passed further, and without doubt had carried these Princes to extremities, had not the Queen interposed her Authority, and gently blaming *Alcimedon* (who desired pardon) and intreating these Princes not to quarrel with a man who was very affectionate to her, and to whom she was redeemable for many great Services.

The four Princes united against *Alcimedon*, but the Prince *Barzanes* who loved him dearly, offered himself and all his Friends publickly, and could not indure that the Queen should Treat him differently from the rest, though there was in appearance a manifest difference. *Alcimedon*, besides those excuses he made to the Queen, made many to the Princess *Menalippa*, and she attributing what she had said to the grandure of his Courage, which could not dissemble a Truth, and partly out of aversion to those Princes whom he knew to be his Rivals, took nothing ill, but participating his resentments, Treated his Rivals with more disdain than before.

But they must leave *Menalippa*, for the Queen having communicated her Design of marching against the King of *Scythia*, so soon as the Princes had joined the succors they designed for her, obliged them to take leave, and seek those Troops they had ordered to be raised, intending to bring part of them into *Dacia*, and the rest to meet at the appointed Rendevouz; *Euardes* and *Phrataphernes* departed first being the most distant, having done all they could to obtain some shadow of hope from *Menalippa*, *Merodates* and *Orosmanes*, who were Neighbours, retired not till some dayes after the one to the *Tauriques*, the other among the *Basternes*.

But scarce were they gone, when News came to the Court, That the King of the *Sarmates*, and the King of the *Nomades*, Brother and Successor to him whom *Alcimedon* slew, had broken the Truce upon some slight pretences, and exercised all manner of Hostility upon the Frontiers.

The Queen (whom this News troubled in respect of the delayes it brought to her Designs) disputed not the Resolutions she ought to take. *Barzanes* departed with the Troops which were ready to join with those left upon the Frontiers, and *Alcimedon* (knit to *Barzanes* by a strict amity) also infinitely joyful to find in this War occasions of serving *Menalippa*, at whose desire he took a command under *Barzanes* in the Expedition against his Father, march't under him with a part of the Army against the *Sarmates* and *Nomades*.

You will pardon me, if I inlarge not my self upon the *Adieu's* between *Alcimedon* and *Menalippa*, in which either expressed all that a violent passion could render soft and touching, and excuse me also, if I particularize not a War so suddenly ended. I will only say, that after some light skirmishes upon the Frontiers, *Barzanes* fell sick, and was constrained to expect his health in a bordering Town, leaving the whole command of the Army to *Alcimedon*, who managing his advantages with admirable prudence, and leading on his Souldiers with incomparable Valor, forc'd away the Victory in many considerable Combats; he re-took divers Towns which the Enemy had carried by Surprize, and having brought them to accept of a Battel, he gained it so bloody and so intire, that Fifteen or Sixteen thousand men were slain upon the place, the rest put to flight, took the two Kings Prisoners, and conducted them with all the glorious spoyles to the Town where *Barzanes* lay sick.

This Princes Recovery was very forward, but this good News rendred him his health

compleatly, and, inſtead of envying *Alcimedon*'s glory, who had rob'd him of the Victory, he intereſſed himſelf in it, as though he had been his Son; he writ of him to the Queen with praiſes that could not be given but to a Demi-god, and in all things he teſtified as much affection to *Alcimedon*, as could be expected from a Father. A few dayes after the Frontiers being ſetled through the Defeat of the Enemies Army, and the Impriſonment of the two Kings, there remained no more buſineſs; ſo that marching towards the Court, and leading the two Priſoner-Princes with them, who found a very civil Treatment at *Alcimedon*'s deſire, his Soul being great and generous in all things.

The King of the *Sarmates* received theſe good offices at his Conquerors hands as he ought; but the *Nomade* hated him mortally, partly becauſe he had ſlain his Brother, but moſt for this Impriſonment, and the cruel faithleſneſs of his Nature.

'Twas in this Voyage, that *Barzanes* became captivated with the vertues of *Alcimedon*, and though he could not oblige him to declare his Birth, yet reſolved to chain him to himſelf by undiſſolvable Bands; and having an only Daughter (a moſt fair and amiable Princeſs) without conſulting the Fortunes of *Alcimedon* (which he could not but judge great, having vertue for his portion) he reſolved to beſtow her on him, making him effectively his Son by alliance, as he was already by friendſhip.

Alcimedon during his abode at the Court of *Dacia*, had almoſt daily ſeen the Princeſs *Alithea* (that was the Name of *Barzanes*'s Daughter) and really ſhe was next *Menalippa* the moſt accompliſhed perſon of *Dacia*, and whom *Alcimedon*'s reſpect to *Barzanes* had rendred the moſt conſiderable in his thoughts; he had made her very particular and aſſiduous viſits, and having alwayes deſigned carefully to conceal his love to *Menalippa*, he was nothing troubled, that the Court ſuſpected him to entertain ſome thoughts for *Alithea*.

Barzanes, who obſerved *Alcimedons* aſſiduity with his Daughter, believed that he had a particular inclination for her, which confirmed him in the Deſign of making the offer, and bound his Daughters Fortune by ſo conſiderable an eſtabliſhment. Moreover, being a Prince, whoſe Martial humor rendred him leſs artificial, he ſtudied not a greater fineſs in this occaſion, but opening his heart nakedly to *Alcimedon*, propos'd this Marriage with his Daughter, as a thing he thought very advantagious; and doubtleſs it had been ſo, had not *Alcimedon* been *Alcamenes*.

The Prince received this offer from *Barzanes* with a very ſenſible diſpleaſure, being unable to accept it, though with his Daughter he could have ſetled him in the Throne of the Univerſe, nor could he refuſe it without offending a Prince to whom he was ſo much obliged; and a Prince, who knowing him only by his vertue, offered him that which the Son of a great King might be contented withall. This conſideration caſt him into a great perplexity, yet he knew that he ought not to ſtick at the anſwer; ſo that being reſolved, he diſſembled his diſpleaſure the beſt he could, and teſtified all kind of reſpect and acknowledgment for the offer he made (proteſting he had never merited the honour, but would endeavour to render himſelf worthy of it by that paſſion he had to ſerve him.)

Alcimedon believed with reaſon that it was better to uſe it thus, and receive the offer of *Barzanes* with reſpect, rather expecting when his Affairs would permit him to render his lawful excuſes, than provoke him in rejecting his Daughter without any probable reaſons of this injurious refuſe; or acquaint him with the true cauſe that hindred him from accepting it, that being the thing of all other, which he deſired to keep moſt ſecret, imagining *Barzanes* would not preſs him ſo hard, as to deprive him of the opportunity of reſolving with *Menalippa*, after what manner he ought to Treat her, believing alſo he would freely pardon him when the Truth was ſufficiently known. *Barzanes* doubted not *Alcimedons* conſent to this alliance, and altogether ſatisfied with the Election he had made, arrived with his ſuppoſed Son-in-law at *Tenaſia* within few dayes.

You will not doubt, I believe, that they were glorioufly received, and that a Victory ſo ſingnal obtain'd by *Alcimedon*, the period put to that War by his Valor, his captivating two Kings which he brought to *Tenaſia*, made him not to be regarded as the moſt gallant of men; all that you can imagine in this Encounter, is below the Truth. Certain it is, that *Alcimedon* received from the Queen and Princeſs, and all the *Dacian* Nobility (who beheld him as their Deliverer, and a perſon altogether extraordinary) all the Careſſes and Honour they were capable to render him.

The

The Queen embracing him a thouſand times, call'd him her Son by a ſpecial favour, and promiſed him all the acknowledgment he could expect from the Grandure of his Services; *Menalippa* received him with a countenance expreſſing her love, and Careſſed him from her eyes more than from her mouth, in preſence of the Queen, and many other Witneſſes, remitting greater teſtimonies of her affection, till opportunity ſhould favour them with a private Conference; yet by the moſt favourable regards, ſhe let him ſee her heart was not changed, filling him with all the joy he was capable to receive.

After he had rendred his firſt Devoyres to the Queen and Princeſs, in expectation of a more particular converſe with *Menalippa*, he retired to pay his Viſit to the Wife and Daughter of *Barzanes*, to whom he thought this the ſecond Complement due, and the Queen deſiring to entertain *Barzanes* concerning the ſtate of the War, and the Frontiers which he had let, retired with him into her Cabinet, and would alſo that the Princeſs her Daughter (in whoſe prudence ſhe did much confide) ſhould enter into their Diſcourſe.

Barzanes rendred them an exact Account of the paſſages of this War, even to the leaſt particular, and of the condition he had left the Enemy in; but all his Relation contained nothing but *Alcimedons* praiſe, which the Princeſs hearkning to with a great concern, could ſcarce contain her joy.

After the Queen had hearkned with admiration, and given to the brave Actions of *Alcimedon* the approbation they merited (Brother) (ſaid ſhe to the Prince *Barzanes*) (what you have related of this valiant man, and that which we knew before, makes me reſolve to recompence him, with the moſt important charges of this Kingdom, and retain him here at any price, to ſerve us in our Wars, particularly in that we are deſigning againſt *Scythia*, knowing no man in the World that I can better oppoſe againſt the Valor of *Alcamenes*, of whom Fame ſpeaks, as of a Prince altogether miraculous; let us ſee my Brother, what we can find worthy of him, and if it be poſſible ſo to oblige him, that he may never depart from us.)

Barzanes ſmiled at this Diſcourſe: (Madam, ſaid he to the Queen, I will not believe that for all the Services I have rendred your Majeſty for the time paſt, you can ever be indebted to me, but in your Deſigh of recompencing and ſtaying *Alcimedon*. I ſuppoſe I have rendred you a good office in preventing your intentions, by finding a means to fix him to your Service for ever, by a promiſe I have made him to give him my Daughter with all my Eſtate, and the Deſign I have to accompliſh this Marriage ſo ſoon as I ſhall receive permiſſion from your Majeſty.)

Menalippa changed colour at theſe words, and this Diſcourſe of *Barzanes*; and the Queen taking no notice of her alteration (the buſineſs wholly poſſeſſing her thoughts) Is it poſſible, my Brother, ſaid ſhe, that you ſhould eſpouſe ſo great an affection to this Realm, as voluntarily to ſacrifice your only Daughter to the publick Intereſt, and make her Arms the ſoft Chains to link this valiant man to our Service; and that your love to us, or rather to vertue, hath cauſed you to caſt your eyes on *Alcimedon*, rather than on ſo many Princes who have ſought your Alliance?

('Tis certain, replied *Barzanes*, *that I prefer the perſon of* Alcimedon *before that of a King, and I hold my Daughter and my ſelf more happy in the poſſeſſion of him, than of a Kingdom*: *Menalippa* could no longer contain, but taking the word: ('Tis to love vertue, *ſaid ſhe*, as it ought to be loved; but what advantage ſoever *Alcimedon* may reap by the honour of your Alliance, are you ſure he is inclined to this Marriage?) *I am not ſure*, replied *Barzanes*, *being not come ſo far; yet beſide the knowledge which I formerly had of* Alcimedon's *love to* Alithea, *he diſcovered himſelf clearly enough to me, and teſtified with much acknowledgment and joy, the honour he ſhould receive by our alliance; We have held agreement ever ſince, and he is now with my Daughter, whoſe ſight and entertainment he deſired with great impatience, and to whom I am confident he is gone to declare his happineſs.*

Barzanes made this Diſcourſe without malice, and according to his real thoughts, imagining by appearances, that *Alcimedon* had received the Propoſition with much ſatisfaction

But the Princeſs, ſwell'd as with a draught of poyſon by this cruel News, and the furious Efforts of her paſſion ſuffering her not to penetrate into the reſemblances of this adven-

ture, could not but give manifeſt ſigns of the troubles that poſſeſt her, expreſſing it in ſeveral emotions beyond the bounds of moderation; all the Grandure of her Courage was neceſſary to hinder, and as it was very hard for her to diſſemble, carrying one hand to her eyes, and feigning a great Head-ake, ſhe deſired the Queens permiſſion to retire into her Chamber.

And paſſing through a Hall to go to her apartment, ſhe ſaw *Alcimedon* near a window with the Princeſs *Alithea*, whom he ſeemed to entertain with ſome emotion and confidence; this ſight redoubled her rage and her pace, ſo that being immediately at her Chamber, and in her Cabinet, ſhe abandoned her ſelf to all that choler and reſentment could produce moſt violent.

Her grief was mute awhile, not knowing where to begin, but a little after disburdning her ſelf with impetuoſity (What, *ſaid ſhe*, am I abandoned by this perfidious man, and abandoned for *Alithea*? has he forſaken *Menalippa*, born with advantages all the World knows above *Alithea*, and *Menalippa*, who loved him more than her ſelf, for *Alithea* her Subject and Inferior in all things, for *Alithea*, who poſſibly loves him not? This Traytor, this blind man, who hath with ſo much diſſimulation abus'd the bounty of *Menalippa*, ſhall he injuriouſly quit her, without the puniſhment due to his Fidelity.)

Here a torrent of tears ſtopped the courſe of her words, but having dryed them, and demanding from her courage more anger than grief and tenderneſs, yet could ſhe not hinder all thoſe paſſions to ſtruggle within her Soul with equal force; and thoſe ſhe would have driven out, maintained as ſtrong a party as thoſe ſhe would have retained.

This *Alcimedon* (cryes ſhe, quite tranſported) to whom I gave my heart the firſt moment that I ſaw him, this unknown whom I have preferred before ſo many great Princes, for whom I have forgot all, and for whom I have forgotten my ſelf, this man who lately loved me with ſo much ardor and ſincerity, he who promiſed to Crown me Queen of *Scythia*, and in a ſhort time to diſcover himſelf to be one of the greateſt Princes of the Univerſe, ſhould be no other than a Deceiver, a wicked Impoſtor, an Infidel, who having lifted his eyes to *Menalippa*, or rather having been bewitch't with love the Soul of that unfortunate Princeſs, would now ſacrifice her to *Barzanes*'s Daughter. Ah! *Menalippa*, Ah! eaſie Princeſs, behold the effect of thy eaſineſs and ſhameful facility; that heart which ought not to be gained but by the Services, and blood of many great Princes, how hath it been caſt away upon an unknown at the firſt ſight, without paying for it the price of a ſigh: This Wretch knew well the value of that which he had ſo eaſily obtained, and with reaſon hath he deſpiſed that which I without reaſon have ſo lightly given.)

Whil'ſt the Princeſs tormented her ſelf on this manner, and deſerted her Soul to the moſt violent effects of paſſion, ſhe ſaw one enter the door of her Cabinet (which was but half ſhut) and caſting her eyes upon the firſt Object that preſented it ſelf, the unfortunate *Alcimedon* (whoſe evil *Genius* had conducted him thither, appeared before her: *Beliſa*, to whom the mutual love of thoſe two perſons was known, ſuppoſing *Menalippa*'s Retreat was to *Alcimedon*'s advantage, told him he might enter into the Cabinet, and opened the Door her ſelf; but ſcarce was he entred, when the furious Princeſs riſing with precipitation from a Bed whereon ſhe lay, and advancing towards him quite tranſported: *Traytor*, ſaid ſhe, *haſt thou the impudence to preſent thy ſelf before me? Alcimedon* grew pale, and recoyled ſome paces, quite aſtoniſhed at this change; but the Princeſs gave him not time to open his mouth, but taking the word in a tone more elevated than before: *Go*, *diſloyal man*, ſaid ſhe, *go faithleſs unknown, whom I have preferred before ſo many great Princes, go carry thy black Treaſons elſewhere, think not to make any longer abode in* Dacia, *where thou haſt an Enemy too powerful, and too angry to leave thee ſecure; ſeek elſewhere alliances more ſutable to an Infidel, and never preſent thy ſelf before the unfortunate* Menalippa, *if thou wilt not that with the loſs of thy life, ſhe revenge the Treaſons thou haſt committed againſt her.*

Finiſhing theſe words with an Action altogether furious, ſhe thruſt him out of the Cabinet, and ſhut the Door upon him.

Alcamenes half dead with this adventure, traverſt the whole apartment, without beholding any one, and retired to his lodging quite tranſported; there he began to undiſguize his

his unhappineſs, and to ſearch the cauſe with mortal Traunces; he knew himſelf too innocent to find, through all the actions of his life, any thing deſerving this treatment, and he had alwayes known *Menalippa* too reaſonable to be carried to ſuch extremities againſt him, without any apparent cauſe.

Firſt, he thought himſelf diſcovered for *Alcamenes*, and that firſt thought ſomething bridled his aſtoniſhment; but afterwards calling to mind *Menalippa*'s cruel words, and remembring ſhe call'd him unknown, and reproach'd him with her preferrence of him before ſo many great Princes, he knew that it was to *Alcimedon*, not *Alcamenes*, that theſe cruel words were addreſſed.

Juſt gods, *cryed he* (being confirmed in this opinion) is it poſſible that in ſo few moments, my Fortune ſhould receive ſo ſtrange a Revolution, and that *Menalippa* ſo juſt, ſo generous, and who an hour ſince by a welcome ſo ſweet, and by reguards ſo favourable, aſſured me of the continuation of my happineſs, ſhould paſs into ſo cruel an extremity againſt her faithful, her innocent *Alcimedon*. Here he buried himſelf in a profound revery, endeavouring to find out the cauſe of his unhappineſs, and never thinking on what paſſed between *Barzanes* and himſelf, judging it uncapable to perſwade *Menalippa* that he was unfaithful; ſo that all his ſtudy taught him only this, that he was the moſt unhappy of men, without being able to geſs the cauſe; Ah! Deſtinies (*ſaid he*) Ah Fortune! which haſt been too favourable to me, I ought to have believed, that a Fortune ſo promptly eſtabliſhed, could be of no long continuance; *Alcamenes* hath not merited thoſe Fortunes wherewith thou haſt favoured *Alcimedon*, and it is juſt, that by the fall of the unfortunate *Alcimedon*, *Alcamenes* ſhould become the moſt miſerable of all men.

Ah! fair hopes too lightly conceived; Ah! foundations of a great Fortune laid upon ſand! muſt you diſappear? muſt ye periſh in a moment? and muſt the unfortunate *Alcamenes* be ignorant, whence this unprovident Ruine comes!

How, *Menalippa*, *added he*, a few moments after, muſt I obey your cruel Command, muſt I never ſee you more? Ah! if for the puniſhment of my diſobedience to this Command, I had nothing to fear ſave the loſs of that life which you threaten, you ſhould ſee how much I deſpiſe Death in comparison of a ſeparation from you.

He arreſted his thoughts ſome moments on this conſideration, and to flatter himſelf, would believe that the Princeſs had been prejudiced by ſome falſe appearance, or the report of an Enemy, and therefore it were better to indeavour his Juſtification, than to obey a Command made in the firſt paſſionate motion, which leaves the mind rather to the guidance of fury, than reaſon, but as he loved the moſt paſſionately of all men, and was inviolably punctual in his love and reſpect, he thought he could not do it without offending both, and rendring himſelf worthy of his cruel deſtiny through his diſobedience.

He balanced theſe things awhile, and had almoſt perſwaded him into ſome hope, that poſſibly *Menalippa* might alter her humor, when he ſaw *Beliſa* enter his Chamber, and preſent him with a Billet from the Princeſs; he received it trembling, and having kiſſed it, he put one knee to the ground, and read theſe words.

MENALIPPA to ALCIMEDON.

ENdeavour not to juſtifie thy ſelf with me, but depart this Enemies Countrey, ſo ſoon as thou haſt received my laſt Command, thy refuſal will but more peremptorily declare thy infidelity, and carry me to extremities, which thou wilt repent, if there remains any ſpark of vertue in thee.

Theſe cruel words ſhot death into the deſperate heart of *Alcamenes*, who kiſſing again the Billet, not without ſome tears which he could not retain: *Yes*, Madam, ſaid he, *I will obey you*; then turning towards *Beliſa* (who regarded thoſe marks of his ſadneſs with pity) he would have ſaid ſomething to her, but this Maid (though toucht with his misfortune) acquainted him that ſhe had order from the Princeſs to hearken to nothing, and thereupon left the Chamber immediatly.

Alcimedon paused not on what he ought to do, only lifting his eyes to Heaven with a deſperate regard: *Let us dye* Alcimedon (ſaid he) *let us dye, but firſt let us obey* Menalippa; after thoſe

those few words he entred into his Cabinet, where he writ a Letter to be given to *Menalippa* after his depart, and having called his two *Scythian* Squires, he commanded them to provide the three best Horses they could, to depart immediately, then taking *Leander*, his *Dacian* Esquire aside; *Leander*, said he, *My love to thee would not have suffered me to leave thee here, were not thy stay absolutely necessary to the repose of my Soul, give therefore to morrow (or when thou canst) this Letter to* Menalippa, *and pass the rest of thy dayes in her Service, if she will honour thee with it; but I desire thee, by the affection thou beareſt me, not to acquaint any with what thou knowest of this business between* Menalippa *and me; I am sorry that I cannot requite thy Services to my desire, or thy desert, the gods will do it for me, and till then, keep this Ring for my sake*; saying these words (his face sprinkled with tears which he could not retain) he gave the Letter to *Leander*, and a Ring, worth more than twenty Talents. The afflicted Squire received the one and the other with a deluge of tears, deploring as much his Masters misfortune as his own, in not being permitted to follow him.

Alcamenes satisfying the other Officers of his House with the furniture thereof, and of some Jewels, armed himself, took Horse and departed, accompanied only with his two *Scythian* Squires. Leaving *Tenasia* on this manner, which but the day before he had entred with Triumph, Applause, and a thousand fair hopes.

The End of the Second Book of the Eighth Part of Cleopatra.

The Eighth PART of CLEOPATRA.

BOOK III.

NExt ensuing Night, the Princess *Menalippa* passed in the most cruel inquietudes a Soul can be possessed with; all that a furious Jealousie can produce in a heart wholly given up to it, tormented hers with a pitiless violence; there were some moments wherein she seem'd to repent her rigor, and her rash banishing a man whom she still loved more than her life: *Belisa* informed her with what respect he received the cruel order she sent him, how much she pitied him, and how dear the vertues of *Alcimedon* were to her, and failed not to relate the grief and despair she observed in the Face, Discourses and Actions of *Alcimedon*.

This Recital had something softned a heart, which was still tender with affection towards him, at least it gave the Princess some regret for her too quick proceeding, beside reflecting on the cause of her anger, she could see in any thing that *Barzanes* spake, very little reason to suspect *Alcimedon* of infidelity, or that he should leave her for *Alithea*, so that there were some moments wherein she imagined him innocent.

In this uncertainty and agitation of spirit, she passed the Night without rest, and falling asleep in the morning, it was late ere she waked, and then calling *Belisa*, she put her upon the Discourse of her message to *Alcimedon*, which after she had related with aggravation all

all ſhe knew of the Princeſs grief, ſeeing the Princeſs more capable of Converſation than the day before, and preſuming on the confidence her Lady alwayes had in her diſcretion, took the liberty to demand the cauſe of her anger againſt *Alcimedon*; ſaying, it muſt needs be great, having carried her to ſuch an extremity againſt a man ſhe ſo extreamly loved.

Menalippa unable to anſwer without ſome ſighs, ingeniouſly related the ſubject of her Choler againſt *Alcimedon*, and related without diſguiſe, all ſhe learnt from *Barzanes* touching the pretended Marriage of his Daughter with *Alcimedon*.

Beliſa no ſooner heard this Diſcourſe, but ſtriking her breaſt: *Ah! Madam, is this all the cauſe of that great anger which hath baniſht* Alcimedon *for ever!*

And judge you not *Beliſa, replied the Princeſs*, That I have reaſon to baniſh an unfaithful man, who left me for the Daughter of *Barzanes*: Ah! Madam, replied *Beliſa, What a cruel injuſtice have you committed, and how have you exerciſed all your rigor againſt an innocent? The poor* Alcimedon *before he came (by his misfortune) to the door of your Cabinet, whether I conducted him my ſelf, finding me in your Anti-chamber, and knowing you kept nothing concerning him as a ſecret from me, entertained me a great while, concerning the intention of* Barzanes, *and the offer he made of his Daughter; but I can aſſure you*, Madam, *his intentions held no correſpondence with thoſe of* Barzanes, *and that he negotiated with that Prince, only out of Civility due to the Uncle of* Menalippa: *He teſtified to me nakedly the trouble he was in, how handſomly to evade the offer of* Barzanes, *and entred your Cabinet, with a deſign of conferring with you, and receiving order and counſel thereupon.*

Beliſa thus ſpake the truth, and *Menalippa* finding a likelihood in her Diſcourſe, began inſenſibly to be cured of her jealouſie, and more and more perſwaded of *Alcimedons* innocency, being a thing ſhe more deſired than her life; ſhe indeavoured all poſſible means to get out of this cruel Error, for according to reaſon and common ſenſe, there was ſmall appearance that *Alcimedon* ſhould quit her for *Alithea*, which opening her eyes to the Truth, ſhe began to accuſe her raſhneſs, when to compleat the Victory, they told her that *Barzanes* was at her Chamber-door, waiting to give her the good morrow.

Though *Menalippa* was in no condition to be ſeen, the reſpect ſhe bare her Uncle, and much more the deſign of clearing *Alcimedons* innocency from his mouth, which begat her ſuſpition, ſhe commanded they ſhould bring him in.

Barzanes being at the Bed-ſide, took a Seat by the Princeſſes command, and after the firſt Diſcourſes of Civility, the impatient *Menalippa* wanted not pretence for her deſign, but put the Prince her Uncle upon the Diſcourſe of his Daughters Marriage, and deſired him to acquaint her ſincerely with what had paſſed touching that Affair, and what teſtimonies he had received of *Alcimedon's* love to *Alithea*, and after what manner he had taken the boldneſs to demand her in Marriage.

Bazarnes, who was a Prince ſincere, and without artifice, told the Princeſs ingenuouſly, that *Alcimedon* had never ſpoken to him concerning his Daughter, and would have been leſs hardy to demand her in Marriage; but having conſidered vertue, and preferred it above all other eſtabliſhments he could expect or wiſh her, and ſuppoſing thereby to render an important Service to the State, in detaining *Alcimedon*, he intended to give him his Daughter, and made no difficulty to offer her to him. *Alcimedon* teſtified no particular deſign towards this alliance, but received the favour with great reſpect, and many teſtimonies of acknowledgment, which would not permit him to fancy he had any repugnance to this Propoſition; and although *Alcimedon* had loved *Alithea*, yet the diſproportion of their Fortunes might well hinder its diſcovery.

The more *Barzanes* talked, the more *Menalippa* was confirmed in the knowledge of the Truth, and ere her Uncle left the Chamber, ſhe doubted not but that *Alcimedon* had only acted out of Civility, and the reſpect he thought due to a Prince that loved him, and who was Uncle to his Princeſs. Her Soul quickly reſumed its former Seat, and that violent paſſion which had diſlocated it, deceding to the pity ſhe conceived at the Report of *Beliſa*, of thoſe marks of grief ſhe ſaw upon the face of *Alcimedon*, began now to repent the rigor of her proceeding, when a little after *Barzanes* was gone, *Beliſa* preſented her with the faithful Squire of *Alcimedon*, to whom that Prince had delivered a Letter to *Menalippa*.

The

The Princeſs who knew him, having often ſeen him with his Maſter, changed colour ſo ſoon as he entred her Chamber; but when ſhe beheld in his eyes all the appearances of a mortal ſadneſs, and ſome tears which the afflicted man could not retain, ſhe felt her heart beat exceedingly, and with great trouble commanded him to draw near, and acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion.

The Princeſſes Command made *Leander* more confident, and having excuſed the liberty which his obedience to his Maſter had neceſſitated him to, he preſented her with a Letter, which ſhe received without ſpeaking, and opening it with an action full of tenderneſs and repentance, read theſe words.

ALCIMEDON to the Princeſs MENALIPPA.

Divine Princeſs,

I Shall not endeavour my juſtification ſince you have forbidden it, and Alcimedon *muſt needs be criminal, ſince his juſt and ſoveraign Princeſs hath thought him ſo; only I proteſt my Crime is unknown to me, for ſince my glorious deſtiny conducted me to your feet, I know not wherein I have failed, no not in the leaſt thought, of that adoration which I owe you. I obey without murmur the arreſt you have pronounced, and depart with as much love and veneration for you, as if this Exile to which I am condemned, were meant an act of grace, and a recompence of my Services. That relique of my life which is left me, ſhall be alwayes yours, though not acknowledged by you, and death from whom alone I can receive the remedy of my misfortunes, ſhall never be able to alter or alienate my affections: I beg not the return of that felicity which I have loſt as I gained, and which good and bad Fortune hath given to, and taken from me, without any merit or crime known to me; but only (if this prayer may be permitted) that you would not ſhut your eyes againſt the Truth, if favourable to me, and that you will not hate after death the memory of,*

Alcimedon.

The Truth which already intirely appeared to the ſpirit of *Menalippa*, needed no ſuch puiſſant ſuccors to convince her, for it had produced ſuch effects on the tender heart of the Princeſs, that *Leander* and *Beliſa* eaſily perceived it, her tears which bedewed the Letter, gave the firſt ſignal, and the ſighs and ſobs which followed them, confirmed their perſwaſions; after a little pauſe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Leander*, ſhe ask't him where his Maſter was? And the diſconſolate Eſquire had no ſooner related his precipitate depart, with the pitiful circumſtances that accompanied it, but the ſad Princeſs felt her ſelf ſtruck as with a Clap of Thunder; How, *ſaid ſhe to* Leander, Is not thy Maſter in *Tenaſia*? *And you may add*, Madam (replied he) *Is he any longer in the World, being unable to imagine he departed from* Tenaſia *upon any other deſign than that of dying.* To theſe words he added many more, which had almoſt lodg'd death in the heart of this afflicted Princeſs, who learning with what deſpair he departed, yet alſo with how much reſignation and reſpect to her command, ſhe became the Subject of grief, fear and repentance. She mightily indeavoured to ſhadow part of her paſſions from *Leander*, and believing that after this Adventure *Alcimedon* would have leſs care to diſguize himſelf, ſhe asked *Leander* whether he knew the true condition of his Maſter; *I never knew it*, replied he, *nor deſired to learn, ſince it was his will I ſhould be ignorant; but as all things declare the greatneſs of his birth, ſo the magnificence of a Preſent he made me ere he went, confirms me in the opinion of the grandure of his Fortune*; whereupon he ſhewed the Ring *Alcimedon* gave him, and *Menalippa* with *Beliſa* having beheld it, both judged that ſuch a Preſent could not come, but from a great Prince; after ſeveral Diſcourſes which the Princeſs with great agitation made, *Leander*, ſaid ſhe, *I do not think that in that little time ſince your Maſter departed, he cannot be far from hence; go therefore and follow him with all poſſible ſpeed, and if you become ſo happy as to overtake him, give him from me a Letter which I am going to write, I ſhould be ſorry that* Dacia *ſhould loſe ſo valiant a man, and one from whom we have had ſo many obligations, if it lieth in my power to call him back; do what you can to find him, but if you ſucceed not happily, return*

to

to give me an account; and ſtay in my Service, ſince it is the deſire of your Maſter, being the leaſt acknowledgment we can render for thoſe Services he hath done us. She ſealed theſe words with a gift, and obliged him inſtantly to take Horſe, and follow upon the Tract of his Maſter, having given him a Letter which ſhe writ in his abſence.

After *Leander* was gone, *Menalippa* commanded that Viſitants ſhould know ſhe was indiſpoſed, that ſhe might remain peaceably in her mournful ſolitude, and deſiring the Queen alſo to leave her this day free, ſhe conſumed it wholly in tears, and laments, wherewith ſhe celebrated the ſad departure of *Alcamenes*; it would be difficult (*great Princeſſes*) to relate all the complaints ſhe made on the lightneſs of her belief, and the promptneſs of her anger.

But if in theſe firſt dayes (whil'ſt there remained any hope of the return of *Alcimedon* by *Leanders* diligence) ſhe afflicted her ſelf moderately, her grief became exceſſive, when after a Months ſearch, ſhe ſaw the afflicted Eſquire return without any News of his Maſter. All that a ſenſible grief could produce in a Soul capable of the moſt violent paſſions, like that of *Menalippa*, tormented hers with moſt violent aſſaults, and had not the diſcreet Princeſs imputed the cauſe of her ſadneſs to her indiſpoſition, whereinto her grief had really caſt her, ſhe had been diſcovered to the Queen and Court of *Dacia*; where, though ſhe was the moſt afflicted for the departure of *Alcimedon*, yet was ſhe not ſingular in her reſentments; the Queen, who beſide an inclination ſhe had for his vertue, having loſt ſo valiant a man, and one on whom ſhe had founded ſo much hope, became unſpeakably ſorrowful at the News of his departure!

Barzanes, who loved him as his Son, and who ſaw the hopes he had entertained of his alliance vaniſh, could receive no conſolation: All were at a loſs in gueſſing the cauſe, what care ſoever they took to diſcover it; only their griefs were ſeconded by the general ſorrow of all *Dacia* for the loſs of ſo valiant a man.

The Queen underſtanding that the Forces of her Allies were on their march, prepared her ſelf for the *Scythian* Voyage, and mounted thoſe Troops ſhe had long ſince deſigned for that Expedition; and found a way to encreaſe her power by an addition of that of the *Sarmates* and *Nomades*, whoſe Kings were by the Valor of *Alcimedon* ſtill in her Priſons; theſe two Princes ſent her word, that if ſhe would reſtore them their liberty, they would ſerve her with all the Force of their States in the *Scythian* War.

The Queen by the advice of her Council, hearkned to theſe Propoſitions, and a little after having generouſly freed them, they left *Texaſia*, and marched with diligence towards their Kingdoms, where they had Troops ready for the Field, and in a condition to march, ſo ſoon as any of the reſt who had been ſo long preparing before them.

At laſt (to abridge my Diſcourſe) *Merodates* entred *Dacia* with Four thouſand Horſe, and Eight thouſand Foot; and *Oroſmenes* with Six thouſand Horſe but no Infantry; and at the ſame time the Queen underſtood that the Prince of *Bithinia* with Three thouſand Horſe, and Twelve thouſand Foot; and the Prince of *Pont* with Fourteen thouſand Foot, and Two thouſand Horſe, would be in a few dayes at the Rendevouz appointed.

Amalthea raiſed in *Dacia*, and amongſt the *Getes*, and *Gelons* her Subjects, more than Eight thouſand Horſe, and Five and twenty thouſand Foot; ſcarce were they ready, when in execution of their promiſes, *Pharnaces* King of the *Sarmates*, and *Orchomenes* King of the *Nomades* appeared; the firſt with Three thouſand Horſe, and Seven thouſand Foot; the latter with Two thouſand Horſe, and Eight thouſand Foot.

This numerous Army compoſed of more than Eight and twenty thouſand Horſe, and Sixty five thouſand Foot, and commanded by many valiant Kings and Princes, had probability enough of overpowring *Scythia*, or any other Countrey it ſhould fall into; and the Queen *Amalthea* could not ſee her ſelf at the Head of ſuch an Army, without giving abſolute credit to the Oracles which promiſed the Crown of *Scythia* to *Menalippa* She committed the charge of the *Dacians*, *Getes* and *Gelons* to the Prince *Barzanes*, which made the greateſt one part of the Army, and ſhe could not have given them a more valiant or experienced Chief, but ſhe ſighed for grief not to ſee *Alcimedon* on her ſide, fancing her Troops unvincible, had this great Perſon fought at their Head. But if the abſence of *Alcimedon* afflicted the Queen and *Barzanes*, it incomparably more tormented the inconſolable *Menalippa*; but for *Merodates*, *Euardes*, *Phrataphernes*, and the other Rival Princes,

it became a Subject of rejoycing to them, and particularly the diſloyal *Orchomenes*, Prince of the *Nomades*, in whom injuries had made an impreſſion againſt his Conqueror, more than all his civilities during his Captivity, reſolving to indeavour his deſtruction by all wayes poſſible, without any conſideration of honour, or the rank of Prince which he held.

Over this numerous Army, compoſed of ſo many different Nations, and commanded by ſo many Princes, there wanted a General in Chief, whom all the reſt ought to obey; for this great Body muſt have a Head to actuate its members; to this honour all theſe Princes pretended equally; *Merodates* the moſt fierce and valiant, though the youngeſt, demanded it expreſly, and ſaid aloud, *That he was moſt worthy of it, though poſſibly the leaſt powerful.* *Phrataphernes*, *Euardes*, *Ooſmenes*, *Pharnaces*, and the wicked *Orchomenes*, had as many reaſons to pretend to it; and *Barzanes*, a Kings Son (though no Soveraign) a great experienced Captain, and commanding already the greateſt one part of the Army, would not yield the command, but as reaſonably as they, hoped for it: But the Queen ended the controverſie, by demanding it for her ſelf; reaſoning, that having armed them all in hers, and the Princeſs *Menalippas* quarrel, it was juſt that *Menalippa* and her ſelf ſhould take the journey in perſon, and march to a Conqueſt wherein *Menalippa* was particularly ingaged, ſince the gods promiſed it to her only. All the Princes underſtood with joy the reſolution of the Queen, and all the pretenders to the Princeſs were raviſh't to know that ſhe ſhould be an eye-witneſs of thoſe gallant things they intended to perform for her ſake.

Menalippa, who was more naturally addicted to Maſculine, than Feminine Exerciſes, whoſe ſtrength yielded to that of few men, and whoſe continual Hunting-imployment had perfected her in-riding, and caſting the Javelin to attaque the moſt furious Beaſts with her naked Sword, had ſo hardned her body to all ſorts of toyls; and having long ſince eſpouſed the reſentments of the Queen her Mother, againſt the King of *Scythia*, ſhe imbraced the reſolution with joy, and prepared with ſome conſolation to carry againſt the *Scythians* whom ſhe hated, the effects of her deſpair innocently cauſed by him ſhe moſt tenderly loved.

Some ſparks of hope failed not to kindle, that the bruit of this War, with her perſonal appearance therein, might cauſe *Alcimedon* to appear, ſignalizing and reconciling himſelf to her by ſome gallant action, or ſome wound receiv'd for her intereſt; this hope which was not without a foundation, rendred her more gay than ordinary, and made her prepare for this Expedition with much reſolution; and the Queen permitting, ſhe covered her body with a Cuiraſſe, and her fair face with a terrible Helmet, and built her ſelf up into an Amazon, nothing leſs couragious or vigorous, than the moſt gallant of thoſe valiant women, who have fill'd the Earth with their Reputation.

I will hold you no longer with theſe preparations: This great Armado conducted by the Queen the Princeſs, and ſo many Princes, diſlodged from the place where the Rendevouz had been kept, and in a gallant poſture, marched towards *Scythia*, which it entred by the Province of the *Napeens*, where *Amalthea* carrying Fire and Sword, deſolated whatever ſhe found in her paſſage; but meeting with nothing capable of ſtaying her upon the Frontiers, ſhe marcht towards this capital City, with great confidence of ſubjecting this powerful Kingdom under the Dominion of the *Dacians*.

The King *Orontes*, who ſuppoſed *Dacia* more inflamed by the Arms of the *Sarmates* than it was, and who could not imagine *Amalthea* would be ſo ſoon in a condition of bringing the War into his Countrey with ſo great a power, had been a little ſlow in putting himſelf in a poſture of defence, and had not fortified his Frontiers againſt the Enemies arrival, as he might; yet being one of the greateſt Kings of the world, and commanding a greater number of Provinces, furniſhed with Martial men, having ſent orders to the *Sarcarians*, *Napeens*, *Maſſagetes*, *Iſſedons*, *Dahes*, *Arimaſpes*, *Rimnicians*, *Peſicians*, *Amerdiens*, *Hiſtians*, *Edonians*, *Enchatians*, *Cokers*, *Cameenes*, *Antarians*, and many other Nations which compoſed his Monarchy; he raiſed quickly above Thirty thouſand Horſe, and Fifty thouſand Foot; 'tis true, that before theſe Troops were fit to ſerve him, according to his intent, thoſe of the Queen of *Dacia* were far advanced in his Countrey, and had everywhere left the cruel marks of her paſſage: The King *Orontes*, a brave and valiant Captain, having reduced his Army into a gallant poſture, and believing that although his number was inferior to that of his Enemies, yet the *Scythian* Valor would ſupply the default; ſo not expecting the *Dacians* in the Metropolis, he march't in excellent order towards the Enemy, reſolving to give them Battel.

Now

Now was his Soul fill'd with grief for the abſence of *Alcamenes*, and this Son on whom he had founded ſuch fair hopes of, or rather from whom he expected the Victory, and the defence of his Eſtates, appeared not in a time wherein his aſſiſtance was abſolutely neceſſary; and the King knowing he wanted no courage to ſeek ſuch dangers, nor affection for his Father and Countrey, feared leaſt by ſome ſad accident he were loſt for ever, and knew not how to accuſe him as ungrateful or unnatural, leaſt he ſhould accuſe an innocent, and poſſibly a Prince who was no more in being; a hundred times did this ſad remembrance draw ſighs from his breaſt, and his whole Kingdom, who had adored the fair beginnings of *Alcamenes*, univerſally participated of his reſentments, highly regretting the abſence of their valiant Defender.

In the mean while the King being advanced to the City *Nicea*, a place very fair and ſtrongly fortified, incompaſſed with a great Plain, where he quartered his whole Army, reſolved to attend the Enemy, who lay not above two dayes march from thence, and who approached him with all diligence. The King reſolving to give them Battel, divides his Army into four Bodies: The firſt compoſed of *Maſſagetes*, *Dahes*, *Sagnes* and *Napeenes*, he gave to be commanded by *Madates* Prince of the *Maſſagetes*: The ſecond compoſed of *Arimaſpes*, *Rimnicians*, *Peſicians* and *Amordiens*, to *Cleogaris* Prince of the *Amordiens*: The third conſiſting of the *Etheens*, *Hiſtians*, *Edoniens*, *Enchateenes*, and *Ariaces*, to *Alcaſtes* Prince of the *Etheens*; & retained the fourth for himſelf, formed of the *Iſedons*, *Cameens*, *Antarians*, *Cumaces*, *Satarchiens*, *Aſeens*, *Agrippeenes*, *Tauro-Scythes*, and divers other Nations.

The Queen *Amalthea* beſtirring her ſelf in this War, and giving orders by the counſel of the Prince *Barzanes*, having firſt called all the other Princes, advanced within the ſight of *Nicea*, and incamped in that great Plain, within fifty ſtades of the *Scythians*.

The King of *Scythia* ſent out Scouts to diſcover the Enemy, who skirmiſhing upon the place, hindred the commodious lodging of *Amaltheas* Troops, and their preparation to give Battel the day following. *Orontes* might have further incommoded his Enemy, by ſeizing ſome places of advantage, whereby he might have diſputed their paſſage; but having no Deſign to draw this War out at length, and confiding marvellouſly in the Valor of his *Scythians*, he gave the Enemy all convenience to lodge, and prepare for the Battel ſo much deſired by both parties.

The morrow, *Amalthea* having gathered all the Princes into her Tent, and by their counſel given the laſt order for the Battel, and having learnt the diſpoſition of the *Scythian* Army; by the counſel of *Barzanes*, ſhe divides her into four Bodies after the Enemies example; *Phrataphernes* and *Oroſmanes*, with the Inhabitants of *Pont*, and the *Baſternes* commanded the firſt; *Barzanes* alone with the *Dacians*, *Getes* and *Gelons* (Subjects of *Amalthea*) made the ſecond; *Pharnaces* and *Orchomenes*, with the *Sarmates* and *Nomades*, their Subjects, took the third place; and *Merodates*, who had learnt that *Orontes* was in the fourth Body, would be his oppoſite, hoping to terminate this War by his Valor, and the *Scythian* Kings death; and *Euardes* being joined to him, compoſed their fourth Body of the *Bithinians* and *Tauriques*: All agreed that on the day of Battel (as the Queens Repreſentative) the Prince *Barzanes* ſhould be General, yet not to claim a propriety of the place for the future, and they rather choſe to ſubmit to him, than that the pretenders to *Menalippa* ſhould obey each other. This Army was ſtronger by a fifth part, than that of the *Scythians*, and commanded by valiant Princes, each of which might with reaſon entertain hopes of Victory.

The Queen of *Dacia* could not without trembling think of the event of this great day, and had ſhe not believed the Oracles, which promiſed the Crown of *Scythia* to the Princeſs *Menalippa*, her perplexity had been far greater.

All the pretending Princes made a Parade before their Princeſs, and there was not one of them that promiſed her not the King *Orontes*'s Head; they all ſeemed very angry that the Prince *Alcamenes* was not in the enemies Camp, againſt whom they had made ſo many Menaces, and upon whoſe death they hoped to raiſe Trophies of Reputation. *Amalthea*, who had heard the Valor of the *Scythian* Prince ſpoken of with fear and admiration, received the News of his abſence with a proportionate joy, and a happy *Omen* of a good ſucceſs; of her own *Dacians*, ſhe retained four thouſand for hers, and the Princeſſes Guard, cauſing them to ſtand in battalia before their Tents, which ſhe ordered to be invironed with a Ditch, ſuch a one as could be caſt up in ſo ſhort a time.

At length both Armies being drawn into Battalia, the Chiefs of each marched towards each other in excellent order; but when they came in ſight, they ſent their Salutes by dreadful ſhouts and exclamations.

Orontes and *Barzanes* having quitted their particular charges to give general orders, cauſed the Signal of Battel to be given, ſo that *Phrataphernes* and *Oroſmanes* on the one ſide, and *Madates* Prince of the *Maſſagetes* on the other, began this cruel day. They amuſed themſelves for awhile with a Combat of Arrows, but both parties being experienced, and the impatience of their Chiefs which breathed nothing but Victory, the one in a juſt defence of his Countrey, the other for the Conqueſt of *Menalippa*, brought them quickly to a conjunction; anp here it was that the fight became terrible and bloody.

The ſecond Bodies followed the firſt, and after thoſe the reſt, impatient for the danger, and conſequently for the glory, hardly expected orders for the on-ſet, but falling on with a terrible impetuoſity, gave death a perfect dominion on every ſide.

It will be hard for me *(great Ladies)* and troubleſome to you, to relate all the particulars of this Battel, I will paſs over that which is not neceſſary for you to know, and relate only what imports much the continuation of this Hiſtory, and that which compoſeth one of the moſt remarkable parts thereof.

The Plain was already covered with dead bodies, and drowned with blood on all ſides; the Aire reſounded with the cryes of wounded and dying men; and everywhere the Battel put on a terrible and hideous face. Here the *Dacians* ſunk under the Arms of the *Scythians*, and there the *Scythians* turned their backs to the *Dacians*; the mixture of different Nations, and their different manner of fighting increaſed the confuſion, and a great part of the day was paſt, ere it could be diſcerned to which ſide the Victory would incline; when the Princes, Rivals in *Menalippa*'s love, impatient of the Victory, and deſiring to ſignalize themſelves in carrying the prize of this glorious day, began to make extraordinary Aſſaults; the Princes of the *Catarcheens* and *Arimaſpes*, fell under the Swords of *Phrataphern* and *Oroſmanes*, thoſe of the *Aſeens* and *Edoniens* loſt their lives by the hand of *Euardes* and *Pharnaces*: *Orchomenes*, wicked as he was, fought with very much Valor; but the brave *Merodates*, though he had already ſlain the Chiefs of the *Agripeens* and *Antarians*, and defeated the Enemy whereſoever he addreſt himſelf; yet not ſatisfied with his Valor, unleſs it had performed ſome more important Service; and knowing that the death of the King of *Scythia* was the price of *Menalippa*, it being the moſt equal revenge of the King her Fathers death; he fought him on every ſide, and deſired nothing more than to ſacrifice his life to *Amalthea*'s reſentments; nor was it hard to find him, for this valiant Prince, maugre the dignity of his Age, which (though ſtill vigorous) might well have cooled that boyling heat, that commonly hurries men into ſuch dangers, ran from Rank to Rank, carrying Death and Victory wherever he went, and bathing himſelf in the blood of his Enemies.

Merodates having pierced many Squadrons and Battalions, met him at laſt, and knowing him by divers marks: *King of* Scythia, cryed he, *I come to receive death from thy hands, or to ſacrifice thee to the Ghoſt of* Decebalus, *and the reſentments of* Amalthea; *diſdain not to turn thine Arms againſt me, I am* Merodates *King of the* Taurique Cherſoneſe.

The King of *Scythia* had neither intent nor leiſure to anſwer theſe words, but covering himſelf with his Buckler prepared to receive his powerful Adverſary, and to overthrow with him the effect of this cruel menace.

At the firſt ſtroaks theſe two Princes mutually knew each others Valor, and though *Merodates* was in the flower of his Youth, and valiant amongſt the moſt valiant, yet he ſoon underſtood that this Victory was not ſo ſoon or eaſily to be obtained, as he imagined, but whilſt theſe two Princes fought obſtinately, in deſpight of the throng of thoſe who indeavoured to part them; and *Orontes*, buſied wholly to defend his life againſt the fury of *Merodates*, was conſtrained to quit the function of a General; *Barzanes* taking advantage of this diſorder, charged the *Scythian* Troops with ſo much vigor, and was ſo well ſeconded by *Phrataphernes*, *Euardes*, *Pharnaces*, and *Oroſmanes*, that defeating the *Etheens*, *Cameens*, and the *Hiſtiens*, with their Princes, made the *Scythian* Army ſtagger, and at length viſibly give ground.

Barzanes and his valiant Companions knowing their advantage, made uſe thereof with prudence and courage, and at laſt perceived a large path to Victory; but on that ſide where the

the King *Orontes* fought with *Merodates* advantagiously enough they saw appear a Body of Cavalry of some two thousand Horse, conducted by a man covered with black Arms, who entring the Battel with an impetuosity, to which the already wearied Troops were forced to give place, carrying a terrible disorder to that side against which he addrest himself; he that headed these succors, struck like lightning, or something more terrible, nor could such blows be expected from a mortal.

This unknown having learnt intelligence of the Combat wherein the King was ingaged with *Merodates*, spur'd forward with an unresistible fury, where *Orontes*, yielding to the youthful vigor of *Merodates*, disputed his life with more courage than hope, and rushing in between them, let fall so powerful a strok upon the head of *Merodates*, that staggering in his Saddle, he had not force to oppose his Buckler to a second blow, which falling also with a fury greater than the first, threw *Merodates*, valiant as he was, under his Horses feet.

The Prince of the *Tauriques* was no sooner fain, but the name of *Alcamenes* resounded on every side, and running from mouth to mouth, gave as much courage to the *Scythians*, as terror to their Enemies.

After the fall of *Merodates*, *Alcamenes* (for it was he) having wearied part of his men about the King, to favour the refreshment his weariness required, threw himself with an incomparable fury upon the Princes his Enemies, and knowing them by divers tokens, disdained to bear his force against the rest, but carried his resentments wholly against them.

Euardes and *Orosmanes* were so unhappy as to be found in his passage, and the fierce *Scythian* knowing them, sent forth a furious Cry, as a prologue to their fate, and seconded it with a blow which laid *Euardes* with his Horse upon the ground, and striking a reverse blow upon the Head of *Orosmanes*, clave it in two pieces, and threw him breathless amongst the feet of the Combatants; then turning towards *Euardes*, whose followers indeavoured to lift him up, and disdaining to regain so intire a Victory: *Euardes* (said he) *thou shalt possibly see before the end of this War, whither or no it be easie to Chain* Alcamenes.

He stayed no longer on this side, but seeking his Rivals everywhere, met with *Phrataphernes*, and with a blow of his Sword laid him upon the Earth, forcing him to seek his safety amongst the Souldiers of *Pharnaces* and *Orosmanes*. After these great Actions which changed the face of the Battel, running with his valiant Troop in all places where his Succors were necessary, incouraging the fearful, and strengthning the feeble; so raising the Affairs of his party, that the Victory which but now declared it self for the *Dacians*, stood in an equal balance for some time, and a little after began to turn on the *Scythean* side. But the Day already declining, the Night prevented the intire decision of the Quarrel.

If *Alcamenes* had not the glory through want of time to carry away an intire Victory, yet he justly had that of preserving his side, his Countrey, and possibly the life of the King his Father: He saw *Barzanes* often in the throng, and knew him by his charge, and divers other marks; but instead of turning his Sword against him, he defended him from his own party, and assur'd his life so much as it was possible for him.

The darkness had not been able to separate the Combatants, if the King of *Scythia* of the one side, and Prince *Barzanes* on the other, had not sounded a Retreat, and compel'd the Souldiers to return to the Camp. The *Scythians* lost Thirty thousand men, and the *Dacians* almost Forty thousand, besides the great Number of wounded, which were by either side during the obscurity of the Night, drawn out from the rest of the Army.

The King *Orontes* having performed all things which the necessity of his Affairs required, either to favour his Retreat, or to give necessary orders for the wounded, wearied with the travel of the day, and the incommodity of some light wounds he had received, retired to his Tent, where he resolved to lodge, and not to enter the Town, though he might have quartered there with more commodity and assurance.

If he entertained some displeasure for the loss of his men, and through the apprehension which this dayes success imprinted in his mind, yet the last events thereof became a refreshing comfort; and understanding by the common voyce, that he was delivered out of the hands of *Merodates* by *Alcamenes*, whose Names he heard resounded on all sides;

ſides; and that *Alcamenes*, whoſe abſence he lamented, or rather whoſe loſs he deplored, was the perſon by whoſe Valor alone the ſucceſs of the Battel was chang'd, and the deſtiny of *Scythia* in that Battel, this fill'd him with tranſports of joy, and an impatience to receive this beloved Son, from whom he had received ſo ſignal and opportune ſuccors; ſcarce had he given way to the firſt motions of thoſe delightful paſſions, when he ſaw the Prince enter his Tent, followed by the Chief of thoſe who had been partakers and witneſſes of his brave Actions. *Alcamenes* taking off his Caſque, threw himſelf at the Kings feet, kiſſing his hands with a profound reſpect; and the King tranſported with an exceſs of joy, caſt his Arms about his Neck with a thouſand imbraces full of love and tenderneſs.

My Lord, *ſaid Alcamenes*, I am culpable, and ſcarce can I hope even from your bounty any pardon for my fault.

My *Son*, replied the King, *if your departure poſſeſt me with grief, your return has not brought a leſs conſolation, nor could you have rendred it more dear and remarkable, than in the ſafety of your Father, and his whole Army.*

Alcamenes replied to this Diſcourſe with much reſpect and modeſty, and the King rendred him all the Careſſes due to ſuch a Son as the great *Alcamenes*, to whom he had ſuch freſh obligations.

A little after caſting his eyes upon the Princes face, he beheld a very great change, and obſerved there the footſteps of that grief which had of late tormented his Soul, but reſerved the inquiry of the cauſe to a better leiſure; and as the life of his Son was dearer to him than his own, the care of himſelf gave place to that of *Alcamenes*, and ſcarce would he ſuffer thoſe light wounds he received to be ſearcht, till he ſaw his Son in perfect health.

The Prince abus'd not his bounty, and would not leave the King till he had ſeen his wounds dreſt.

After he had received the good Night, he retired to his Chamber, where almoſt all the Officers of the Army (tranſported with the joy of his return) came to kiſs his hands ere he went to Bed, having not the patience to expect till Morning ſo deſired a ſight; nor could *Alcamenes* deny them, what incommodity ſoever it might produce. I ſee, *great Princeſſes*, that you are aſtoniſh't to find *Alcamenes* with his Father, without knowing how he came thither, and ignorant of what hapned to him ſince his depart from *Tenaſia*, and it being juſt that I relate ſomething of it, I will ſuccinctly do it, without wandring much from the Thread of my Diſcourſe.

The deſperate Prince left *Tenaſia* in a moſt deplorable condition, and haſting from the place whence *Menalippa* had baniſhed him with all poſſible diligence, ſo that in one Night, and the Day following, he was diſtant from *Tenaſia* more than three ordinary dayes Journies; he choſe no Path nor Retreat: In the Eſtate wherein he was, nothing being more odious to him than life, which he ſo neglected, that few dayes would have put an end thereto, had not the diligence of his Squires prevented. He left off thoſe fair and famous Arms which under the Name of *Alcimedon* had rendred him ſo well known in *Dacia*, and all other places where he carried them, and delivering them to his Eſquires to keep, he covered himſelf with black ones in their ſtead, imbroydered they were with branches of ſilver, underneath which he doubted not to remain unknown. I will not relate his continual ſorrows, wherein he alwayes reſerved a profound reſpect for *Menalippa*, not permitting himſelf the conſolation of a murmur againſt her commands.

At length he arrived upon the Frontiers of *Dacia*, and his Eſquires (not knowing what would be his Deſign) ſaw him fall ſick of a Diſeaſe which proceeded from his Grief, and had like to have brought him to his Grave; they found the commodity to conduct him to a little Town though againſt his will, where they concealed both his true Name, and alſo that of *Alcimedon* by his own order, and there they ſerv'd him ſo carefully, that what neglect ſoever he had for his life, they preſerved it by their diligence and intreaties, yet could not this health be reſtored in ſome Months, during which time, though he yielded to the will of his Eſquires, and received the ſuccors of nouriſhment which they gave, yet he lived in ſuch a manner, that his life could not be properly called any other than a continual death.

In

In the mean while the great Diſcourſe was concerning the preparations againſt *Scythia*, and being perfectly cured of the indiſpoſition of his body, he left the little Town to continue his Journey, hearing that the Rival Princes had joined their Troops with thoſe of the Queen of *Dacia*, and had begun their march towards *Scythia*.

What Deſpair ſoever poſſeſſed his Soul, and how great an indifference he ſhewed to all things that reguarded not the cauſe of his grief, he could not but kindle at this report; and as he loved Honour as dearly as *Menalippa*, and alwayes preſerved great tenderneſſes and reſpects for his Father, the almoſt extinguiſht flame of courage began to rekindle; neither could his mortal ſadneſs forbid him to go whither his Honour and Paternal Love, and the hatred he bare to thoſe preſumptuous Rivals call'd him.

He found himſelf daily more and more confirm'd in this reſolution, but it was reſiſted by the love of *Menalippa*; and conſidering that he could not take up Arms for his Father, without turning them againſt his Princeſs, he knew not how to ſatisfie both his Duty and his love, nor pleaſe the one, without offending the other; How! would he ſay, ſhall I not ſuccor the King my Father againſt thoſe unworthy Rivals, who perhaps aim more at his Life, than his Kingdom? And alas! *replied he*, How ſhall I fight againſt *Menalippa*, to whom, maugre her cruelty, I will preſerve a faith inviolable ſo long as I live; But ah! I muſt not leave the King my Father without aſſiſtance, in the extremities to which his life may be expos'd ſo long as I can hold a Sword; and yet ſhall I carry my Arms againſt *Menalippa*. No, the dues of Nature cannot diſingage me from thoſe of love.

With theſe Conteſts he grievouſly tormented himſelf, viſiting many unknown Provinces, or rather many Forreſts and horrible Deſarts where he ordinarily ſought his Retreats, unable to take any certain reſolution, and I think he would have remained irreſolute to the end, without being able to declare either againſt Love or Nature, if in paſſing near a Temple of *Apollo* (famous for the Oracles it gave) he had not conſulted that god, at the ſolicitations of his Eſquires, whoſe anſwer was thus.

THE ORACLE.

Go,
Thy Father help, thy Miſtreſs ſee;
And ſo,
Repreſs that Grief which preſſeth thee.

This Anſwer ſo clear beyond the cuſtom of the Oracle, wrought very much upon the ſpirit of *Alcamenes*, and reſolved the doubt of what reſolution he ought to take, and ſomething elevated his abated hopes, he reſolved therefore without weighing the buſineſs any further, to march and ſuccor his Father and Countrey; and he fancied that by the command of the Oracle which injoined him to reviſit his Princeſs, he ought to hope for a change in his Fortune, the ſtorm of that anger which made her baniſh him, being blown over.

Theſe meditations diſſipating part of his ſadneſs, gave him his health and intire forces, and put him into a condition of ſerving his Father againſt the lovers of *Menalippa*. He entred *Scythia* a few dayes after, covered with the ſame black Arms he had born ever ſince his depart from *Tenaſia*, and marcht directly to the City of *Serica*, where the King made his abode; but before he got thither, he underſtood that the King was gone to meet the Enemy, and by good Fortune, lighting upon Two or three thouſand Horſe which were the laſt Levies of the Province of the *Iſſedons*, and the choice of *Oronte*'s Cavalry, *Alcamenes* made himſelf known unto them, and putting himſelf at their Head, marcht with all poſſible ſpeed to *Nicea*, and reacht it on the day of Battel, as I have related.

On this manner the ſince *Alcamenes* paſſed his life ſince his depart from *Tenaſia*, and becauſe there happened nothing memorable to him during that time, I have compriſed it in a few words, but will relate at large the following Events, which ſeem to me more worthy your attention.

Scarce had the Prince, whoſe reſentments were divided betwixt Love and Duty, rendred to the one what was due to the other, but he felt himſelf ſollicited to do the ſame Juſtice to the other; and as in ſuccouring the King his Father, he had obeyed part of the command

ſides; and that *Alcamenes*, whoſe abſence he lamented, or rather whoſe loſs he deplored, was the perſon by whoſe Valor alone the ſucceſs of the Battel was chang'd, and the deſtiny of *Scythia* in that Battel, this fill'd him with tranſports of joy, and an impatience to receive this beloved Son, from whom he had received ſo ſignal and opportune ſuccors; ſcarce had he given way to the firſt motions of thoſe delightful paſſions, when he ſaw the Prince enter his Tent, followed by the Chief of thoſe who had been partakers and witneſſes of his brave Actions. *Alcamenes* taking off his Caſque, threw himſelf at the Kings feet, kiſſing his hands with a profound reſpect; and the King tranſported with an exceſs of joy, caſt his Arms about his Neck with a thouſand imbraces full of love and tenderneſs.

My Lord, *ſaid Alcamenes*, I am culpable, and ſcarce can I hope even from your bounty any pardon for my fault.

My *Son*, replied the King, *if your departure poſſeſt me with grief, your return has not brought a leſs conſolation, nor could you have rendred it more dear and remarkable, than in the ſafety of your Father, and his whole Army.*

Alcamenes replied to this Diſcourſe with much reſpect and modeſty, and the King rendred him all the Careſſes due to ſuch a Son as the great *Alcamenes*, to whom he had ſuch freſh obligations.

A little after caſting his eyes upon the Princes face, he beheld a very great change, and obſerved there the footſteps of that grief which had of late tormented his Soul, but reſerved the inquiry of the cauſe to a better leiſure; and as the life of his Son was dearer to him than his own, the care of himſelf gave place to that of *Alcamenes*, and ſcarce would he ſuffer thoſe light wounds he received to be ſearcht, till he ſaw his Son in perfect health.

The Prince abus'd not his bounty, and would not leave the King till he had ſeen his wounds dreſt.

After he had received the good Night, he retired to his Chamber, where almoſt all the Officers of the Army (tranſported with the joy of his return) came to kiſs his hands ere he went to Bed, having not the patience to expect till Morning ſo deſired a ſight; nor could *Alcamenes* deny them, what incommodity ſoever it might produce. I ſee, *great Princeſſes*, that you are aſtoniſh't to find *Alcamenes* with his Father, without knowing how he came thither, and ignorant of what hapned to him ſince his depart from *Tenaſia*, and it being juſt that I relate ſomething of it, I will ſuccinctly do it, without wandring much from the Thread of my Diſcourſe.

The deſperate Prince left *Tenaſia* in a moſt deplorable condition, and haſting from the place whence *Menalippa* had baniſhed him with all poſſible diligence, ſo that in one Night, and the Day following, he was diſtant from *Tenaſia* more than three ordinary dayes Journies; he choſe no Path nor Retreat: In the Eſtate wherein he was, nothing being more odious to him than life, which he ſo neglected, that few dayes would have put an end thereto, had not the diligence of his Squires prevented. He left off thoſe fair and famous Arms which under the Name of *Alcimedon* had rendred him ſo well known in *Dacia*, and all other places where he carried them, and delivering them to his Eſquires to keep, he covered himſelf with black ones in their ſtead, imbroydered they were with branches of ſilver, underneath which he doubted not to remain unknown. I will not relate his continual ſorrows, wherein he alwayes reſerved a profound reſpect for *Menalippa*, not permitting himſelf the conſolation of a murmur againſt her commands.

At length he arrived upon the Frontiers of *Dacia*, and his Eſquires (not knowing what would be his Deſign) ſaw him fall ſick of a Diſeaſe which proceeded from his Grief, and had like to have brought him to his Grave; they found the commodity to conduct him to a little Town though againſt his will, where they concealed both his true Name, and alſo that of *Alcimedon* by his own order, and there they ſerv'd him ſo carefully, that what neglect ſoever he had for his life, they preſerved it by their diligence and intreaties, yet could not this health be reſtored in ſome Months, during which time, though he yielded to the will of his Eſquires, and received the ſuccors of nouriſhment which they gave, yet he lived in ſuch a manner, that his life could not be properly called any other than a continual death.

In

In the mean while the great Discourse was concerning the preparations against *Scythia*, and being perfectly cured of the indisposition of his body, he left the little Town to continue his Journey, hearing that the Rival Princes had joined their Troops with those of the Queen of *Dacia*, and had begun their march towards *Scythia*.

What Despair soever possessed his Soul, and how great an indifference he shewed to all things that reguarded not the cause of his grief, he could not but kindle at this report; and as he loved Honour as dearly as *Menalippa*, and alwayes preserved great tendernesses and respects for his Father, the almost extinguisht flame of courage began to rekindle; neither could his mortal sadness forbid him to go whither his Honour and Paternal Love, and the hatred he bare to those presumptuous Rivals call'd him.

He found himself daily more and more confirm'd in this resolution, but it was resisted by the love of *Menalippa*; and considering that he could not take up Arms for his Father, without turning them against his Princess, he knew not how to satisfie both his Duty and his love, nor please the one, without offending the other; How! would he say, shall I not succor the King my Father against those unworthy Rivals, who perhaps aim more at his Life, than his Kingdom? And alas! *replied he*, How shall I fight against *Menalippa*, to whom, maugre her cruelty, I will preserve a faith inviolable so long as I live; But ah! I must not leave the King my Father without assistance, in the extremities to which his life may be expos'd so long as I can hold a Sword; and yet shall I carry my Arms against *Menalippa*. No, the dues of Nature cannot disingage me from those of love.

With these Contests he grievously tormented himself, visiting many unknown Provinces, or rather many Forrests and horrible Desarts where he ordinarily sought his Retreats, unable to take any certain resolution, and I think he would have remained irresolute to the end, without being able to declare either against Love or Nature, if in passing near a Temple of *Apollo* (famous for the Oracles it gave) he had not consulted that god, at the solicitations of his Esquires, whose answer was thus.

THE ORACLE.

Go,
Thy Father help, thy Mistress see;
And so,
Repress that Grief which presseth thee.

This Answer so clear beyond the custom of the Oracle, wrought very much upon the spirit of *Alcamenes*, and resolved the doubt of what resolution he ought to take, and something elevated his abated hopes, he resolved therefore without weighing the business any further, to march and succor his Father and Countrey; and he fancied that by the command of the Oracle which injoined him to revisit his Princess, he ought to hope for a change in his Fortune, the storm of that anger which made her banish him, being blown over.

These meditations dissipating part of his sadness, gave him his health and intire forces, and put him into a condition of serving his Father against the lovers of *Menalippa*. He entred *Scythia* a few dayes after, covered with the same black Arms he had born ever since his depart from *Tenasia*, and marcht directly to the City of *Serica*, where the King made his abode; but before he got thither, he understood that the King was gone to meet the Enemy, and by good Fortune, lighting upon Two or three thousand Horse which were the last Levies of the Province of the *Issedons*, and the choice of *Oronte*'s Cavalry, *Alcamenes* made himself known unto them, and putting himself at their Head, marcht with all possible speed to *Nicea*, and reacht it on the day of Battel, as I have related.

On this manner things passed since his depart from *Tenasia*, and because there hapned nothing memorable to him during that time, I have comprised it in a few words, but will relate at large the following Events, which seem to me more worthy your attention.

Scarce had the Prince, whose resentments were divided betwixt Love and Duty, rendred him thought what was due to the one, but he felt himself sollicited to do the same Justice to the other; and as in succouring the King his Father, he had obeyed part of the command

mand of the gods, he believed to that whereby they commanded him to see the Princess *Menalippa* was due an equal obedience, and he found himself powerfully enough carried by his inclination, though he had not been obliged thereto by Religion.

He already resolved of the order he ought to take, though it was not without trembling that he disposed himself to appear before *Menalippa*, and it may be (valiant as he was) he would never have had the assurance to have done it, if by the command of the gods he had not been incouraged, and by the success of the beginning he had not expected a like event to the last effects of his obedience.

The morrow so soon as he was up, he called *Cleomenes*, a young man whom he loved dearly, and who had been nourisht with him; in age and person so like they were, that a great part of the *Scythians* supposed him a subrepti[illegible]us Child of the King *Orontes*, he had indeed exceedingly the hair of the Prince, whereby y[illegible] might judge him (next to *Alcamenes*) the handsomest man amongst the *Scythians*; he waited not on *Alcamenes* in his Travels, because he was not with him in the Province whence he departed, having a little before sent him to the King his Father upon an important Affair.

And besides that *Cleomenes* could not but be lovely since he resembled *Alcamenes*, so was he also valiant and hardy, having given on divers occasions great proofs of his courage.

Alcamenes no sooner saw him, then (through the confidence he had in his discretion and fidelity, and the need he was in of his Service) he declared part of his mind concerning what he intended to do.

Cleomenes received with great respect the Princes confidence, and dispos'd himself to render him all the Service he could desire; nor could *Alcamenes* serve himself with either of those Esquires that waited on him in his Journey, both having been extreamly wounded in the Battel, fighting near his person, nor would be in case to quit their Beds in many days, without danger of their lives; at the door of his Tent he caused excuses to be made to all those that came to visit him, then arming himself in those Arms he left off when he departed from *Scythia*, and bearing on his Arm the Buckler, by whose device he was so well known to the *Dacians*, and taking Horse early, he ordered them to tell the King he was gone to visit the Quarters, expecting his awaking, and would return immediately; divers persons would have accompanied him, but he would admit only *Cleomenes*; and covering his Buckler with a Cloth, lest it should be too much observed by the *Scythians*, he visited first some Quarters, and having made a little Circuit, he marcht towards the *Dacian* Camp, and the Queens Tents.

It was in this Camp that rage and fury bare sway, for the Queen was afflicted, that a Victory which she supposed fast in her Arms, should escape by the arrival of *Alcamenes*, and that she had lost more men than the King of *Scythia*; and all those Princes who a little before had made so many Menaces against *Alcamenes*, and who had been in this Encounter knockt down chased and wounded, by his Sword, without any difficulty joined their particular discontents to the general displeasure, and full of shame, anger and grief, laid the cause of their misfortune upon him that was no way culpable.

He had abated the fury of *Merodates*, the pride of *Enardes*, and the valiant *Phratapherne*, *Oresmanes* he had slain, and made *Pharnaces* and *Orchomenes* flie, so that the greatest consolation they could find, was, that the disgrace was Epidemical and common to them all, and that there was not one amongst them that could deride his Companions. *Barzanes* alone was exempt from their Destiny, nor did he scruple to say, That he knew well (though he ignored the cause) that *Alcamenes* spared him.

So soon as it was Morning, the Queen *Amalthea* proposed a Truce to the King of *Scythia* by the counsel of *Barzanes*, for three dayes to bury the slain, particularly the Prince of the *Bastiernes*, whose loss was very much regretted, and to whom they would render Honours proportionable to his Quality.

A little after *Amalthea* call'd an Assembly of the Princes, and although *Phratapherne* and *Pharnaces* were a little wounded, they would assist and appear among the rest.

Never was a less pleasant Assembly seen, and if the Queen could not dissemble her displeasures, to see her fair hopes so recoyle, the Princes could not hide the rage, and much less the shame of their misfortunes, not daring to lift their eyes to *Menalippa*, to whom [illegible] had so often promised the Head of *Alcamenes*.

This

This Lady, though she interessed her self in the displeasures of the Queen her Mother, and in that she had formerly entertained very much aversion to *Alcamenes*, which received an access by this last action, having in a few moments ruined a great part of their expectations, yet could she not afflict her self for the misfortunes of the Princes; and as her aversion against, was greater than her inclinations for them, all her affection being centred in *Alcimedon*, she could not be troubled to see the event of what that Prince had foretold, and viewed with a kind of malignant joy, the confusion she beheld in their faces.

After the Queen had made some propositions concerning the state of affairs, and deliberated upon what was most pressing; *Merodates* burning with choler, and wrackt with different passions, his eys sparkling with a transport of fury, brake silence with an action altogether terrible, and addressing himself to the Queen, *Madam* (said he) *I dare confidently say, that without the coming of* Alcamenes, *the Victory had been yours, and for that which regards my particular, I dare say again, that I had revenged you upon* Orontes, *if the arrival of* Alcamenes, *had not snatcht, with the Victory, the life of his Father out of my hands.* Alcamenes *is valiant without doubt, but it is certain that he surprised me in the Combate, not giving me time to defend my self; nor are his forces so much superiour to mine, that had he not assaulted me, when I had another valiant enemy before me, and wearied already as I was, by a long Combate, he had not laid me on the ground with two blows of his Sword; I think my self as strong and valiant as he, and I have a design, if you please to permit, to measure my forces with his in an equal Combate, whereto I will defie him. for beside my particular resentments, I am carried by your interests much more; and in repairing my honour, as I hope, I shall take away the most puissant obstacle of your design, who will alwaies dispute the victory, which you might easily obtain, were he either absent or dead. Doubt not of what I say; 'tis* Alcamenes *alone can traverse you more than all the rest of* Scythia; *and that man who takes him out of the World, will do a more considerable service, than if he had reduced half* Scythia *under your obedience. This day (with your leave) I will send a Herald to their Camp, and demand the Combate, and I promise my self so far from his Courage, that he will not refuse it to a Prince, whose birth is no way inferiour to his, and whose valour possibly is not so little known, but that he may hope for some honour from the victory, if Fortune favours him with it.*

Thus spake *Merodates*, and the Queen, who entred into his resentments, and judged that in hazarding the life of one Souldier, she should indanger his, whom she feared more than all the forces of *Scythia*, disposed her self to praise this couragious proposition, when the proud *Euardes* rising from his seat, and beholding *Merodates* with some marks of resentment, *You have reason* Merodates, said he, *to endeavour against* Alcamenes *in a single Combate, the reparation of what you left against him, in a tumult and disorder; and I esteem sufficiently your valour, to believe that you could make him partake of the peril so well as the advantage; yet I hope no lesse from my own Sword than from yours, and since that by the default of my Horse, rather than my own, I have been subject to the misfortune with you, I will also try the Combate against* Alcamenes, *and for the same reasons which you alledge, I believe I shall be accepted so well as you. And I* (added *Phrataphern*, rising up) *do protest, that although you prevented me in the declaration, yet not at all in the design of defying* Alcamenes, *and although* Merodates *first proposed it, yet have I courage and resentments enough to perform it so well as he, and to attempt the same hazard for the Queens service, and my own particular revenge.* Scarce had *Phrataphern* spoken, when *Pharnaces* with as much boldness as the rest, demanded the same advantage; and the wicked *Orchomenes*, though he waxed pale at the proposition, and could not but tremble at the remembrance of *Alcamenes* his fury, not daring to do lesse than his companions, demanded the combate with the same earnestness. *Amalthea*, to whom the death of *Alcamenes* was of far greater importance than the life of either of these Princes, was not troubled at this contest; but *Merodates*, who made the first proposition, swell'd with rage, to see himself traversed in his intent, not enduring that any should so much as demand the combate against *Alcamenes*, save himself.

At last, the Queen having hearkned to all their reasons, and prais'd the noble Ardour, which carried them to so generous a contest, ordered that the pretences should be decided by Lot; and so flattered *Merodates* with the aid of *Menalippa*, that he permitted his

name with the names of the four other Princes, to be written in Billets, and drawn out of a Casque.

But as they began to write, they heard divers times the name of *Alcimedon* repeated at the entry of the Chamber, and a little after they acquainted the Queen that *Alcimedon* was at the Chamber door, and desired permission to kiss her hands.

Amalthea at this News, arose from her seat, transported with joy, and cry'd with precipitation, *Let him enter*, and ran to meet him as far as the Chambr door: The Princes grew pale with anger, at the arrival of a man whom they loved not, whose valour umbraged theirs, and whose words they had found so true to their confusion. But had they observed *Menalippa*'s face, they might have perceived that this return of *Alcimedon* toucht her very heart; she was so surprized and troubled, that unable to master the agitations of her soul and body, she remained upon her seat, with the countenance of a person quite *non-pluſt* and confounded.

Alcamenes entred the Chamber, with that grace and majesty which was naturally in his gate, and all his actions; and scarce was his foot in, when the Queen cast her arms about his neck, with all the marks of a true amity.

The Prince put one knee to the ground, and saluting the Queen with a profound submission, received her caresses: *Alcimedon*, said she, (having imbraced and raised him up) *your departure hath sensibly afflicted me, but your return is in a time, wherein you may with glory enough repair the fault which you have only committed, to merit its pardon.*

Madam, (replyed *Alcamenes*) *the necessity which forced me to leave you, when I was unprofitable, could not retain me when I believed my hand necessary; behold me then with the same zeal and the same affections, which have linkt me to your interests; and dispose* (*Madam*) *of the life and fortune of* Alcimedon, *who will spare neither the one nor the other in the glory of serving you.* The Queen replyed to those words in a most obliging manner, and taking him by the hand, presented him to the Princess *Menalippa*, who striving to overcome the trouble which possest her, rose from her seat with an unassured countenance. *Alcimedon* threw himself at her feet, kissing her hand without the courage to speak one word; and the Princess, who was in no better condition than he, only raised him, unable to testifie either by word or action, her joy to see him.

The Prince began to interpret this reception as a continuation of her anger and complained within himself, that he had been abused by the promise of the Gods; but he had no leisure to reason, for he was scarce risen from *Menalippa*'s feet, but he saw himself in the arms of *Barzanes*.

This Prince made him a thousand affectionate carresses, and what cause soever he had to complain of his departure, and the whole ingratitude which he had apparently testified, yet his inclination being more predominate than his resentments, he beheld him as his Son, and imbraced him with all the marks of tenderness and affection.

The Princes, though unsatisfied with his arrival, and full of ill intents towards him, yet fearing to disoblige the Queen, saluted him with civility enough, and *Orchomenes* himself (who in this moment designed his ruine) received him with an open countenance.

After those first ceremonies, which interrupted the business which *Alcamenes* found them about; the Queen, who minded her interests more than any thing else, addressing her self to *Alcimedon*, *You come fitly*, said she, *to participate a glory which all these brave Princes have disputed for: they are upon drawing Lots upon an account so honourable, that I am confident you will be joyful to turn also an adventurer.*

Alcamenes doubted not, but that this occasion of glory, was some design against his Father and himself, and finding nō way to avoid the Queens propōsition, he answered with much respect, That he should esteem himself too happy, to enter with those great Princes into an occasion of serving her, and commanded the same time his name to be put into the Casque, amongst those of the Princes. But *Merodates* beholding all his actions with envy, began to murmure, and signified to the Queen, that being all of them either Kings or Kings Sons, she ought not to rank any other with them, save persons of their own quality. *Alcimedon* knew their intention, and turning his eys upon them with a Noble fierceness, *My Lords*, said he, *make no difficulty to receive me for a Companion in the glory which you seek, and believe it, before the end of this War, you shall possibly see that my birth is nothing inferiour to yours.*

The

The Princes were not contented with this diſcourſe, and had perhaps diſputed with *Alcimedon* the title he pretended to; but they feared to diſpleaſe the Queen, who made this propoſition, and who (believing her intereſts more ſecure in the hands of *Alcimedon* than any others) inſiſted ſtill in her reſolution.

At laſt, the name of *Alcimedon* was put into the Caſque amongſt the reſt, and as Fortune, or ſome higher Power would have it, *Alcimedon* was drawn to fight with *Alcamenes*.

All the Princes teſtified a ſenſible diſpleaſure, though it may be there were ſome amongſt them, to whom this election of Fortune was not diſagreeable.

But the Princeſs *Menalippa*, (what confidence ſoever ſhe had in the valour of *Alcimedon*) waxt pale with fear, and ſighed, knowing how redoubtable the Forces of *Alcamenes* were: But the Queen (what love ſoever ſhe bare to *Alcimedon*) knew ſhe could not beſtow on *Alcamenes* a more valiant enemy, and ſo much rejoyced at this effect of hazard, that ſhe could not diſſemble her ſatisfaction. *Alcimedon*, ſaid ſhe, *I know well that the greatneſs of the peril, cannot divert you from a glorious enterprize, and upon the knowledge I have of your valour, I know you rejoyce to underſtand, that your Lot it is to defie the Prince* Alcamenes *to a ſingle Combate, and to deprive the* Scythians *by your courage, of the ſuccours of ſo powerful a friend.* Theſe words ſo troubled *Alcamenes*, that not knowing what anſwer to make, or what reſolution to take in ſo ſtrange an adventure, he remained a great while quite confounded, ſearching ſome invention to draw himſelf out of this phantaſtique Labyrinth, wherein fortune had ſhewn how capricious ſhe could be: at laſt, fearing leſt his ſilence, and the aſtoniſhment which appeared on his face, might be ill interpreted, he endeavoured to compoſe himſelf; and beholding the Queen with as much aſſurance as he could poſſibly, *Madam*, ſaid he, *I have been perhaps too ſlow, in teſtifying the joy I conceive for the honour you have procured me; yet have I for a few moments entertained ſome doubts, that in caſe the Prince* Alcamenes *be as ſcrupulous as theſe Princes, he will difficultly be drawn to meaſure his Sword with that of a man, who paſſeth but for a private perſon. But I know the ſpirit and courage of* Alcamenes, *and I aſſure my ſelf he will receive me, as though I were known to be the Son of a King, and will not hope for leſs honour from me, than from a King of the* Nomades, *or a Prince of* Bithinia. *I cannot make a longer ſtay here, being call'd away by an affair, for the reſt of this day, which very much concerns me; I beſeech you therefore Madam, to ſend a Herald to the* Scythian *Camp, to defie* Alcamenes, *and I will not fail to morrow, an hour after Sun-riſing, to render my ſelf upon the place of Combate, by you appointed; the Judges ſuch as you ſhall chuſe, and the conditions ſuch as you deſire.*

The Queen approved the diſcourſe of *Alcimedon*, and underſtanding more particularly that an important neceſſity forced him to leave the Camp (for the reſt of that day,) ſhe took upon her the charge of defying *Alcamenes*, and providing things neceſſary for the Combate.

The news was ſpread over all the Camp, that *Alcimedon* was come, and that it was he that muſt fight with *Alcamenes* on the morrow: and as the valour of *Alcimedon* was known with admiration amongſt the *Dacians*, they all praiſed the juſtice of Fortune; but there were ſome, who comparing the grand actions of *Alcimedon*, performed againſt the *Sarmates*, with the terrible efforts of *Alcamenes* againſt them the day before, were in doubt from which of the two to expect the Victory, and were unaſſured of their Champion in ſo dangerous an enterprize.

Alcimedon having taken leave of the Queen by ſome words, and of the Princeſs by a paſſionate regard, went out of the Tent, and finding *Cleomenes* at the Gate, he took Horſe, and with difficulty diſ-ingaging himſelf, from the imbraces of thoſe whom the name of *Alcimedon*, and the love they bare him, drew thither from all parts, he left the Queens Tents, and traverſing the Camp (where by reaſon of his known Arms) he was ſaluted by all as he paſſed, he made towards a high Wood, which he ſaw ſome thirty ſtades from the Camp.

He had recourſe to divers intentions, whereby he might keep his word as *Alcimedon*, and ſave his honour as *Alcamenes*. without diſcovering *Alcimedon* for *Alcamenes*, againſt whom he had obſerved ſo much hatred in the Queen and Princeſs, that he could ſee no reaſon to diſcover himſelf; his ſpirit laboured ſo much, unable to imagine what to reſolve on; but after a long meditation, he thought he had found a good way to draw him out of this intricacy, and upon this conſideration, turning towards *Cleomenes*, *My friend*, ſaid he, *I*

have need of thy aſſiſtance, in one of the greateſt extremities of my life, and I confide ſufficiently in thee, to believe that I may eſcape through thy means.

Cleomenes having upon this diſcourſe given him new aſſurances of his fidelity, the Prince related punctually all that had hapned, and having acquainted him that he was ingaged to fight againſt himſelf, *My friend,* (purſued he) *having well conſidered the difficulty of this affair, there is preſent to my thoughts one only expedient. Thy make is very like mine, thy face reſembles mine very much; thou muſt take theſe* Arms *which I wear, which all* Dacia *knows for thoſe of* Alcimedon, *ſo that when thou art covered with them, no one can know thee from him: with theſe* Arms *thou ſhalt go and lodge this night in ſome place of this Wood, where thou mayſt lye concealed, and to morrow render thy ſelf upon the place of Combate, aſſigned between the two Armies, I will be there alſo, but I will aim my traveling ſo, and ſo carry my blows, that they ſhall not wound thee: after the Combate hath continued ſome time on this manner, I will take thee in mine arms, and after ſome appearance of reſiſtance, bear thee to the ground, where thou ſhalt yield the victory, and render thy ſelf my Priſoner: I will carry thee along with me to our Camp, till thou art out of the* Dacians *ſight, then feigning to render thee thy liberty e're thou ſee the King, thou mayeſt retire, and quit theſe Arms where thou thinkeſt fit, ſo ſhall I have the liberty to ſee* Menalippa *as* Alcimedon, *and ſerve the King my Father as* Alcamenes. *This invention is a little deceitful, but my adventure is ſo alſo, and having ſufficiently meditated, I can find no other means of aſſiſtance, in ſo ſtrange an extremity.*

Alcamenes would not loſe time, but having ſought the moſt retired part of the Wood, he alighted; he diſarmed himſelf of his own Arms, and covered *Cleomenes* with them, under which, he appeared ſo like *Alcimedon,* that *Alcimedon* himſelf might have been miſtaken.

The Prince armed himſelf in the Armour of *Cleomenes,* and when all things were in the condition it ought to be, *Alcamenes* having imbraced *Cleomenes* with tranſports, which ſeemed to foretel ſome ſiniſter accident, and having again inſtructed him how to carry himſelf in the Combate, took leave, and followed the path to the *Scythian* Camp; but would not enter till 'twas late, becauſe the Herald of *Amalthea* might have performed his office before he came, fearing leſt the Herald ſhould know him, what care ſoever he could take to conceal himſelf; and it hapned as he deſired, underſtanding as ſoon as he came to the Kings Tent, that a Herald from the Queen of *Dacia,* had been there to defie him, and that the King had returned him without an anſwer: *Alcamenes* was highly ſatisfied that it hapned thus, but the King would not by any means conſent to the Combate, alledging to the Prince his Son, that *Alcimedon* was an unknown, againſt whom a Prince of *Scythia* could not draw his Sword without offence, and that he could not without an extreme imprudence, permit his only Son to expoſe himſelf to an uncertain event, without any neceſſity.

Alcamenes having heard the King with much reſpect, anſwered, that he had rather loſe his life, than caſt the leaſt ſtain upon his honour, which he had always dearly preſerved; that he knew *Alcimedon* for a Prince full of valour, and for a man, whom the greateſt Prince upon earth, could not refuſe without diſhonour. To theſe words he added many more, ſo preſſing, that the King (being naturally very generous) was conſtrained to yield, yet much leſs to the force of his perſwaſions than to the opinion of his valour, againſt which, he believed that of the unknown *Alcimedon* could make no longer reſiſtance.

The Prince ſent an Herald immediately to the Camp of the *Dacians,* to acquaint the Queen, that having received the challenge of *Alcimedon,* which her Herald had made in his abſence, he accepted it, and would wait him at the place of Combate, an hour after Sunriſing, between both Armies, with one Judge on his ſide, and only a thouſand Horſe for the Guard of the Field.

The Queen *Amalthea* promiſed the ſame thing on the behalf of her Champion, and the buſineſs being thus ſetled, *Barzanes* was choſen Judge for *Alcimedon,* and the Prince of the *Maſſegetes* for *Alcamenes.*

The night paſſed in the expectation of both parties of the event of ſo memorable a Combate, and the knowledge which they had of the valour of each others Champions, made them to expect this ſpectacle with extraordinary impatience. The morrow, ſo ſoon as the day brake, all things were prepared, though *Alcamenes* provided for this feigned Combate

bate with repugnance, and a divination of ſome misfortune. *Amalthea*, who was charged with all things that concerned *Alcimedon*, made ready for him with no leſs diligence; but the Gods had otherwiſe diſpoſed of the event of this day than men had appointed, for the unfortunate *Cleomenes* covered with the Arms of *Alcimedon*, as *Patroclus* with thoſe of *Achilles*, had a like deſtiny: He departed at the appearance of day from a Country-houſe, where he had paſſed the night, and to obey the Prince, he marched with all diligence towards the *Dacian* Camp; he was ſo fierce under theſe brave Arms of his Prince, that he almoſt conceited he was metamorphoſed into him; but this innocent pride laſted not long, for ſcarce had he made ſome paces in the Wood, where the day before he had exchanged his Arms, but he ſaw twenty Cavaliers making towards him, who having encompaſſed him, before he had time ſcarce to think on them, caſt him to the earth, pierced through with their Javelings in a moment.

The cruel men ſtopt not there, but part of them alighted, ran upon him, and lifting up the vizor of his Helmet, they gave him ſeveral ſtabs in the face and throat. When they thought he was dead, they took Horſe, and made towards the *Dacian* Camp, not touching either his Horſe or Arms.

The perfidious *Orchomanes*, Prince of the *Nomades*, the wicked enemy of *Alcimedon*, partly for and in revenge of his Brothers death, and partly for his own impriſonment, had ſent thoſe Aſſaſines to expect on the way by which the Prince muſt return into the Camp (as he had learnt) promiſing them for their performance great rewards; and theſe cruel men had but too well acquitted themſelves, had not the Gods (to whom the life of *Alcamenes* was dear) prevented it by the fall of the unfortunate *Cleomenes*. The Princeſs *Menalippa* having been troubled this night with ſome unlucky dreams, and being very melancholly, both for the Combate which *Alcimedon* was to undertake the next day with *Alcamenes*, and out of the diſpleaſure ſhe received, for not having ſpoken to him the day before: To cure him of the fear of her diſpleaſure, ſhe aroſe early in the morning, ſeeking ſome divertizement amongſt her Train, which attended her: She cauſed a Chariot to be prepared to take the Air, and would only permit *Beliſa* and the faithful *Leander* (who remained ſtill in her ſervice, and who by chance was not in the Queens Tent the day before, and ſo miſt the happineſs of ſeeing his Maſter) to wait upon her.

Menalippa accompanied with only theſe two perſons, giving order to tell the Queen when ſhe awaked, that ſhe was gone to take the air in the Fields, and would return after the Combate between *Alcamenes* and *Alcimedon* was ended, deſiring not to be preſent at it; after which orders given, paſſing through the *Dacians* Tents, ſhe cauſed her Chariot to be guided towards that Wood, which was within ſight of the Camp, and wherein the unfortunate *Cleomenes* lay ſlain; as the diſtance was not great, the Chariot was quickly in the Wood, and the Princeſs cauſing it to ſtay, alighted, and began to walk amongſt the Trees leaning upon *Beliſa*'s arm; and her ſpirit being poſſeſt with ſad Idea's, her converſe was full of ſadneſs, and was diſpoſing her ſelf to diſburthen her troubled heart, when ſhe ſaw a gallant Horſe ſadled and bridled, feeding at liberty, and lifting up his head to approach the Chariot Horſes, he filled the Wood with ſneezings; this Horſe being that, whereon *Alcimedon* uſed to charge. *Leander* thought he knew it, and the nearer he came, the more he was confirmed in his opinion; he told the Princeſs what he thought, but ſhe had already caſt her eys upon a Buckler, which ſhe ſaw lye ſome paces from the Horſe, and ſhe no ſooner beheld it, than by its famous devize, familiar to all the *Dacians*, ſhe knew it for *Alcimedons*. She recoyled at this ſight, and calling *Leander*, *Thou ſhew'dſt me* Alcimedons Horſe (ſaid ſhe) *and I can ſhew thee his Buckler, and by what we ſee, we may judge he is not far off*. Scarce had ſhe pronounced theſe words, when ſhe ſaw the miſerable *Cleomenes* under the Arms of *Alcimedon*, and believed effectively that ſhe ſaw *Alcimedon*, ſtrecht at the foot of a Cheſtnut Tree. She thought he had been aſleep, and making no difficulty to approach him, intending to charm all fear, which the ſuſpition of her anger might have left upon his heart, and to make him ſatisfaction for the ill treatment ſhe had given him, when drawing near this feigned *Alcimedon*, ſhe ſaw the ground covered with blood round about him, and the great bubbles which iſſued out of the defaults of his Cuiraſs, from thoſe wounds which he had received in the face.

This ſpectacle forced cryes both from *Menalippa* and *Leander*; and running on him together

gether with precipitation, they took off his Caſque and Cuiraſs, and *Leander* with a cloath wiped his face covered with blood and wounds, and ſince in an other condition he very much reſembled *Alcamenes*, being of the ſame age, and his hair of the like colour, 'tis not difficult to ſuppoſe, that it being now disfigured with wounds, he might be taken for *Alcimedon*.

All the courage of *Menalippa* made too weak reſiſtance againſt this deplorable ſight, and whilſt *Leander* caſt forth cryes, and tore his hair, *Menalippa*, more ſenſible than he (though not leſs couragious) loſt all ſenſe and knowledge, and fell in a ſwoon upon the couragious pretended *Alcimedon*. *Beliſa*, though exceſſively afflicted, ran to her Miſtreſs, looſening her cloaths to bring her to her ſelf, her pains were for ſometime uſeleſs, but at laſt the Princeſs opened her eys, and returned from her faintings.

She caſt her ſelf again upon this dying body, and by chance *Leander* at the ſame time perceived ſome remainder of life in him; *At leaſt, my Lord*, ſaid he, *diſcover thoſe Murtherers, thoſe Monſters, that have reduced you to this condition*. The poor *Cleomenes* brought to his laſt ſigh, endeavoured to ſpeak, and deſiring, as I believe, to diſcover the truth of this adventurer; Alcamenes *Prince of* Scythia, ſaid he, with a voice ſo low, that it was ſcarce intelligible, Alcamenes *Prince of* Scythia, repeated he, but could ſay no more, and death in this moment deprived him both of ſpeech and life.

At the ſame time two or three Peaſants, who by the priviledge of the Truce, had ventured to come and cut wood, and who had ſeen all which hapned in the murther of *Cleomenes*, came and offered their ſervice to the Princeſs, and unasked, told what they ſaw, and how that this man was ſlain by more than twenty Horſe-men, without having time to think of his defence, ſo that *Menalippa* at that moment wherein ſhe thought *Alcimedon* gave up the ghoſt, remembred that ſhe heard him name *Alcamenes*, Prince of the *Scythians*, and believed he had murthered him, which the wicked Peaſants alſo confirmed, and that he was accompanied by twenty men. See how ſtrongly Fortune ſported againſt *Alcamenes*! and think it not ſtrange, if the afflicted Princeſs accuſed him of the death of *Alcimedon*.

'Twas here, where grief alone was a ſufficient conduct to the Tomb, and where the adjuncts of rage and fury, rather diverted and hindred, than advanced the violence of its effects, and helpt to recall thoſe forces which had left her, to run to that vengeance which ſhe breathed, rather than to Death, which was ready to imbrace her: She aroſe from the ground quite furious, and caſting upon this expiring body a funeſt and mortal glance, *How* Alcimedon, (cry'd ſhe) *doſt thou dye before my eys, by the treaſon and cruelty of* Alcamenes? *if I love thee ſufficiently not to ſurvive thy loſſe, I ſhould be weak and cowardly to run to death, rather than to thy revenge; This Barbarian, whoſe courage hath been ſo much admired, and with ſo much injuſtice, fearing the Combate he was to maintain againſt thee this day, hath murthered thee baſely and inhumanely in the obſcurity of the Wood; and ſhall* Menalippa, *to whom, by the juſt anger of Heaven his treaſon is diſcovered, deplore like a Woman, and dye weakly like one of the people, inſtead of excuting that vengeance for which the Gods have reſerved her? Ah! no* Alcimedon, *expect not this imbecility from a Courage which was never ſufficiently known to thee, I have it poſſibly comparable to that of men, and this arm, which hath given death to Bears and Boars, ſhall Arm it ſelf to deſtroy that Monſter, who hath ſnatched from me my* Alcimedon. She ſtopt here, rowling in her mind a thouſand furious thoughts, whilſt *Leander* and *Beliſa* with a River of tears, ſolemnized the Funeral of *Alcimedon*, and the deſpair of *Menalippa*, who after a long conteſt, being reſolved, and wiping off thoſe tears which trickled from her fair eys, wherein rage and grief had an equal ſtock, *'Tis no time to weep* Menalippa, ſaid ſhe, *'tis on indifferent griefs we ſhould beſtow our tears, ours requires blood, 'tis with blood they muſt be waſhed away, but with* Menalippa's *it demands alſo that of* Alcamenes. Finiſhing theſe words ſhe turned towards *Leander*, and beholding him with eys ſwoln, from whom, in ſpight of all her reſiſtance, a river of tears perpetually flowed, *Leander*, (ſaid ſhe) Alcimedon *is dead for me, and I ought to be reproacht with his death, ſince it was my Enemy, and my intereſts that took him out of the World; I have loved* Alcimedon, (Leander) *and I ſcruple no longer to let you know it. I have loved him living, and I love him ſtill, dead as he is, more than I love my own life. Oh! Would to the Gods, that by the loſſe of this unfortunate life, I could ſave that of my faithful, my beloved* Alcimedon, *and Oh!*

Would

would that he breathed in the ſtead of that unfortunate wretch, who now deplores in vain his deceaſe: but ſince it is not permitted me to recall his breath by the exchange of mine, I will revenge his death, for the Gods have not acquainted me with it, and diſcovered its author by ways ſo extraordinary, but to let me underſtand, that to me only is reſerved this vengeance; But in telling you my deſign, O Leander! *O* Beliſa! *I alſo declare, that if you indeavour to hinder it, you ſhall ſee me plunge this ſteel into my breſt, and ſo you'l make me doubly miſerable, in taking away the conſolation which I hope for, before my death: ſpeak not one word therefore, to divert me from my reſolution, and help to Arm me with thoſe unfortunate Arms, beneath which my poor* Alcimedon *hath given up the ghoſt. I have ſtrength enough to carry them, and to rule his Sword, and it was doubtleſſe for this action (to which the Gods reſerved me) that I uſed my ſelf to the chaſe of wild Beaſts, and exerciſes more ſutable to men, than perſons of our ſex; it was not without myſtery that I received from heaven a compoſition and force of body nothing ordinary, and I will make uſe of, in this occaſion, of that which poſſibly is not ordinarily placed in a woman: when I am Arm'd, and have left you, expect here my return two or three hours, and if I come not in that time, put this precious body in the Chariot, and conduct it into our Tents, there to receive the Funeral rights. See what I have reſolved, and fail not in the obedience which I deſire, if you intend not to hurry me to the utmoſt extremities of deſpair.*

The deſperate Princeſs ſpeaking thus, *Beliſa* and *Leander* obſerved ſomething ſo terrible in her eys, and face, that they loſt all the courage and reſolution they had taken to contradict her, and certainly in thoſe ſad moments, Love and the Graces had forſaken the beauties of *Menalippa*, to give place to thoſe furies which tormented her; and ſhe appeared to thoſe afflicted perſons in a poſture ſo terrible, that fear overcame them, and they durſt not oppoſe that reſolution which they condemned.

Leander at her reiterated command, deſpoyl'd the cold bloody body of its Arms, and Caſque; and *Beliſa* having taken from the Princeſs her long encombring habits, ſhe covered her head with the Caſque (though bloody in ſome places) and with *Leanders* help, ſhe buckled about her the Arms, which ſhe kiſt and waſht with tears as ſhe put them on.

Being Arm'd, ſhe appeared like ſome *Bellona*, or ſomething more dreadful, and by the fury which doubled her forces, ſhe ſeemed no more troubled with the Arms, than if ſhe had uſed them all her life. I have told you that her ſtature was extraordinary, and 'tis certain that at this time, the difference was ſo ſmall, that ſhe might eaſily have been taken for *Alcimedon*. When the Princeſs ſaw her ſelf in this poſture as ſhe deſired, and that *Leander* had brought the Princes Horſe and Buckler, ſhe bowed towards the beloved body, and took her laſt adieu, with a tenderneſs able to cleave with pity the moſt ſavage hearts; and conjuring *Leander* and *Beliſa* to remember her commands, and to declare nothing that they knew, till the time ſhe had preſcribed, ſhe took Horſe, and being no Novice in that exerciſe, ſhe ſpurr'd him forward to the addreſs of the ſtrongeſt men, and ran with ſo much impetuoſity, that they preſently loſt ſight of her.

The field of Battel was already covered with the Souldiers of both parties, who with great diligence had faſtened the Barriers, and erected a Scaffold for the Judges; there were two others, one for the King of *Scythia*, and the other for the Queen of *Dacia*, and the Princes of her ſide, and the Barriers were environed with a thouſand Horſe of either Army.

The Judges had already taken their ſeats, with much civility, and a little after the King *Orontes* on the one part, although he had ſome wounds which would have kept in bed any perſon of a leſs robuſt complexion; and the Queen *Amalthea* on the other, with the Princes of her Train, placed themſelves upon the Scaffold, at the ſound of a hundred Trumpets that attended them, and which made the fields of *Nicea* eccho; they expected only the two Combatants, who ſeemed a little ſlow; and 'tis certain, that *Alcamenes* marching not to this Combate, with that ardour and fierceneſs which uſed to accompany him in others, it being only a fiction and diſſembled action, was not over-haſty to take the Field; yet he appeared a little after the appointed time, but it was not with his accuſtomed boldneſs and gallantry, nor with that menacing Mine, which darted fear into the moſt aſſured. His Arms were enriched with Gold, and ſome ſtones, his Buckler of the ſame, without any device; his Caſque was covered with a ſhade of Plumes, and he alwaies kept the vizor of his Helmet down, becauſe of *Barzanes*, who from the Scaffold might eaſily have known him: though he affected nothing terrible in his gate, yet could the God of Battels have pleaded

ſmall

ſmall advantage over him, and *Barzanes* concluded with the Prince of the *Maſſegetes*, that nothing could match him, unleſs the brave perſon who was to fight him this day, had the good fortune. *Alcamenes* walked a long time in the Field ere his Enemy appeared, and all the world began to condemn the ſloath of *Alcimedon*; and thoſe to whom he was not well known, made ſiniſter cenſures on his courage. *Amalthea*, who was out of humour, and in ſome trouble for the Princeſs, (the cauſe of whoſe walk ſhe could not divine) and prickt with delight at *Alcimedons* delay, and the more, in that the Princes his Enemies indeavoured to ſtain his courage, and openly blamed his ſloath: the perfidious *Orchomenes*, who with the life, would alſo have taken away the Honour of his Enemy, ſaid, he knew him better than the reſt, and had alwaies made a judgment of him, different from that of others, and that he believed he would not come at all.

Barzanes who dearly loved *Alcimedon*, ſupported impatiently their murmures, and ſtill aſſured the Prince of the *Maſſegetes*, that he would not fail to appear, unleſs ſome important adventure hindred; *Alcamenes* himſelf was aſtoniſht at the delay of *Cleomenes* and for ſome moments, thought that he wanted courage for this enterprize; at laſt he heard the moſt remote ſay that *Alcimedon* was come, that *Alcimedon* was hard by, and a little after they ſaw him approach, or rather the furious *Menalippa* in his Arms, in a poſture ſo terrible, that it had been eaſie to have perceived, with a little obſervation, that ſhe was agitated with ſome other paſſion than the deſire of glory; the *Dacians* gave a great ſhout at his arrival, and *Orchomenes* believing himſelf betray'd by his Servants, beheld him to whom he had given the commiſſion, with a menacing eye, and by an inflamed regard, reproacht his fidelity.

So ſoon as *Menalippa* was in the Field, not muſing her ſelf with formalities, ſhe road to the end of the Barriers, and faſtning her ſelf in the Saddle, ſhe ſtarted with a mighty impetuoſity, (imploring aſſiſtance from the Gods, ſhe might paſs her Javeling through the throat of her Enemy.) *Alcamenes* ſtarted at the ſame time, but having no deſign to hurt *Cleomenes*, he had choſen the weakeſt Javeling he could find, and inſtead of addreſſing it to the Vizor, or any other dangerous place, he threw it againſt the middle of the Buckler, where it brake without any further effect; *Menalippa* aim'd hers directly at *Alcamenes's* Vizor, but whether it were by the fury of her courſe, or paſſion, or the little experience ſhe had in this exerciſe which made her fail in the attempt, for her blows ſliding by his Caſque, it paſt without doing any harm; then drawing her Sword, ſhe made to her Enemy, who expected her in the ſame poſture.

She aimed many blows at him which he put by with his Buckler, and wherein he perceived, if not more force, at leaſt more fury than he could have expected from *Cleomenes*; ſtruck only at thoſe places where he found her covered with her Buckler, being very careful not to hurt a man, who only ſought to ſerve him, and as he had not been accuſtomed to ſport or feign in ſuch occaſions, he was quite aſhamed of the perſon he repreſented, being obliged in this Combate to diſſemble that valour, which on all occaſions he ſo prodigally teſtified.

At laſt, the impatient *Menalippa*, breathing nothing but fire, made a furious blow, which he avoiding, it fell upon her own Horſe, and the Blade being exceeding good, it gave him ſuch a wound, that the inraged Beaſt ran with all his force to the end of the Field, yet not ſo ſwiftly, but the Princeſs had leiſure to quit her Stirrups and alight. *Alcamenes* (joyful to ſee his enemy on foot, ready to terminate the Combate after the manner he had deſigned with *Cleomenes*) alighted, and approached *Menalippa*, with his drawn Sword. The deſperate Princeſs caſt her ſelf upon him, with ſo much fury, that the Prince could not prevent (her Sword meeting with the default of his Arms) a light wound.

Alcamenes was aſtoniſht at this fury of *Cleomenes*, and ſeeing that all the ſpectators were too far to underſtand what they ſaid, *Friend*, ſaid he, *thou ſpareſt me not, and if thou fightſt long, thou wilt not repreſent amiſſe the perſon of* Alcimedon. Theſe words confirmed the Princeſs in the belief ſhe had againſt *Alcamenes*, and not indureing a diſcourſe, wherein he ſeemed to play with the deſtiny of poor *Alcimedon*, *Ah Traytor*, ſaid ſhe, *haſt thou imagined that the obſcurity of the Wood could hide thy Treaſon? or doſt thou think to ſave thy ſelf by thy deceit? Give me death immediately, or expect to loſe thy life by the hand of thy moſt mortal Enemy.*

Their

Their Casques so disguised each others voice, that they could not discern it; yet *Alcamenes* knew that it was not *Cleomenes*, found himself in a great confusion, and his own confusion turning into a fury, which *Menalippa* was not likely to resist, *Whatsoever thou art*, said he, with a menacing tone, *thou shalt lose thy life by the hand of* Alcamenes, *and thou hast done ill to draw me out of an order which might have preserved thee.* He accompanied these words with many blows, which put *Menalippa* into disorder, and made her Arms blush with some drops of blood.

The Judges and Spectators observed this redoubled fury, and easily perceived a difference between the beginning and the end of the Combate.

The Princess could no longer sustain the shower of blows which fell upon her, which drew blood in many places, and at last the irritated *Alcamenes*, pressing her between his arms; though she yielded in strength to few men, and that she imployed at this time, all that nature hath given her, he threw her to the Earth, and tearing off her Casque with violence, *You must dye*, said he, *or yield me the victory.* He had scarce finished these few words, but casting his eys upon his Enemies face, he saw tresses of long hair which discovered her sex, and perceived at last, in spight of all contrary appearances, the face of *Menalippa.*

O Gods! how great was the Prince *Alcamenes's* astonishment at this sight, and with what motions was he seized at so unexpected a spectacle. Truly (great Princesses) it is difficult to express that, which he that resented it, is certainly unable to relate.

Astonishment gave place to grief, and beside the sorrow he received for the wounds he gave her, and in that he had presented his threatning Sword to her fair face, he could not see *Menalippa* metamorphosed into a Souldier for his destruction, without becoming infinitely sensible of the hatred which carried her to so great an extremity, imagining that she knew him as *Alcimedon*, and as *Alcamenes*, and that *Cleomenes* had discovered or betray'd him.

Menalippa gave him time to make this reflection, through the astonishment which her fall had caused, but when she was come to her self, seeing that she was between the arms of her Enemy (who had not lifted up the vizor of his Casque, because for divers reasons he would not shew his face to the Judges) she indeavoured to dis-intangle her self, and to seize the Sword which he held in his hand; but *Alcamenes* holding her arm, and pressing hers between his, more like a lover than an Enemy, *Ah* Menalippa! said he, *what hatred is this, that hath carried you to such violent extremities against* Alcamenes? Alcimedon *hath incurr'd your displeasure, but* Alcimedon *hath been sufficiently punished, and I have made him suffer those miseries, which possibly your self would have been so pitiful to have ordained him. Instead of the culpable* Alcimedon *receive* Alcamenes, *whom I present unto you, in whom you will find all the love, and all the fidelity, which were sometimes agreeable to you in the person of* Alcimedon; *and you will find here those advantages, which you could not have met with in the person of a miserable Unknown.*

Thus spake *Alcamenes*, and it seemed that his evil *Genius* had dictated all the words he uttered, so proper they were to confirm the Princess of the manner of *Alcimedon's* death, and *Alcamenes's* Treason, which working violent effects upon her spirit, she dis-intangled her self from the passionate imbraces of her conquerour: *Traytor*, said she, *since thou hast punished* Alcimedon, *punish also the unfortunate* Menalippa, *and give her death by thy cruel hand, or prepare thy self to receive thine from hers. Alcamenes*, unable to hold her, recoyled some paces and prepared to present his breast, to satisfie her cruelty, when he saw the Judges of the Field with him, who during their contest, had descended the Scaffold, and knowing *Menalippa*, they ran to seperate them, and interposing between them, hindred her cruel intent; but in a few moments the Judges were not alone, for *Amalthea*, with the Princes from her Scaffold, having known the face of *Menalippa*, and seeing it was her, who fighting had received divers wounds, unable to submit to the Empire of reason, in the violence of her parental compassion, which mastered it, she cry'd Treason, and that it was not against *Alcimedon*, but *Menalippa*, that *Alcamenes* had fought; that the Princess was wounded possibly to death; and that the cruel man, who had put her into that condition, ought to lose his life, as a punishment of his crime.

As she uttered these words, they cryed *Arms*, (which the Queen transported with grief, hindred not:) The thousand *Dacian* Cavaliers, who guarded the Field, overthrew the Bar-

riers, to be revenged on *Alcamenes*; but the *Scythians*, who ſaw them, did as much on their ſide to ſuccour their Prince; and if the moſt zealous of the *Dacians* took up their Princeſs to carry her into the Queens arms, the moſt affectionate amongſt the *Scythians*, covered their Prince with their Bucklers and Bodies, giving him time to take Horſe, and put himſelf into a fighting condition.

The two Judges of the Field having proteſted their innocency, as to the breach of Treaty, took leave of each other, to attend their charges; and in a ſhort time this Field was the place of a general Battel, then a particular Combate.

The King of *Scythia* beholding with diſpleaſure the rupture of the Truce, ran to his Troops, and commanded all the Princes and Chiefs to their charges, to draw the Army out, into the beſt order which the neceſſity of affairs would permit.

Merodates, *Phrataphernes*, *Euardes*, and his companions, had performed the ſame on their parts; and whilſt thoſe who mingled themſelves at the Combate, in a diſorderly and bloody confuſion, ſtrove for the Victory, by little and little increaſing, they ſaw themſelves fortified by two great Armies. As they fought in diſorder, ſo I cannot very orderly follow my diſcourſe; and as I oblige my ſelf rather to the particular actions of *Alcamenes*, than to theirs that fought for him; I will only ſay, that the Prince finding himſelf that day animated with the moſt violent griet and anger he had ever reſented in his life, he made thoſe who were ſo unhappy as to preſent themſelves before him, ſuch eaſie ſacrifices, that they rather took him for a Fury, than any thing mortal.

This Battel had the form of a Maſſacre without choice or diſtinction, party againſt party, the vanquiſht with the vanquiſher, and the dying with their Murtherers were invelloped in the ſame ruine. *Alcamenes*, who could not fear death, but rather through his rage indeavoured to render his depart more funeſt to his Enemies, left every where bloody marks of his fury. The firſt of the Enemy Princes who preſented himſelf, was the diſloyal *Orchomenes*, who fierce with the death of the pretended *Alcimedon*, marcht to the encounter with more boldneſs than before, and who (conducted by his evil Genius, and the Demon revenger of perfidies) durſt with a Troop of his men attend the furious Prince, but ſcarce had he ſeen the fall of ſome of them, by that redoubted hand, but repenting his raſhneſs, he trembled, waxt pale under his Arms, and deſigned a retreat amongſt his Souldiers, when the irritated Prince (maugre their reſiſtance who would have oppoſed) thruſt his Sword through his body, chaſing thence his diſloyal ſoul, not ſuffering it to rejoyce in the crime of that day.

After the death of *Orchomenes*, who was ſeconded valiantly by all his ſubjects, and all cut in pieces by that mighty hand; which paſt from them amongſt the *Bithinians*, and ſeeing the proud *Euardes* at their head, he caſt himſelf like a Lyon upon him, and at two blows with his Sword, deprived him of life.

The *Bithinians* loſt courage at the death of their Prince, and falling foul on thoſe that followed, had cauſed by their diſorder the loſs of the whole day, if *Barzanes* on the one ſide, and *Merodates* on the other, had not rallied the fugitives, and fortified thoſe trembling Troops with the beſt aſſurance they could; yet not ſo happily, but that by the valour of *Alcimedon*, and the King his Father, and divers brave Princes, who fought under their Enſigns, a great part of the *Dacian* Army were Routed.

Day now, as the time before, was *Alcamenes* greateſt Enemy, his Victory had been intire, if the darkneſs which covered the face of the Earth, had not hindred: The *Dacians* loſt more than twenty five thouſand men, but the *Scythians* not above ten thouſand.

Barzanes and *Merodates* cauſed a retreat to be ſounded, and *Orontes* (whom the effuſion of ſo much blood had filled with compaſſion) did the like, and permitted the *Dacians* to retire to their Camp.

But doubtleſs great Princeſſes, this long relation hath been troubleſome to you, and if you pleaſe, I will defer the reſt to another day.

The Princeſſes, who had given great attention to the diſcourſe of *Megacles*, would not permit him to leave off, and having aſſured him, that they ſhould hear the continuation without incommodity, he cauſing Lights to be ſet up in the Chamber, by reaſon the day began to fail, thus continued his Diſcourſe.

The end of the third BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF ALCAMENES *and* MENALIPPA.

BOOK IIII.

THE ſucceſs of this day in all likelihood, ought to have given as much ſatisfaction to the King of *Scythia*, as diſpleaſure and confuſion to his Enemies; and it is certain, that by this notable loſs, and the little hopes there was left of their remaining forces, the *Dacians* could not expect a favourable event to this War; this fill'd him with joy, and fortified his hopes, but his content could not but be imperfect, whilſt he obſerved the grief, or rather the deſpair of *Alcamenes*.

This diſconſolate Prince, inſtead of rejoycing at his Victory, and the grand actions he had done that day, being retired from the place of Battel, with all the marks of rage and fury in his eys and face, entred his Chamber, which he faſtned upon him, and threw himſelf on a Bed, not permitting any to ſee him, or ſearch ſome light wounds he had received. The King who was advertized thereof, went to his Chamber, and by the priviledge of his authority ſaw him, and cauſed him to permit the dreſſing of his wounds, but could not diminiſh his ſadneſs, nor cauſe him to enter into any converſation.

He conceived this violent diſpleaſure proceeded from the diſhonour he might fancy the fighting with a woman had brought to Arms; and after he had done his indeavour to comfort him upon this accident, ſuppoſing time would do the reſt, he bid him Good night, and retired to his Chamber. It was ſome comfort to the Prince to find himſelf alone, and this ſolitude ſerved to repreſent the cauſe of his griefs more lively than before. The ſight of *Menalippa* an *Amazon*, and of *Menalippa* arm'd againſt his life, had rather increaſed than diminiſht his love, and the hatred of that irritated Princeſſe, which in likelihood ought to have leſſened his affection, ſeemed to have given new forces to torment him. She appeared (under thoſe Arms, and in that condition, wherein he had ſeen her ſubject to his victorious Sword) more charming than ordinary; but after he had ſome time dwelt upon this Idea, he remembred that he had fought againſt this ſo beautiful and beloved Warriour, that he had drawn blood from her fair body, and offered his menacing Blade to her adored face; this thruſt him into an unſupportable grief, and from grief he paſt to a mortal diſpair.

He conſidered how great a hatred it muſt be, that could drive her to ſuch extremities, he call'd to remembrance how fruitleſs all his ſubmiſſions were, after he had put himſelf into a poſture of approaching her, and in what horrible fury he had left her, when he was conſtrained to ſeparate from her.

From thence, running over all the circumſtances of his misfortune, ſeeking the cauſe

with incredible torment, yet could not imagine what it might be, unleſs that either *Cleomenes* had betray'd him, (which he could no imagine) or that he had been betrayed in the place where he lay that night, and carried to the *Dacian* Camp, and there conſtrained to declare that *Alcimedon* was *Alcamenes*, and that the innocent deluſion was diſcovered, which he had made uſe of as an evaſion, in that Caprice whereinto Fortune had thrown him; he was confirmed in this belief by the words which *Menalippa* ſpake in the Combate, and by the reproach ſhe caſt upon him of his Treaſons, committed in the obſcurity of the Wood; and having ſetled his perſwaſions here, *Ah me!* ſaid he, *is* Alcimedon Alcamenes! *Son to the enemy of* Amalthea? *but is it true alſo that* Alcamenes *is* Alcimedon, *who hath rendred ſo important ſervices to the Crown of* Dacia, *who hath loved* Menalippa *a thouſand times more than his life, and who hath had the happineſſe to be loved by her. I ought to have believed (amiable and cruel Princeſſe) that your affection to* Alcimedon, *would not erace your hatred to* Alcamenes, *and that you were generous enough to ſtifle (in the hatred of your Houſe) a particular affection; if in knowing me for* Alcamenes, *you know me for the Son of your Enemy, yet you have learnt thereby, that* Alcimedon *was no Impoſtor, when he profeſt himſelf to be a great Prince, and when he promiſed to give you the Crown of* Scythia.

But blind that I am, (ſaid he, a little after) *ought I not to remember an evil that hath coſt me ſo many tears, and have I not proved, that without the aſſiſtance of* Alcamenes, Alcimedon *was ſufficiently odious to* Menalippa; *and that cruel baniſhment, wherein I have lingered ſo many unfortunate days, hath it not ſufficiently declared the hatred of my Princeſſe? and could I hope that the knowledge of* Alcamenes, *to a heart already pique'd againſt* Alcimedon, *would produce any other effects, than thoſe unfortunate one I now ſuffer.*

Ah Gods! added he, *if it might be permitted me to murmure againſt you, I would reproach you with the falcity of your promiſe, for if it be true that I have ſuccoured my Father with ſucceſſe, it is as true that this ſight of* Menalippa *which you ordained me, is the greateſt misfortune that can happen to me in my life, ſince by this viſit I have found her more cruel, and inexorable, than I could have imagined; nor have I ſeen her —— O Gods! but to preſent my Sword unto her beautiful breaſt, and to draw blood from her fair Body.*

Speaking thus, he felt his grief boyl into rage, and caſting his eys by chance upon the Sword which he had uſed in the Battel, and upon which he might ſtill have obſerved ſome drops of *Menalippa's* blood, had not the mixture of ſo much which he had ſpilt that day, confounded it: *Perfidious inſtrument of my crime*, (cry'd he) *the firſt ſervice thou haſt rendred me, hath been ſufficiently fatal to me: if I had the Sword of* Alcimedon, *which I left with* Cleomenes, *and which is now in* Menalippa's *power, it would poſſibly, better than I, have known* Alcimedon's *divinity, and would have denyed obedience to the ſacrilegious hand which drew it againſt her; but this firſt ſervice ſhall be the laſt I will receive from thee, for I ſhall be aſhamed to wear the criminal ſteel, that hath drawn blood from* Menalippa. Saying thus, he brake it into ſeveral pieces, not without a revery of ſome moments, whether it were not better to plunge it into his breſt.

Thus did he paſſe the night, tormenting himſelf, and the day appearing, ere he had either ſought or found a moment of reſt, one of his Squires, who entred his Chamber, related that the Queen *Amalthea*, under pretence of carying off her dead, demanded of the King Eight Days Truce.

Alcamenes, who well knew into what condition the Enemy was reduced, and that if the King would take his advantage, he migh ruine them in a day, had reaſon to fear that he would refuſe the Queens demand, and finding himſelf too culpable towards *Menalippa*, he ſent, and inſtantly deſired the King to grant *Amalthea's* deſire; The King *Orontes*, who naturally was an excellent Prince, and who beheld with regret this effuſion of blood, conſidering alſo the prayer of his Son, he thereupon granted *Amalthea* the Eight Days Truce, and having given orders to fetch off, and bury his Dead, and incamped his Army further off, by reaſon of the infection of the Air, he went into his Sons Chamber, with a ſpirit full of tenderneſs, and quite bent upon a reſolution which he now diſcovered.

He found *Alcamenes* in the condition I repreſented him, and though he indeavoured to recall himſelf in the Kings preſence, yet was it difficult to hinder the whole appearance

of

of his grief from him: The King having ſometime entertained him with the affairs of the War, and ſeeing he could not draw a word from him which was not diſſected into ſighs and ſobbs, he reſolved to oblige him to diſcover his heart; to advance which deſign, he took one of his hands, and preſſing it between his own with much affection, *My Son* (ſaid he) *I cannot taſte with ſatisfaction the advantages your valour hath given us, nor rejoyce to ſee in a few days my Kingdom intirely delivered from its Enemies, ſo long as you appear in this condition, wherein, to my extream ſorrow, I behold you; I alwayes hoped better things from your courage, what reaſon ſoever you had to afflict your ſelf, and I muſt believe it exceeding great, ſince it can conquer a heart like that of* Alcamenes: *I thought yeſterday, upon the firſt obſervation of your ſadneſſe, that it proceeded from drawing your Sword againſt a Woman, and a fair Princeſſe, but ſeeing you this day in the extremities of the moſt violent grief, I believe it could not render it ſelf ſo powerful over your ſpirit, were it not fortified by ſome other paſſion; and it is not impoſſible, but that in the moment, wherein the fair face of* Menalippa *appeared to you in the Combate, it might produce love enough in your Soul, to reſent the violence of your Sword againſt her, and for having drawn ſome drops of her blood. Bluſh not* Alcamenes, (continued the King, ſeeing him change colour) *if this be the true cauſe of the ſadneſſe, wherein you appear to the eyes of a Father who dearly loves you; you ſhall receive no hindrance from him, to the compleating your felicity; and though the action of* Menalippa *hath ſomething in it very contrary to the ſweetneſſe and moderation of her ſex, yet hath ſhe many vertues, as I have heard by the common report, which makes me look over this action, and born ſhe is of a Blood, and in a Fortune, which might make you hope from me an approbation of your love; and indeed the Heir of* Dacia *is a perſon conſiderable enough, to ſurprize the affections of the greateſt Prince, and the repoſe of* Alcamenes *is dear enough to me, to make me overcome thoſe reſentments I might have againſt my Enemies, if your ſadneſſe may be diſpell'd by this propoſition; I will offer peace to* Amalthea, *in a time when ſhe can no longer make War againſt us, and with the Peace, propoſe to her the marriage of* Alcamenes *with* Menalippa. *She will not perhaps be ſo obſtinate in her hatred towards me, as to ſhut her eyes againſt ſo great advantages; and ſhe will be ill adviſed, to refuſe a Peace, when it lies in our power to ruine her, or reject for her Daughter, the greateſt and moſt advantagious Match ſhe could wiſh.* Whilſt *Alcamenes* heard the King ſpeak thus, though he received by this diſcourſe but an imperfect joy, yet could he not diſſemble it, and kiſſing the Kings hand with a profound reverence, and ſome ſighs, which he could not retain, *My Lord*, (ſaid he) *beſide the obligations which are common to me with all children, I have particular ones to your bounty, which I cannot diſſemble without ingratitude; I will not deny to your Majeſty, (ſince you have diſcovered it againſt my will) that the face of* Menalippa *inſpired me with love, when my Sword was upon the point to have given her death; I will ſay no more, nor give bounds to a bounty too great for* Alcamenes: *But if your Majeſty hath any inclination to this alliance, I will receive it with all the reſpect I ought; I doubt only that all the advantages which* Amalthea *can find, will not bow the ſpirit of* Menalippa; *and I beſeech your Majeſty, not to uſe the authority of the Queen to force her inclination.*

Alcamenes ſaid no more, and the King, who knew his intent, and who, as I told you, was weary of the War, thought it had continued but a little while, and preferring the repoſe of his people before a bloody Victory, having commanded the Prince to comfort himſelf, and to hope all things from his care, left the Chamber, and paſt into his own, where ſending for *Amphimacus*, Prince of the *Tauro Scythes*, he largely inſtructed him with his intention, and giving him a Letter to the Queen *Amalthea*, cauſed him to depart towards the Enemies Camp.

Here it was that Grief and Deſolation put on their true ſhape, and if the whole Camp, groaning for the loſſe of ſo many thouſands, that had been ſlain that day, for the death of the Prince of *Bythinia*, and the King of the *Nomades*, and for that of a great number of principal Officers, who had left their Bodies in the Field, as Trophies of the *Scythian* Valour: The Queen, to the great cauſe ſhe had to regret this loſs, joyned the grief ſhe reſented at *Menalippa's* deſpair.

She cauſed her to be carried off the Field, to be diſarm'd, and her wounds dreſt;

and

and though they were but light, yet the unconſolable grief of the Princeſs, would have put the leaſt bodily diſtemper into a capacity of indangering of life.

In vain had the Queen imbraced her, and bedewed her face with tears; in vain had ſhe conjured her, by the moſt preſſing words affection could put into her mouth, to declare the cauſe of her deſpair, and funeſt reſolution.

The deſperate Princeſs anſwered not but by ſobbs and tears, which flowed inceſſantly from her fair eys, or if the afflicted Mother could ſometimes force a few words from her, they ſo ſavoured of rage and fury, that they eaſily diſcovered her Soul to be poſſeſt with a mortal ſadneſs.

But though *Menalippa* could not conceal her grief, yet ſhe would her love; chooſing rather to ſuffer the perpetual demands of the Queen, than confeſſe ſhe had loved *Alcimedon*, and that it was for him ſhe fought with *Alcamenes*, and was faln into deſpair. Notwithſtanding the pre-occupation of her Soul, ſhe cauſed *Beliſa* to order the Body of *Alcimedon*, ſecretly to be buried (which was very eaſie amongſt ſo many thouſands that kept him company) and this Maid who with *Leander* had carried it to the Camp, according to her orders, would nevertheleſs divulge nothing of this adventure, having not yet received the Princeſſes commands: ſo ſhe put the Body of *Cleomenes* in an unfrequented place, where it could not be known by reaſon of the wounds in his face, and being ſtript of *Alcimedon's* Arms, which might have made him obſerved.

Menalippa, in her deſign of concealing her love from the world, received ſome ſatisfaction from this diſcretion of *Beliſa*, charging her to recommend the ſecret to *Leander*, and all thoſe who knew ought of this adventure.

The Queen preſſed her unceſſantly to reveal the truth, partly to underſtand the cauſe of her deſpair, and alſo to know how ſhe came by *Alcimedon's* Armour, and what was become of that valiant man, and how he permitted her to fight in his place; yet could never draw the leaſt word out of her mouth, that might give any ſatisfaction in what ſhe deſired, and all that ſhe could obtain, was a promiſe to declare the truth within ſix days, on condition that till then ſhe would give her the liberty of her tears, without troubling her for a clearer knowledge.

The Queen, who even adored her, and placed in her only all her affections and hopes, was conſtrained to be ſatisfied with this promiſe; and though ſhe diſapproved and condemned the furious reſolution and Combate of her Daughter, which ſhe could not attribute but to a violent deſpair, yet durſt ſhe not blame her for this action, as ſhe would doubtleſs have done, had ſhe been in a condition capable of reproof.

Yet was not *Menalippa's* heart ſo repleniſht with her own misfortunes, but there was room left to reſent the Queens; and ſeeing her drowned in tears at her Pillow, *Madam*, (ſaid ſhe) *I render my ſelf unworthy by my folly, of that bounty you teſtifie towards me; In the Name of the Gods, allay the troubles of your ſpirit, and hope with me from the bounty of Heaven, that mine will repoſe it ſelf, when yours becomes more ſerene.* Ah *Menalippa!* *reply'd the Queen with a ſigh*, You have little reaſon to imagine my ſpirit can be at reſt, whilſt yours remains in the condition it now appears; and you have little valued my repoſe, when you expoſed a Daughter, more dear to me than my own life, to the conquering Sword of the valianteſt man upon Earth. *I am not* (reply'd ſadly *Menalippa*) *the firſt perſon of my ſex that hath drawn a Sword againſt men, and you your ſelf have inſpired me with Warlike inclinations, by the education you gave me; however this action may partly be excuſed to you, by the hatred which with my milk, you have made me ſuck againſt the Family of* Orontes, *and which I believed might reaſonably tranſport me to this extremity, againſt the Son of my Fathers Murtherer, againſt a man, who robbs us of the hopes of revenge, and of the poſſeſſion of* Scythia, *which the Gods hath promiſed us, and againſt a man, to whom for other reaſons alſo, I have an irreconcileable averſion.* It muſt be *Menalippa* (*reply'd the Queen, and ſhaking her head*) that theſe deſperate reſolutions againſt *Alcamenes*, have ſome deeper cauſes, than thoſe that are common to us both: and were he not born of your Fathers Murtherer, he hath done nothing in this War, nor in the Combate againſt you, but what might rather cauſe eſteem than averſion. *Pardon me Madam*, (reply'd *Menalippa* briſquely) *in that my reſentments are not conformable*

formable to yours, and, if I have not generosity enough to love vertue in mine Enemies. *Amalthea* knew by the manner of pronouncing these words, that she could not contradict her without augmenting her affliction, and a little after going out of the Chamber, she permitted her to passe the night (through her instant intreaties) without any other company save that of *Belisa*.

During the remainder of this night (which she gave wholly to sighs and tears, for unhappy *Alcimedon*) she made often reflections on the actions and words of *Alcamenes* in the Combate; and observing (amongst those cruel ones, whereby he owned the death of *Alcimedon*) that he was in love with her, and offered himself to her, with all the marks of a passionate man, she became astonisht at the quick birth of his love, and flattered her self possibly (notwithstanding her mortal grief) with the glory of such a conquest; and of the quick and marvellous effects of her beauty. After a long revery, *If it be true (said she) that* Alcamenes *loves me, I praise the Gods for the occasions they have given me, of revenging his cruelty by that I will exercise against him; and if the Barbarian be so happy to escape the death which I prepare for him, I will make him feel from this heart, pre-occupied by a passion so just, all that a just resentment can inspire me with of most cruel, and most conformable to the hatred I bear him.*

In these furious thoughts she passed the night, and part of the next day, receiving some nourishment, and permitting them to dresse her wounds, not out of love to life, but of design to imploy it wholly in revenging *Alcimedon*.

Part of the day was past, when they came to advertize the Queen, that the Prince of the *Tauro Scythes* desired admittance from the King of *Scythia*. What hatred soever she bare his Master, yet knew she how to treat Ambassadours, especially in a time wherein Fortune had been adverse to her, and where she was forced to acknowledge, that the surety of her Troops, and safety of her person, depended wholly upon his bounty.

She received the Prince in the presence of *Merodates*, *Phratapherne*, *Barzanes*, and other principal Officers of the Army. *Amphimacus* presented her with a Letter from *Orontes*, by which he hoped to incline her more than by the mouth of his Ambassadour: *Amalthea* opened it in the presence of the Princes, and read aloud these words.

ORONTES King of *SCITHIA*, to the Queen of *DACIA*.

IT is not in my power (great Queen) to blot out of your memory, the losse you have received by our Armes; But I can easily represent to you, that the King Decebalus *died in the Field with his Sword in his hand, without trechery, cruelty, or any circumstance, that might inspire you with a greater hatred towards me, than other common Enemies. You have already powred forth much blood in his revenge, and you ought to be satisfied with the death of a hundred thousand men, whom you have sacrificed to his Ghost. Few Women have so solemnly and gloriously acquitted them of their conjugal affection; But it is enough (Great Queen) and I demand peace in a time, when you may well judge I can nothing apprehend the event of the War: There is blood enough spilt, and I have pity both upon your Subjects and mine own: And (if you refuse it not) I desire your amity and Alliance; the Gods, as I am informed, have promised the Crown of* SCYTHIA *to the Princesse* MENALIPPA *your Daughter, and I offer it, in presenting* ALCAMENES *for her Husband; I believe 'tis thus the Gods would be understood; and all other ways to advance her upon the Throne of our Ancestors, will be found lesse easie.* MENALIPPA *hath conquered* SCYTHIA *in a moment, since in a moment she hath conquered the heart of* ALCAMENES, *and this Prince, whose life she assaulted with so much animositie, layes the same life, with the Crown I shall leave him, at her feet. The Prince of the* TAURO SCYTHES *(whom I have impowered) will negotiate according to your Commands, so soon as you let him understand them, and will testifie unto you, how much I desire the union of our Crowns, Families, and Affections.*

Whilst

Whilſt *Amalthea* read this Letter, the divers agitations of her Soul were legible upon her face; and if on one ſide the reſentment of the King her Husbands death poſſeſſed ſtill her ſpirit, filling it with averſion to the King of *Scythia*, on the other part the advantage ſhe found in his offer, and the pitiful condition ſhe was in through the defeat of her Army, of which in all likelyhood ſhe could expect nothing but the intire ruine, diſarm'd by degrees that revenge, which ſhe had preſerved ſo many years, forcing her to give Reaſon audience, though hitherto ſhe had preferred Paſſion and Animoſity; and beſide comparing the offer of *Orontes* with the Oracles, which had promiſed the Crown of *Scythia* to the Princeſs her Daughter, her eyes were opened to theſe appearances, and judged that it was by this Marriage, and not by force, the Gods intended ſhe ſhould be Queen of *Scythia*.

Whilſt ſhe rowled theſe thoughts in her mind, without expreſſing them to the Company, *Merodates*, being amorous of *Menalippa*, and impatient of a propoſition which deſtroyed his hopes, cryed with precipitation, that the offer of *Orontes* ought not to be imbraced, and that the Gods, Blood, and Nature, would be viſibly offended, in caſe *Menalippa* ſhould marry with the Son of her Fathers Murtherer; *Phratapherne* (full of amorous pretences) confirm'd his exclamation, and added what ever he thought capable to authorize it: But *Barzanes*, (more prudent than they) though he exceedingly reſented the death of the King his Brother, found no difficulty to tell the Queen (after they had conducted the Ambaſſadour of *Scythia* into another Chamber) that ſhe ought to receive with open arms the Kings propoſition; and that this fortune, which at this time was very great for *Menalippa*, could not with prudence be rejected, at a time, wherein through the defeat of their Army, they lay expoſed to the mercy of the Enemy, where neither the valour of *Merodates* nor *Phratapherne*, could hinder them from being cut in pieces, if the *Scythians* had any ſuch intent. The reaſons of *Barzanes* were confirmed by all the Officers of the Army, and by *Pharnaces*, who having a few moments before loſt all hope of re-ſeeing their dear Country, could not hear the propoſition of ſo glorious a peace, and ſo little expected by all appearances, without proteſting aloud to the Queen, that (unleſs ſhe intended their intire ruine) ſhe would not reject it.

Amalthea hearkned to this diſcourſe, as unwilling to be accuſed of the deſtruction of thoſe Souldiers, which remained by her obſtinacy, nor could ſhe think without ſome joy, upon the fortune which preſented its ſelf to *Menalippa*, in a conjuncture of time, when ſhe expected to be expos'd with her, to a multitude of diſgraces; ſo that maugre the cryes of *Merodates*, and *Phrataphernes*, (who would never conſent, but in a rage departed the Chamber) ſhe ſent for the Prince of the *Tauro Scythes*, and told him that ſhe willingly imbraced the Peace which he offered, nor had ſhe any repugnance to the Kings Alliance, but it was juſt that ſhe communicated it to her Daughter, who had herein the principal intereſt, and whoſe conſent ſhe would demand.

Amphimactus reply'd to this diſcourſe of the Queen with much civility and reſpect, who having left him with the King of the *Sarmates*, and the principal Officers of the Army, ſhe with *Barzanes* went into *Menalippa*'s Chamber, to whom ſhe read the King of *Scythia*'s Letter, and informed her, that all the *Dacians* ſetled their deſires on this Peace and Alliance, and her ſelf alſo, who had a deſire to terminate this War by an honourable concluſion.

Amalthea hoped that notwithſtanding the hatred *Menalippa* had expreſt againſt *Alcamenes*, ſhe would yet ſubmit her reſentments to thoſe of her Mother, and open her eyes to *Orontes*'s advantagious propoſition; but ſcarce had ſhe diſcovered her thoughts, when the irritated Princeſs (caſting a tranſported regard at the Queen); *How Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *do you deſigne me for the Spouſe of* Orontes *Son, Who kill'd* Decebalus, *and who would yeſterday have taken away my life in your preſence, with the ſame Sword wherewith he hath ſlain three Kings, fighting in your Quarrel; and him, againſt whom you have inſpired me with ſo much hatred from mine infancy.*

Daughter (*replyed the Queen*) it is not juſt that enmities ſhould be eternal, and prudence commands us to perſevere in, or change our reſolutions and inclinations, according as they are either advantagious or hurtful: *Alcamenes* is very innocent of the King your Fathers death, and in the death of the Kings his Enemies, he hath done but his duty;

if

if he wounded you in the Combat not knowing you, he treated you with reſpect ſo ſoon as he knew you, and yielded to you with the Victory both his heart and liberty; and beſide you know that amongſt all the Princes of the Earth, only the Emperor of the *Romans* is greater than he, and the King of *Parthia* alone his equal; ſo that in our better Fortune you could not have hoped for a more advantagious offer, than that which preſents it ſelf to you, now our Affairs are deſperate, and when the King of *Scythia* can finiſh our ruine, and render himſelf Maſter of our Deſtinies. The King of the *Nomades*, the King of the *Baſternes*, and the King of *Bythinia's* Son are dead for our intereſts, and of an Army of an Hundred thouſand men, there ſcarce remains Twenty thouſand, and a great part of thoſe wounded, who beg the peace with as much ſtrength as they are weak to return to the Battel; beſide all this, your Deſtiny calls you to it, and you have not ſo little judgment, but to know that the Crown of *Scythia*, promiſed by the gods to *Menalippa*, cannot be Conquered by our Forces, nor put upon *Menalippa's* Head, but by her Marriage with *Alcamenes*.

To theſe perſwaſions, the Queen added whatever ſhe thought capable to bend the Princeſſes mind to what ſhe deſired; and before ſhe concluded, made her underſtand, that ſhe askt her conſent but to a thing already reſolved, and to which ſhe abſolutely commanded her to conform her obedience.

Menalippa underſtanding the Queens reſolution, and not daring to contradict her long, ſighed with grief, and diſſembling ſo much as ſhe could poſſibly the rage that tranſported her: *Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *I was not prepared for this dayes Tryal, nor did I think the cauſe of* Orontes *and* Alcamenes *would be handled by the Queen* Amalthea *againſt* Menalippa; *reſpect cloſeth my mouth, yet will not hinder me to demand till to morrow, to remit my ſpirit into that obedience which it ought, in which time, I hope ſo to work on my heart, that I may contradict you no more, but I beſeech you that I may have it intirely free from the viſits of any body.*

Amalthea believing that the Princeſs would ſubmit to her will, for the reaſons ſake at leaſt which accompanied it, eaſily granted what ſhe demanded, and having kiſt and imbraced her with all the marks of tenderneſs (to which the diſconſolate Lady made no return) went forth out of the Chamber, commanding that ſhe ſhould be ſeen only by whom ſhe would.

The Queen acquainted the King of *Scythia's* Ambaſſador with what had paſſed, intreating him to ſtay with her till the morrow, that he might return to his Maſter with the intire reſolution of his Negotiation, the Prince obeyed, and ſending one of his Servants to advertize the King concerning the ſtate of Affairs, and the diſpoſition which he had found in the Queen of *Dacia* to conclude the peace which he had propoſed.

During the reſt of this Day, and the Night following, the *Dacians* (the evil Eſtate of whoſe Affairs made them ardently deſire the peace, and who the day before had feared their total Defeat, paſſing from mortal fears to the ſweeteſt hopes) gave a thouſand Teſtimonies of their joy, and even thoſe who came from burying their Brothers, or dear Friends, could not but partake in the common ſatisfaction; the thoughts of the Commanders were conformable to thoſe of the Souldiers, and (except *Merodates* and *Phrataphernes*) there was ſcarce a man in the Army, but appeared full of content, praiſing the moderation of the King of *Scythia*. The next Morning ſo ſoon as the Queen was dreſt, ſhe went into *Menalippa's* Chamber, imagining that her own time of conſidering being expired, ſhe was diſpoſed to follow her Mothers Commands, But O gods! how great was her aſtoniſhment, when approaching her Daughters Bed, ſhe found her not there, and only ſaw a large open place in the Tent, by which ſhe went out.

Amalthea would not give credit to her firſt fears, but going into the Chamber of the Princeſſes Maids, ſhe found them all except *Beliſa*, who lay with her Miſtreſs, but could learn no News of *Menalippa*: Then in paſſing again into her Chamber, ſhe ſaw a Letter upon the Table, which at the firſt ſight ſhe knew to be the Princeſſes hand, ſhe ſnatcht it up with precipitation, and read theſe words.

MENALIPPA to the Queen AMALTHEA.

FInding it impoſſible to obey your cruel Command, and being unable (without an extream grief) to ſee my ſelf reduced to a neceſſity of diſobeying you, I have indeavoured by my flight to prevent the one, or other, of theſe evils; and I am poſſibly leſs culpable in this action towards you, than if I had openly oppoſed your will; and towards the gods, than if I had eſpouſed Alcamenes: *A Barbarian it is, whoſe Crimes (whereof you are ignorant) are known to me, and will be in time declared to you; in the interim (Madam) pardon me, if I preſerve thoſe reſentments wherewith you inſpired me, and if I declare that I will never marry* Alcamenes, *nor any other that cannot bring me* Alcamenes's *Head, 'tis to this I invite all thoſe who have teſtified hitherto an inclination to ſerve me, and to this it is that I ſollicite the valiant* Merodates *and* Phrataphernes, *and all thoſe who believe the poſſeſſion of* Menalippa *to be a Fortune good enough to invite them unto any danger. Trouble not your ſelf at my departure, I go before you into* Dacia; *Where you ſhall find me, ſo ſoon as you have quitted the Deſign of giving me to* Alcamenes: *It is not without a ſenſible regret that I leave your Majeſty, but I have left a far greater in my Soul; for having been ſo unhappily deceived in my opinion of your affection, which hath abandoned me in a deplorable extremity; but this cruel conſtrain (which I expected not from a nature ſometimes ſo full of bounty) in taking away my laſt conſolations, hath not taken away from me the reſentments of that love, reſpect and veneration which I have hitherto preſerved for my Mother, and will preſerve to my Tomb.*

I know not (*great Princeſſes*) how to expreſs the Queens grief at the reading of this Letter, and the knowledge of *Menalippas* flight; all that I can ſay, will be ſo far below the Truth, that you will pardon me if I inlarge not on this part. I will only ſay, that poſſibly never a perſon ſo conſtant and couragious as *Amalthea*, gave ſo publick teſtimonies of grief; ſhe poured forth a River of tears, tore her Hair, and call'd the gods a thouſand times for witneſſes of her misfortunes, and uttered all that a moſt violent grief could inſpire a Soul leſs moderate than hers withall, and when the firſt tranſports were paſt, having ſent for the Princeſſes Domeſtiques, who were all there except *Beliſa* and *Leander*, ſhe knew that only theſe two had accompanied her, you may imagine alſo that ſhe failed not to cauſe many to take Horſe, with order to bring her back if it were poſſible, or to wait upon her into *Dacia*, if her Deſign was to retire thither; part of the Army diſbanded upon this occaſion, and the Camp was almoſt quite deſerted through every ones impatience to ſeek *Menalippa*; *Merodates* and *Phrataphernes* (content with the rupture of this Marriage, and fierce and proud at the mention *Menalippa* made of them in her Letter, and the confidence they had in their own Valor, having proteſted aloud they would obey this glorious command, that they would loſe their lives, or take away that of *Alcamenes*) took Horſe with the firſt, and followed according to the beſt conjecture the Tract of *Menalippa*.

The Queen perceiving amongſt the reſt in her Chamber, the King of *Scythia's* Ambaſſador, turned towards him (her eyes drowned in tears) and preſenting him the Letter, which ſhe held in her hand: *You may ſee my misfortune*, ſaid ſhe, *and you may acquaint the King your Maſter, and the Prince his Son, that it is no fault of mine, that the peace and alliance ſecond not his intent, nay rather, through having deſired it with paſſion, cauſing me to make uſe of my authority out of ſeaſon, I have loſt my Daughter, and with her, all the conſolation of my life.*

The Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes* anſwering in tears, which expreſt the intereſt he took in her afflictions: *I will hope from the generoſity of* Orontes (added ſhe) *that he will not ſet upon me in my misfortune, nor refuſe me now a peace which himſelf hath offered; the alliance ſhall be (if he deſires it) compleated ſo ſoon as I have the diſpoſition of my Daughter, in the mean time I demand a free Retreat into my Countrey, promiſing him never to trouble him in his; nor will I ever forget how generouſly he hath uſed his advantages over us.*

The *Scythian* Ambaſſador retired, and quickly after preſented himſelf before his Maſter, who underſtood with much aſtoniſhment the ſucceſs of his Negotiation; *Alcamenes* was leſs aſtoniſht, but mortally afflicted, and perceiving the King uncertain in his reſolution, he conjured him to make up the peace with *Amalthea*, and to permit her to retire peaceably with her Troops; and the King willing to comply with his Son, ſent *Amphimacus* the ſame

day

day to the *Dacian* Camp, with full power to conclude the peace, and to favour the Retreat of the *Dacians* so much as the Queen could desire.

Amalthea received with joy the courtesie of King *Orontes*, and protested she would never be his Enemy; then giving order for the march, the disencamped the next Morning towards *Dacia*, full of a mortal grief for the loss of *Menalippa*.

Thus ended that War which had been conceived and begun with so much noise, and so fair hopes, and that Army who expected no less than the Conquest of *Scythia*, returned inconsiderable in their number, and pitiful in their condition, having left the greatest part of their Companions in that Countrey which a few dayes before they beheld as the Field of their Victories. A little after the King *Orontes* quitted the City of *Nicia*, and having taken leave of his now unprofitable Troops, and ordered their Princes his Vassals to lead them in their several Countries, he returned to the chief City, carrying the said *Alcamenes* along with him; which he could never have done, had not his respect to the King made him do violence to himself.

You may imagine that his mortal sadness received no small increase at the reading of *Menalippa*'s Letter which fell into his hands; nor could he apprehend why this Princess (who before these last effects of his passion, had appeared most moderate in all her Actions) should not be content to have precipitated her self into a dangerous Combat, through the only desire of killing him, nor content to have disobeyed the commands of her Mother, for whom she had alwayes preserved a profound respect; but also by her flight to expose her person to those dangers which do continually threaten her Sex, declaring to the Queen her Mother and all the World, that she would never marry any man but him who brought her *Alcamenes* his Head; he could not consider all these things without a clear sight of *Menalippa*'s hate, which possest him with the greatest extremities of grief a heart ever submitted to; and as he continually reasoned with himself upon the cause of his unhappiness: *Is it possible*, would he sometimes say, *that my being born of* Orontes *should kindle so much hatred in a heart I have formerly known so generous, and so reasonable? And is it so great a Crime for the Son of* Orontes *to love* Menalippa? *And an offence so cruel against the Daughter of* Amalthea, *to be loved by the Son of* Orontes, *that it should render the Son a thousand times more odious than the Father, and inspire her with so cruel and desperate Designs against him, having never entertained but moderate ones against his Father; but what could be this Crime hid and unknown to the Queen her mother, whereof she accuseth me in the Letter, unless it be the boldness of having loved her, knowing my self to be the Son of her Enemy. After what manner soever I examine the actions of my life, I can find my self culpable of no other fault, and that methinks cannot justly deserve those punishments which the pitiless* Menalippa *ordains me, nor carry the fair Princess to such resolutions against her faithful and innocent adored; the love of* Alcamenes *should appear more considerable in the person of a man who was Enemy to her house, and in the person of a Prince who was conceived, born and nourisht in the hatred of* Menalippa, *and her Family, rather than in one who had submitted under favourable aspects, and who had no crosses in his pretensions, neither from fortune nor former inclinations; yet it pleased the gods, and my cruel Destiny, that this fair and just* Menalippa *should arm her self with an unknown steel to take away my life, exposing her own to danger to destroy mine, and arming the whole World against me.*

He stopt some moments upon this consideration which had almost awaked resentments in his Soul able to combat his love; but he found himself too weak to undertake it, for although the comfortless Prince, apprehended in the unjust proceedings of *Menalippa*, a just occasion to revolt from his love, yet could he not bring it about, or scarce form a desire towards it: *If I consult my reason* (said he) *if I consult my courage, they will tell me, that I ought no longer to love this cruel person, who arms her self against my life with such obstinate inhumanity: But though my reason and courage are counsellors strong enough, yet are they unable to assist me, and it is assistance I want, when counsels are unnecessary; depart then all other thoughts, all other resolutions, save those of dying for* Menalippa; *'tis my life I must give her, since 'tis my life she demands; it is unnecessary to arm* Phraataphernes *or* Merodates *to procure my death, for* Alcamenes *himself will serve you more faithfully and more powerfully, and through his means you will doubtlesly obtain that whereof by other means you will be very uncertain; I will go and pierce in your presence this unfortunate heart, whose flames are so crimi-*

nal; and will ſatisfie your eyes and deſires if it be poſſible with a ſpectacle able to cleave with pity any other heart but Menalippa's. This was his laſt reſolution, nor did he weigh the deſign of killing himſelf before *Menalippa*'s eyes, and of preſenting her with that odious Head which ſhe demanded.

He was prepared for this funeſt Voyage, and the day was already come, when he ſaw an Herald arrive, who (having demanded of the King the accuſtomed Sureties) defied the Prince *Alcamenes* in the behalf of *Phratapherne* and *Merodates*: The King was exceeding angry at this defiance, and had he not been withheld by his Vertue, as well as by the Law of Nations, he would have exemplarily chaſtiſed this boldneſs; he ſpake to the Herald in terms which made him tremble, and told him he was not reſolved to permit his Son to fight againſt thoſe Princes whoſe lives he had granted a few dayes before, and who poſſeſt neither life nor liberty, but by his bounty alone; that ſuch Combats were not ordinary amongſt perſons of *Alcamenes*'s Quality; and that through his facility he would not introduce the damnable cuſtom of defying Princes in their own Courts: To this he ſpake many things full of Choler, and his reſentments were approved by the whole Court, who murmured highly at the liberty of theſe ſtrangers; but *Alcamenes* appeaſed this Tumult by his Authority, and reſpectfully oppoſing himſelf to the reſentments of the King his Father, ſaid aloud, That he knew no reaſon why this Combat ſhould be diſpenſed with, being demanded by Princes of an equal Quality to his; and confidently proteſted at laſt to the King, that (having never contradicted his will till then) he would go ſeek them in their own Countries, in caſe he denied them to fight in his preſence. *Orontes* oppoſed a long time the Princes Deſign, with reaſons which all the World approved, yet were they too weak to reſiſt *Alcamenes*'s reſolution, and after a long conteſt this deſperate Prince obtained leave on the morrow to fight them both one after the other in the greateſt Plain of *Serica*, not induring to divide that into two dayes which he thought he could finiſh in one; nay, he obtained of the King in the Heralds preſence an Oath, that in caſe he were ſo unhappy as to loſe his life, the Princes might retire without the leaſt harm: After this promiſe, and the ſafe conduct ſigned by the Kings hand, the Herald returned to his Maſters, who lodged not far from the City, and who had the liberty to enter and provide them what they thought neceſſary for the Combat. *Alcamenes* ſent to viſit them, and conſtrained them to profeſs, notwithſtanding their animoſity, that ſo brave a Prince deſerved rather the love, than the hatred of *Menalippa*.

After *Alcamenes* had a good while conſulted how he ought to carry himſelf in this Combat, he thought it better to teſtifie his love and reſpect to *Menalippa*, by preſenting his naked breaſt to thoſe whom ſhe had ſent to take away his life, and continued ſometime in the Deſign of rendring his Neck to the Sword of *Merodates*, or *Phrataphernes*, ſince Fortune ſeemed to favour his Deſign of giving his life to his Princeſs; but a little after, Choler againſt his Enemies awakening, and Jealouſie againſt his Rivals, he repented his Deſign of giving away with his life the victory and poſſeſſion of *Menalippa*: No, no, *ſaid he*, I will not give to theſe Enemies (whoſe hatred requires it) neither the glory nor the reward of the victory, it ſhall be preſented more glorioufly to the Princeſs *Menalippa* by the hand of *Alcamenes*; this was his laſt reſolution, and ſcarce had the next Morning light appeared, when he was covered with his Arms the very ſame he wore in the Combat againſt *Menalippa*, and not amuzing himſelf with many formalities to render the Action more pompous, he marched towards the place appointed, accompanied by all the perſons of Quality of the Court, who would needs have the Honour to wait upon him.

The people of *Serica* had already filled the place, unleſs that patch which was invironed by the Barriers, and intended for the Combatants: The Judges (whereof the one was Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes*, and the other a Prince of *Phrataphernes*'s Kindred) had already taken their places, and the two ſtranger Princes appeared almoſt at the ſame time, covered with proud Arms, and advantagiouſly mounted; they had determined by lot who ſhould fight firſt, and it hapned to *Phratapherne* which *Merodates* impatiently ſuffered, though he believed there would be Valor enough to imploy his againſt. He remained at the further end of the Barriers, whilſt *Phratapherne* advanced in the Liſts, with an Action which made every one behold him as a valaint man. After they had divided the Sun, and obſerved other formalities, the two Warriors parted at the third Signal of the Trumpet,

and

and having traverſt the ſpace which ſeparated them with exceeding ſwiftneſs, they found themſelves in the middle of the Liſts, with an equal force, but a different fortune: *Alcamenes* was lightly wounded in the ſhoulder, there where the Caſque joins to the extreams of the Cuiraſs; but having directed the point of his Javelin to the Viſier of *Phratapherne*, thruſt the murthering ſteel to the hinder part of this unfortunate Princes Head, who fell without life over the Crupper of his Horſe.

The *Scythians* caſt forth a cry of joy for their Princes Victory, and thoſe of the Train of *Phratapherne* bewailed with a mournful murmur, the Deſtiny of their deplorable Maſter; they entred the Liſts to take away the Body, nor could *Alcamenes* behold their Action without teſtifying ſome marks of grief and pity.

But he had not time to make great Demonſtrations of his reſentments, for ſcarce had he given ſome moments to the conſideration of that misfortune, which within a few dayes had made him ſpill ſo much blood when he was drawn out of it by the impatient *Merodates*, who deſiring rather to offer blood than tears, to the Ghoſt of his Companion, ſpurr'd into the Liſts with a menacing poſture; but before he could put himſelf into a condition to fight, a man paſſing amongſt the Servants of *Phratapherne*, accoſted him, preſenting him with a Letter. *Merodates*, who feared no Treachery from his Enemy, made no difficulty to read it.

Alcamenes caſting his eyes upon the Meſſengers face, obſerved ſome features which were not altogether unknown to him, and a little after knew him for the ſame *Leander* who had been his Squire, and whom he had left in *Dacia* to give his Letter to *Menalippa*: *Merodates* having quickly read the Billet: *Alcamenes*, ſaid he, *you may ſee the orders I have received for our Combat, and by the conditions they impoſe upon me, you ought well to defend your Head*: *Alcamenes* having received the Billet without Reply, ſaw with a mighty ſurprize that it was *Menalippa*'s hand; but his aſtoniſhment was increaſed, when having caſt his eyes upon it with ſighs, he read theſe words.

MENALIPPA to MERODATES.

REmember Merodates, *that it is not your Victory, but the Head of* Alcamenes, *that I require; you muſt dye or kill that Barbarian, there being no other way to Conquer* Menalippa.

At the ſight of this known Character, and reading thoſe cruel words, the diſconſolate *Alcamenes* had almoſt loſt Courage, and it is not without wonder, that in the grief which oppreſt him, he could be able to fight with one of the moſt valiant men of the World, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven with an Action full of pity, nor could his juſt reſentments hinder him from bearing this Billet to his mouth, reverencing that Princeſs whom he adored even in thoſe marks of her inhumanity. *It is juſt*, Menalippa (ſaid he, with a voyce deſected into ſighs) *that this odious* Alcamenes *ſhould loſe that life ſo much deteſted by you; but it muſt be from* Alcamenes, *not from* Merodates, *that this heart-burning for you muſt receive its mortal wounds, and you will be little obliged to me, if any other hand, ſave mine own, ſhould offer you this agreeable victim.* He would poſſibly have ſaid more, when *Merodates* retook his Billet: *Alcamenes*, ſaid he, *you ſee the hard conditions of our Combat, and that there is no favour to be ſhewn or hoped for, ſince I muſt obey* Menalippa; *Alcameaes*, maugre the grief which tranſported him, beheld *Merodates* with a ſmile full of ſharpneſs and diſdain, *Uſe thy Victory, if the gods give it thee*, ſaid he, *but I do not fear to ſee* Alcamenes *this day ſoliciting the Clemency of* Merodates. They ſaid no more, but ſeparating towards the extremities of the Liſts, that they might take their Career, they parted at the ſame time with an equal fury, and joined with a ſucceſs little unequal, their Javelins breaking without any effect upon their Bucklers; then drawing their Swords, they dealt blows worthy the hands that diſcharged them.

As *Merodates* was valiant amongſt the moſt valiant, ſo this Combat became brave and long, and ſometime doubtful; but it will be difficult to relate all the particulars of this Combat, and having already in this Story deſcribed very many Combats, it will perhaps be unpleaſant

unpleaſant to you; I will only ſay, that an hour paſt ere Victory declared it ſelf on either ſide, and as *Merodates* to his ordinary Valor added reſolution either to conquer or dye, he often put the life of *Alcamenes* into great danger, and ſaw not his own blood run down his Armor, without making his Enemies bluſh with the ſame tincture; thoſe to whom *Alcamenes*'s Valor was known, wondred to ſee that of *Merodates* little inferior; and there were ſome moments wherein the King *Orontes* trembled and waxed pale, repenting that he had not utterly oppoſed this Combat. But the Genius of *Alcamenes* was ſtronger than that of *Merodates*, and the Victory was due to him, and reſerved for him.

Merodates perceived the diminution of his ſtrength, and it ſeemed to him that the force of *Alcamenes* received an increaſe, nor was it a wonder that he grew ſo weak, having loſt ſo much blood. *Alcamenes* deſirous of the Victory, gave him no reſpite whilſt he thought him able to diſpute it, and dealt him at laſt ſo many wounds, that having no more force to hold himſelf upon his Saddle, he was too weak to reſiſt the powerful Arms of his Adverſary, who imbracing him about the middle, drew him from the Saddle, and threw him upon the Earth. *Merodates* had no power to riſe, and *Alcamenes* having alighted almoſt ſo ſoon as he was down, the vanquiſht Prince doubted not but that he was coming to execute with rigor the conditions of the Combat. This thought made him loſe no Courage, and beholding *Alcamenes* with an aſſured eye: *Finiſh*, ſaid he, *thy Victory, and take away from me a ſhameful life, which I neither can, nor will ask of thee.* Thou ſhalt not ask it, *replied Alcamenes*, but thou ſhalt receive it from him in whoſe power it is to take it away, and I will leave thee ſo glorious, that thou ſhalt be able to preſent it to *Menalippa* without ſhame, to whom I will teſtifie the brave things thou haſt done to obey her.

Merodates ſighing with grief, received this favour, and beholding the Prince with reſentments which had nothing of the Enemy in them; *I know not*, ſaid he, *by what misfortune a man ſo vertuous could have incurred the hatred of* Menalippa, *but the reſpects which I preſerve for her, ſhall never more arm me againſt you; and if I eſcape theſe wounds you have given me, I ſhall behold you as my Conqueror, and the moſt generous man upon Earth.*

He had ſpoken more, had not the Prince, who feared the loſs of his blood would prove the loſs of his life, which he deſired to preſerve, cauſed him to be taken up, and carried to the Palace, ordering his wounds to be dreſt with as much care as they would take for his own.

But ſcarce had he performed this generous part, and not yet remounted, when from amongſt the Throng a Cavalier ruſhed in with impetuoſity, who paſſing through a place in the Barriers which was open, and ſpurring his Horſe towards the Prince, accoſted him with his Sword in his hand, before he could prepare to receive him, and aiming his Sword at the default of his Curaſs, pierced it through his body up to the Gardes.

Thus this great Prince vanquiſher of ſo many Princes, fell upon the Field, where he had obtained two ſo gallant Victories, and ſcarce could his Soul contain it ſelf from following a River of blood, which covered the ground round about him: A thouſand cryes were raiſed in an inſtant at an Accident ſo ſtrange and unlooked for, Thouſands ran to the fallen Prince and his Aſſaſine, who by a Thouſand Swords had loſt his life, if ſome prudent perſons, who knew of how great conſequence it was to arreſt criminals of this Nature living, had not oppoſed the firſt fury of the Tumult, telling them that it was by puniſhments proportionable to the Crime, that ſuch Monſters ought to periſh; and that by Torments thoſe things were to be drawn from them, which a ſudden death would prevent.

Thus hindred they the deſtruction of *Alcamenes* Murtherer, yet they loaded him with Chains, and carried him to Priſon, whence he was not likely to return, ſave to thoſe tortures which the grandure of his wicked Action deſerved.

The King overwhelmed by this Accident, had almoſt loſt a Courage which never yet forſook him, it ſo pierced his heart, that it was difficult to know whether of the two was the more dangerouſly wounded. All the City, which *Alcamenes*'s vertues had filled with as much love as veneration, with tears lamented his misfortune; and it ſeemed as if this one blow had laid all the hopes of *Scythia* in its Tomb.

Thoſe eſteemed themſelves happy who could lend their arms and care to carry their

Prince

Prince to the Palace, and the great multitudes of people who preſt to ſuccour him, had almoſt deprived him of all ſuccour; the cruel Sword ſtuck in his body, and ſcarce in drawing it out, could they hinder the Sword from following; the Chyrurgions who viſited this large wound by two Orifices, could give the King no apparent hopes, ſaying only they had ſeen greater wounds cured, and that it was not impoſſible but that the Prince might be ſaved. You may imagine they employed all their Art about a cure of that importance, and as they were the moſt experienced of all *Scythia*, they made uſe of thoſe remedies which were indeed the moſt capable of preſerving the Princes life; for a long time they could not recover his loſt ſenſes, and when (by the force of remedies) they returned, it was with ſo much weakneſs, and ſo little knowledge, that it increaſed the general fear: They dreſt alſo his other wounds which he received from *Merodates*, but they were inconſiderable.

The King (who alwayes remained with him full of an unconceivable diſpleaſure, and who by all his Courage could not render himſelf Maſter of his mortal grief) was obliged at laſt to quit the Chamber, leaving the wounded Prince to his neceſſary repoſe, and paſſing into his own apartment, he there committed himſelf to the moſt violent effects of his afflictions. The remainder of this day he gave to tears and ſighs, and paſt the whole Night in a ſutable occupation, but the next Morning to his tender grief ſucceeded a juſt reſentment, and a deſire to know who was the perſon guilty of ſo great a Crime, that he might ſtudy a proportionable vengeance both for him and his Abettors; therefore (though againſt the ordinary forms and cuſtoms of Kings, who are ſeldom ſeen by Criminals) judging that an Adventure ſo little common, ought to be proceeded in after an extraordinary manner, he ſent for the Aſſaſine of *Alcamenes* to examine him, himſelf not confiding in his Judges upon an Affair of ſo great importance, they obeyed his Command, and a few moments after he ſaw the Criminal enter in the midſt of the Guards with two others, who voluntarily offered themſelves Priſoners, and who confeſt themſelves guilty of the ſame Fact. The King, notwithſtanding all his moderation, could ſcarce contain himſelf from running on them to ſtrangle them with his own hands, inſtead of an examination. But had he not been arreſted by the Dignity of his perſon, the beauty which ſurprized him, had been a ſufficient ſtop to the torrent of his paſſions, which at the ſame time ſtruck, and fill'd him with admiration and aſtoniſhment.

The Garments of the Criminal had been abuſed and torn by thoſe that had taken him, and his body ſo loaded with Irons, that he could ſcarce ſtand under them; but through the vail of this miſery ſhone a beauty ſo inflaming, and eyes brighter than the Planet under which they were born, caſting beams ſo quick and piercing, that the Soul of the afflicted King pre-occupied as it was with grief and rage, could not refuſe to this imperial object its due reſpect, he remained quite confuſed and non-pluſt; then fixing his eyes awhile upon this fair face, and confronting *Menalippa's* cruel hate, together with ſo much of her face as he had ſeen in her former Combat with *Alcamenes*, he ſuſpected it was ſhe her ſelf; but from ſuſpition he quickly paſt into a certainty, when this fair perſon perceiving his aſtoniſhment, permitted him not to open his mouth, but beholding him with an aſſured eye, *Orontes*, ſaid ſhe, *our offences are equal, Thou haſt ſlain my Father, and I thy Son. This Diſcourſe will inform thee that I am* Menalippa; *I have executed a vengeance due to my hand only, and committed a Crime in thy opinion, whereof I neither can nor will repent; give that then to the revenge of thy Son, which I have given to a perſon more dear to me than ever* Alcamenes *was to his Father, ſpill my blood, I have ſpilt thy Sons, and thou ſhalt ſee I will implore thy Clemency neither by word nor ſigh; but if thou thinkeſt any thing due to the dignity of my Birth and Sex, ſuffer me no longer to languiſh under theſe ſhameful Irons wherewith I am laden, and preſerve at my death that honour which I have inviolably kept through the moſt unhappy accidents of my life.*

Thus ſpake *Menalippa* with a countenance which made *Orontes* judge that the fear of Death was the leaſt of her care, and he was ſo moved by her looks and Diſcourſe, that had *Menalippa* been guilty of any other Crime than the aſſaſination of *Alcamenes*, ſhe had overthrown all his reſentments againſt her; but *Alcamenes* was too dear to *Orontes*, and the Act of *Menalippa* appeared too cruel to ſuffer him to ſubmit ſo ſoon to thoſe tenderneſſes which ſhe might have raiſed in another heart. And beholding her with eyes wherein

were

were represented the different motions of his passions: *Cruel and inhuman person*, said he, *What fury could stretch thy barbarous Arm against the bosom of the unfortunate* Alcamenes? *And what offence hast thou received from a Prince, who gave thee his heart at that time when thou didst assault his life with so much inhumanity? 'Tis with too much injustice that thou sayest our offences are equal, thou hast slain a Prince who adores thee, and who, notwithstanding the efforts thou hast made against his life, breaths not but to love thee: And though I took away thy Fathers life, it was when he assaulted mine, his Sword in his hand, in a Battel, and in a posture which hath left no reproach upon my memory, nor to thee or thine any just occasion of resentment; but if there remains any, why fell it not upon* Orontes, *but on the innocent* Alcamenes? *And wherefore sparedst thou not that heart burning for thee, to carry thy rage against thy Fathers Murtherer? Ah! doubtless the loss of my life was not capable of satisfying thee, and thou hast with reason fancied, that in taking away my Sons, thou shouldst deprive me of mine, with a double portion of torment; I have offered thee this unfortunate Prince, whom thou hast taken from me, and with him my Empire, in a time when I could have made thee perish, with the reliques of that Army, which misguided Rage had conducted into my Countrey; possibly this offer had not been disadvantagious for* Menalippa; *and* Alcamenes *was great enough both by his Actions and Birth, to have found in any other heart save thine, another manner of acknowledgment.*

The afflicted Father spake thus, and would have extended his reproaches to a further length, if *Menalippa* (who truly touched with compassion for him, though her unhappy Error suffered her not to be so for *Alcamenes*) had not interrupted him, wiping away some tears which sprinkled her Cheeks.

King of Scythia (said she) *though I will not seek an excuse for the action which I have done, yet I protest to thee before the gods, that it was not to be revenged on* Orontes, *that I punisht* Alcamenes, *and that I never entertained any hatred against thee which was not guided by reason, or which was capable of carrying me to any particular designs either against thine or thy Sons life; but know, that I have punisht* Alcamenes *for his own fault, and that I had never assaulted his life, had he not taken out of the World by the most unworthy and barbarous Treason, all that I could love amongst men, and all that could carry me to these extremities, which may make it appear to thee that I am weary of my life: Thou shalt know no more, and Heaven is my Witness, that I would never have said so much to any one else; dispose now of my destiny at thy pleasure, preserve only in my death the respect due to the modesty of my Sex, and the dignity of my Birth.*

The tears which the remembrance of *Alcimedon* drew from *Menalippa*'s eye, stopt the course of her words, and the King shaking his Head at her Discourse, testifying the little Credit he gave to it: Those reproaches of Treason and unworthiness (*said he*) wherewith thou abusest *Alcamenes*, will find little faith amongst men, with whom his Actions are clear enough; and if he hath slain any one that was dear to thee, it must have been in Battel, or in some of those Combats which thy Rage hath raised against him. But *Alcamenes* is not yet dead, and if it please the gods to leave him with me, I shall have generosity enough to return thee free into thy Countrey, and forget, in favour of thy Sex and beauty, and *Alcamenes* love, the bloody injury thou hast done me; but if my Son dyeth of the wound received from thy hand, by the immortal gods I will not leave his death unpunisht, were *Alcamenes* dead, I would lose that life without regret, which I only preserved for his ruine, and in which there remains nothing which can make me desire its conservation.

These words made the King judge that the Soul of *Menalippa* was possest with a powerful despair, and he began to believe that her hatred might have another foundation than the King her Fathers death; yet quite transported with grief and anger as he was, he commanded them to take away the Irons from her hands and feet, and to give her Garments conformable to her Sex (if she would) and instead of the Goal an Appartment in the Palace, with order to guard her carefully, yet so, that she might taste nothing of Captivity save that of a Prison.

Menalippa praising the moderation of *Orontes*, and unable to disapprove his resentments, had some regret for his grief, and being discharged of her Irons, she retired into the appartment they offered her, where she put on womans Cloaths, not those they presented, because

becauſe they were her Enemies, but ſuch as ſhe cauſed *Beliſa* to carry with her, ſhe refuſing any other attendance. Whilſt the wounded Prince diſputed betwixt life and death, his wound being ſo great that a complexion leſs robuſt than his could not have one moment ſurvived the cruel ſtroak; he paſſed the Night with great weakneſs, and the day following when they took away the Playſters, the fear ceaſed not; and the Chyrurgions only ſaid, as the day before, there were ſome hopes, and though his cure was difficult, yet was it not impoſſible. As they permitted not the Prince to ſpeak, ſo they permitted only ſuch to ſtay in his Chamber that were neceſſary for the preſent neceſſity, and it was in this ſolitude and ſilence that they perceived this poor Prince (whoſe judgment in ſpight of his feebleneſs and violent Feaver was intire and ſound) ſtudying upon his adventure, unable to imagine by all conjectures that his wound came upon any other account ſave *Menalippas*. The King would not tell him what he knew, for fear the News ſhould increaſe his misfortune and affliction, by letting him know that *Menalippa* had been charged with Irons, and dragg'd to a Priſon; but that which the Princes thoughts were moſt buſied on, was, that the Sword wherewith he had been wounded remaining after the blow in his body, he believed that by this Sword he could clear himſelf of part of his ſuſpitions, and having called one of thoſe which ſerved him, he commanded to bring it to him; it was remarkable enough through the beauty of the Hilt, to have cauſed ſome one in the Chamber to have it carried it away, but by Fortune it was left, and preſented to the Prince, who no ſooner caſt his eyes upon it, but he knew it for the ſame he had along time worn under the Name of *Alcimedon*, and which he had given to *Cleomenes* with the reſt of his Arms, and which he ſaw in *Menalippas* hand in the firſt Combat: This ſight made him imagine that it was by *Menalippa*'s hand he had been wounded, and calling to mind that little of her face which appeared as ſhe fell on him, and remembring the Letter which *Merodates* received from her by *Leander*, whom he believed to be ſtill in her Service, he no longer doubted but that it was from *Menalippa* that he received the wound. This knowledge was the Parent of different thoughts, and if it redoubled his grief to ſee the continuation of *Menalippa*'s hatred, he received alſo much conſolation through the believe he had, that to pleaſe *Menalippa* before he dyed, he could not dye more gloriouſly than by her hand; he rouled this thought ſometime in his mind without ſpeaking, at laſt raiſing his voyce with a weak and an unaſſured tone: *Ah* (ſaid he) *the gods be praiſed, I dye by the hand of* Menalippa. He repeated theſe words divers times, and a little after: *Well* Menalippa (added he) *ſince 'tis your Will that I dye by your hand, I willingly imbrace it, and ſhall receive my death with an intire joy, if I may be permitted to kiſs the hand that gave it.* He ſtopt at theſe words, caſting his eyes ſometimes on the fatal Sword, and ſometimes on thoſe that ſtood round about him, who conjured him to be ſilent, if he deſired to preſerve his life; but they were much more aſtoniſhed, when after he had kept ſilence ſometime; But why, *ſaid he*, do I oppoſe my ſelf to *Menalippa*'s Will, ſince ſhe thruſt not this revenging Sword into the odious body of *Alcamenes*, but that he ſhould dye thereby? What ſhould oblige me to ſuffer theſe Remedies, which are contrary to *Menalippa*'s intention? In ſaying thus, he would have carried his hand to the binding of his wound, to tear them off; but thoſe which were with him knowing his intention, had laid hold of his hands, which by reaſon of his weakneſs were eaſily maſtered, whilſt others went to advertize the King, who was in a Chamber by, and who never but almoſt by force left his Sons Bed-ſide. *Alcamenes* ſtayed his hand when he ſaw the King, for whom he had alwayes a great reſpect, and this afflicted perſon who came to know the cauſe of his Deſpair, telling him with a reproach full of tenderneſs, that he could not neglect his own life without hazarding that of his Father: *Alcamenes* inſtead of anſwering to this Diſcourſe, beholding the King with a paſſionate Aire: My Lord (*ſaid he*) *Menalippa* is in your hands, in the Name of the gods hide not from me where *Menalippa* is: The King, who imagined he could not long conceal the Truth, confeſt it all, and told him that for his ſake what reaſons ſoever he had to the contrary, he had taken *Menalippa* out of Priſon, diſmiſt her Chains, and given her an Appartment in the Palace, with order to ſerve her like a Princeſs of her Birth.

Alcamenes peaceably hearkned to the King, and when he had left ſpeaking, *My Lord*, (ſaid he) *if you love the life of the unfortunate* Alcamenes, *Treat* Menalippa *not as his Murtherer, but as his Princeſs and Soveraign Queen; in taking away my life, ſhe only takes*

her own; and when ſhe pierceth his heart by a thouſand wounds, ſhe only outrageth her ſelf. In the Name of the gods, my Lord, *Order, that inſtead of Priſons and Irons, that they give her Crowns and Scepters, if ſhe will receive them from us; and if ſhe refuſeth them from an Enemy, detain her no longer in a Captivity which cannot but be odious to her, and cauſe her to be conducted into* Dacia *with an Equipage ſuitable to ſo great a Princeſs, and the Heir to ſo great a Kingdom. Do me this favour,* my Lord, *if you will that I dye ſatisfied, or live ſo long as the gods ſhall pleaſe to permit; and in reward of that fidelity which I will preſerve for this memorable Princeſs to my Tomb, obtain the favour of her,* my Lord, *that before my laſt ſigh I may injoy her ſight a moment, though it be only to receive reproaches from her fair mouth, which will make me either the more contentedly dye, or give forces to prolong this life as you deſire.* He had ſaid more, if the King (who beheld with what paſſion he made this Diſcourſe) had not left him, promiſing to indeavour what he deſired, on condition that he would perform his part for the preſervation of his life.

Alcamenes promiſed the King all that he would, that he might obtain what he deſired; and the tender King without deferring it longer, went into the Appartment, where they guarded *Menalippa.*

This Princeſs, who had appeared before him with ſhame in a mans Habit, had now taken the Garments of her own Sex, and the King ſeeing her in a poſture wherein ſhe had not appeared unto him, could not refuſe her the reſpect due to ſo extraordinary a beauty, and his heart being touched to the quick with *Alcamenes*'s deſire, he accoſted the Princeſs no more as a Criminal, but as the abſolute Miſtreſs of his Sons Deſtiny, and tendring her the Honor due to her Quality: Princeſs (*ſaid he*) *Alcamenes* dyes as you deſire, and the ſooner, cauſe you deſire it; he ſhall dye full of diſſatisfaction, if he firſt ſees you not free, and conducted into *Dacia*, ſo ſoon as you deſire, in a condition conformable to your Birth; I vow I ſhould not have been ſo generous as to have permitted you to depart gloriouſly with the life of my Son, and of a Son worthy a better Deſtiny; but ſince it is his Will, and poſſibly the laſt Will of this unfortunate Prince, you are free, and may depart this odious Countrey when you pleaſe. I only ask this one thing of you, if the prayers of a King whom you have rendred the moſt unhappy Prince upon Earth, may touch you, that you will permit *Alcamenes* to ſee you a moment, and give you his laſt adieu. This favour (ſuch as it is) is poſſibly due to the reparation of the injury you have done me; and it ought not to be refuſed to a Prince, who receives from you his Deaths wound with ſo much reſpect and reſignation.

Menalippa was not only aſtoniſh't at theſe words, but ſhe alſo reſented a mortal affliction to find ſo much generoſity in perſons againſt whom her hatred ought to extend, even to the utmoſt extremities. And unable to diſſemble the firſt reſentments that preſented themſelves to her ſpirit, Immortal gods, *cryed ſhe,* can it be that a man who by ſo much wickedneſs hath arm'd me againſt his life, ſhould teſtifie ſo much vertue in the reſt of his Actions? Or muſt it be that Barbarians become innocent, only to render me more guilty? My Lord, *continued ſhe* (*turning towards the King*) I will ſee *Alcamenes*, ſince you deſire it; not as the price of that life and liberty which you offer me, and which I refuſe, nor to expreſs any Repentance of the evil I have done him, but to make him confeſs before you, as he confeſt to me in our Combat, that 'tis not the Fathers offence which hath arm'd me againſt the Son, and that the cruel Treaſon which he hath committed, is worthy of a death leſs glorious than that which poſſibly he hath received from the hands of *Menalippa*; your intereſt in his misfortune hath touched me, and I ſhall be well ſatisfied that you learn from his mouth that which will partly juſtifie the injury I have done you. In ſaying theſe words, ſhe walked towards the Appartment of *Alcamenes* with the King who accompanied her, followed by *Beliſa*, who left her not, and gave no time to the King to advertize the Prince of her coming.

The Curtains were drawn in *Alcamenes*'s Chamber to exclude the light, and the Bed was placed in a corner ſo obſcure, that one might enter the Chamber, and approach the Bed without beholding his face; but the paſſionate Prince beheld attentively that of the fair Princeſs, and was ſo ſtrucken, that his forces were unable to ſupport him. *Menalippa*, unwilling to make a long ſtay in the Chamber of *Alcimedon*'s Murtherer, and deſiring to explain her ſelf in a few words, ſhe caſt an aſſured regard on that ſide where ſhe ſaw the

Prince,

Prince, and doing violence to her ſelf that ſhe might ſpeak: *Alcamenes, ſaid ſhe*, I come at the deſire of the King thy Father, to preſent thee the face of that unplacable Enemy whom thy black Treaſon hath arm'd againſt thy life, even to the laſt moment of hers; 'tis thy Crime and thy Deſtiny which hath rendred me cruel, and not my inclinations; and thou art not ignorant that that black Action which the forreſts and obſcurities have hid, hath made me return into thy boſom ſo juſt a vengeance. Declare to the King thy Father that which thou didſt confeſs to me, or rather diſcover a Crime whereof thou didſt boaſt in our Combat; Modeſty hath made me hitherto hide the intereſt I have therein, even in the extremities whereto it hath carried our lives; I will paſs by thee (whom I have no intent to ſatisfie) and give thee to the juſtification I owe to the King thy Father, that which I have refuſed to the repoſe of the Queen my Mother, if the gods will prolong thy dayes, and defend them againſt the Arms of *Menalippa*, after the ſight and repentance of thy Crime thy life will be more tranquill; and if it be their Will that thou dyeſt of the wound I have given thee, thou wilt juſtifie me amongſt men, and make that known for a juſt vengeance, which by miſunderſtanding paſſeth for an effect of rage and cruelty. I am not troubled at the loſs of my life, if in ſacrificing thine I have ſatisfied the Ghoſt of him I love: Thus ſpake *Menalippa*, and ſhe might long have ſpoken without the Princes interruption, for it was the ill Fortune of *Alcamenes*, that he was faln into a Swoon, without which, he had ſpoken, and made himſelf known to *Menalippa*, and by that diſcovery had finiſhed thoſe cruel Traverſes which ſo long had perſecuted his life; but the gods would not that this hour ſhould be the laſt of his ſufferings.

When he came to himſelf, and conſidered the condition wherein he was, and called to mind all that had paſt, his memory gave him occaſion enough to exerciſe all his vertues, and he had certainly need of all his conſtancy, and all the indeavours of the King, to conſent to the care that they took of his life, which promiſing to permit, he ingaged the King to ſet *Menalippa* at liberty, and the King gave him his word that the next Morning ſhe ſhould depart with an honourable Train, which ſhould conduct her even into her Mothers Arms. They ingaged themſelves on this manner one to the other by this mutual promiſe, and if the Father ſacrificed to the love he bare his Son all his reſentments againſt *Menalippa*; *Alcamenes* diveſted himſelf for his Fathers ſake of all the averſion he had to life, and reſolved to ſuffer thoſe remedies, either in hope they would be fruitleſs, or out of Deſign that in caſe he eſcaped this wound, he would ſeek *Menalippa* in *Dacia*, and dye there before her eyes. When the King was gone out of his Chamber, he ſent for *Softhenes*, one of the two Squires that had ſerved him in his Travels; the other had been killed in the firſt Battel, and this returned to the City but the day before, from a Government which the King had given him. *Alcamenes* by his ſwooning had loſt part of thoſe words which *Menalippa* ſpake, yet heard enough to underſtand that ſhe accuſed him of ſome wickedneſs and black Treaſon: As he knew himſelf blameleſs in any thing ſave the innocent change of his Arms, and the ſuppoſition of *Cleomenes*; he would let *Menalippa* underſtand before his death part of thoſe things he had to ſay to her; ſo that cauſing *Softhenes* to draw near his Bed (whatever the Phyſitians could ſay to the contrary) he cauſed him to write that which with much pains he dictated, ordaining him to give it to *Menalippa* after his death, this being finiſhed, and his ſpirit left to its laſt reſolutions, he appeared more quiet than before, he inquired concerning *Merodates's* health, commanding their attendance on him, with as much care as on himſelf, charging his Servants to excuſe him, being hindred by his wounds from rendring him thoſe aſſiſtances which he ought.

He returned thanks to all the principal *Scythians*, who ſtirred not from his Anti-Chamber, enquiring continually concerning his recovery, and in all things he gave them reaſon to judge that his ſpirit was much calmed; but though this appeared with probability enough, it is alſo certain that *Alcamenes's* grief was now come to its utmoſt extremity.

In the mean time *Menalippa* having demanded permiſſion to viſit *Merodates*, teſtified to him, by the moſt obliging words her grief and natural fierceneſs would permit, her acknowledgment of the Service he would have done her, and her ſorrow to ſee him wounded for her intereſts; but ſhe was aſtoniſht when ſhe heard *Merodates*, inſtead of the paſſionate Diſcourſes he uſed to make, to ſpeak of nothing but the vertues of *Alcamenes*, teſtifying the diſpleaſure he reſented at the wound ſhe had given him, proteſting that if it pleaſed the

gods to ſave him, he would diveſt himſelf for his ſake, of all thoſe thoughts he had entertained for her, adviſing her to change her hatred into acknowledgment and love, and a firm deſire of rendring him poſſeſſor of that happineſs, who of all men breathing did moſt highly deſerve it.

Menalippa was ſo angry at theſe words of *Merodates* in favour of *Alcamenes*, and *Alcimedon*'s Murtherer, that having expreſt her reſentments by angry looks, ſhe left the Chamber without Reply.

Yet could ſhe not hinder the ſtrife of different thoughts which combated in her breaſts, and that rage which ſhe preſerved againſt *Alcimedon*'s Murtherer, left room for a reflection on the love and perſeverance of a Prince who dyed by her hand with ſo much reſignation, who deſired ſhe might be treated with ſo much reſpect, even then when he felt the pains of that Death which ſhe had indeavoured to give him, and who in theſe laſt ſighs of his life could never be drawn to the leaſt complaint againſt her.

Her implacable fury could not hinder the entertain of ſome tender thoughts, and it is certain that had ſhe believed *Alcamenes* guilty of any other Crime than the Death of *Alcimedon*, ſhe would have given the Garland to pity, which combated her other reſentments with a powerful force: *Immortal gods* (ſaid ſhe) *that the wicked and cruel Treaſon of* Alcamenes *ſhould be comparable with his Vertues! And could he, who teſtifies ſo much Valor and Generoſity in Combats, ſo much perſeverance and love to his pitileſs Enemy, and ſo much conſtancy in his Death, ſhould be the man who in the obſcurity of a Wood by the help of twenty men ſhould murther the innocent* Alcimedon? *Injurious fortune! muſt the wicked and perfidious become vertuous, only to render me Criminal, haſt thou not made me ſee, haſt thou not made me love, haſt thou not made me loſe the unfortunate* Alcimedon, *all to arm me againſt thee as an unfortunate* Alcamene?

From hence making a reflection upon her paſt Fortune, and the preſent condition of her life, all her conſtancy could not divert a River of tears which powred down her fair Cheeks, paſſing the reſt of this day, notwithſtanding the comforts her faithful *Beliſa* indeavoured to give in moſt mournful and deplorable imployments: But if the day was cruel to her, the inſuing Night was nothing leſs ſad, and having ſufficiently tormented her ſelf by the remembrance of *Alcimedon* and *Alcamenes*, ſleep at laſt rendred it ſelf Maſter of her Senſes. After many confuſed Viſions, that *Alcimedon*, whom ſhe had continued in her thoughts, preſented himſelf before her in a Dream, he appeared as he was when moſt dear to her memory, though pale and covered with blood, having his ſide pierced with a great wound like that which ſhe had given *Alcamenes*; the beloved Prince ſeemed to point at the wound with one hand, and ſtretching forth the other with a paſſionate Action: *Menalippa* (ſaid he) *ſee how you recompence my love, behold the performance of your ſpecial promiſes, you have thruſt the ſteel unprofitably into my Breaſt, for againſt a heart which hath alwayes adored you, there needs no other arms than thoſe of your hatred; behold this blood which you have cruelly ſpilt, and pour forth the reſt, if you are ſo thirſty after it; but remember that you indeavour your own misfortune, and that you cannot perſecute my life as you do, without ſubmitting your own to new afflictions; content your ſelf at leaſt with the evils you have already done me, ſeeing that even in juſt occaſions of anger and hatred, you ſee me alwayes ardent, alwayes faithful; bend your ſpirit to the pity you owe me, and the love you owe your ſelf.*

Thus ſpake the beloved *Phantaſm* to the ſleeping Princeſs, who was ſo touched with the Viſion, and the paſſionate Diſcourſe, that her ſleep departed, leaving ſuch an impreſſion upon her, that in opening her eyes, ſhe fancied that the dear Image appeared. She found her ſelf waſht with tears, and although after ſome moments ſhe was able to diſtinguiſh a Dream from a real Apparition, yet could ſhe not but ſtretch her Arms on that ſide whither ſhe thought the ſpirit of *Alcimedon* retired, and calling him back with a voyce interrupted by ſighs: *Return my dear* Alcimedon (ſaid ſhe) *and ſee that 'tis into the boſom of* Alcamenes *that I have thruſt my revenging ſteel, and not into thine: Tears were too feeble to ſatisfie what I owe thee, and ſince it muſt be blood, who's more fit than thy Murtherers? Already he draws towards his end, and inſtead*

ſtead of ſolliciting me to haſten the hour, thou indeavoureſt to touch me with pity for that inhumane Act; but think not that I can be ſorry for your Aſſaſine, and conſider that whether in abandoning a dear Mother, a flouriſhing Kingdom, and leading a life expoſed to many dangers, a reputation committed to the opinions of men, and all to revenge you, I have not given ſufficient Teſtimonies that I dearly love you. She made many more Diſcourſes of this Nature, and at laſt changing the Subject for *Alcamenes*: *wherefore deluding* Alcamenes (ſaid ſhe) *doſt thou rob me of* Alcimedon's *face, it is to diſarm me of my juſt anger, whoſe laſt effects thou mayeſt well fear? Ah! rather take the odious ſhape of mine Enemy, and if thou eſcapeſt this wound, live if thou canſt in ſafety from* Menalippa's *fury, which thy ſubmiſſions had almoſt diſarmed*: She talked long after this rate, tormenting her ſelf all the Night, and in the Morning ſhe roſe early, but ſo troubled at her Dream, and the Ideas which it had left in her ſpirit, that ſhe was ſcarce capable of any Diſcourſe.

So ſoon as ſhe was dreſt, the Prince of the *Maſſagetes* entred her Chamber, and told her from the King that ſhe might depart ſo ſoon as ſhe pleaſed, and that if ſhe thought fit, an honourable Train ſhould attend her from *Serica* to the *Metropolis* of her Kingdom.

Menalippa was confounded at *Orontes*'s bounty, and was even upon the point of repenting the evil ſhe had done him, but (whilſt ſhe prepared her Anſwer, and was thinking in what manner ſhe ſhould receive her Enemies offer) ſhe ſaw *Softhenes* enter her Chamber with the Letter which *Alcamenes* had dictated.

Menalippa received, opened, and read it, not knowing what to do in the trouble that poſſeſt her, and had ſhe conſidered ſhe would not poſſibly have received a Letter from *Alcimedons* Murtherer; but full of pre-occupation, ſhe read theſe words.

The Dying *Alcamenes*, to the pitileſs *Menalippa*.

WEre not death more dear and glorious to me from your hand than mine own, I had proſecuted your Deſign; but if it be poſſible, I will dye by you, as I dye for you; and if (by the anger of Heaven) this glory is refuſed me, I will ſeek my conſolation in the felicity of pleaſing you, and render you in Dacia *this Head which you have devoted to your reſentments; it is not juſt that you ſhould come to ſeek with ſo much pain and peril here that which is your own, and which I would have offered to you had you not prevented me. The gods know it was always my Deſign to obey you, and I deſire them to abandon me to diſgraces yet more great (if it be poſſible) than thoſe I have already reſented, if the Crimes you reproach me of, are known to me, or if I think my ſelf culpable of any offence towards you, ſave when I lifted my ſacrilegious hand againſt you. I have given the better part of my blood towards its reparation, and if there remains one ſigh to compleat your ſatisfaction, I will chaſe (O* Menalippa*) the unfortunate Soul out of my dying body, leaving it not ſo much as a receptacle upon my lips, unleſs to expreſs the laſt accents of the dying* Alcamenes's *love. Go then fair Princeſs into what place ſoever you will, either dead or alive I will ſend the ſpirit of* Alcimedon *to you; he will ſhew you the wound which you have made, and a heart where inſtead of* Alcamenes, *whom you ſeek to deſtroy, you can only harm* Menalippa; *pardon me the injuries which you have received in this barbarous Land, whoſe Crown* Alcimedon *promiſed to, and* Alcamenes *deſtined for you; and do me the favour to believe, that you might without danger, trouble or diſpleaſure, have ſeen the laſt moments of,*

ALCAMENES.

Though *Menalippa* read the beginning of that Letter without any particular emotion, yet thoſe parts of it wherein he mentioned *Alcimedon*, where he threatned to ſend the ſpirit of *Alcimedon*, to ſhew her the wound ſhe had made, ſo troubled her, partly to comprehend the ſenſe of thoſe ſtrange words, and the conformity they had with her Dream (the Idea of which was ſtill freſh in her memory) and wherein the ſpirit of *Alcimedon* which *Alcamenes* threatned to ſend, had already made its firſt appearance, that there ſcarce remained either Reaſon or Diſcourſe in her; ſhe was exceedingly aſtoniſht, how

how *Alcamenes* ſhould know that *Alcimedon* had promiſed her the Crown of *Scythia*, and in this mixture of different thoughts ſhe fell into the extremities of confuſion: *What Fortune is mine*, ſaid ſhe, *within her ſelf? And with what manner of man have I to deal? who could not only kill* Alcimedon, *but alſo diſpoſe of his ſpirit after death, and know the moſt ſecret of his thoughts whilſt living.* Her ſpirit being imbroyled on this manner, ſhe knew not what preſented it ſelf to her eyes or thoughts, at laſt lifting up her eyes, which had been fixt on the ground, and faſtning them on the face of *Soſthenes*, whom ſhe had ſeen a thouſand times in *Dacia* with *Alcimedon*, ſhe preſently knew him; this ſight and knowledge plunged her into a great perplexity, and being forced to take her Bed through weakneſs, which but a little before ſhe had left, and caſting moſt paſſionate regards upon the face of *Soſthenes*, *Are you not call'd* Soſthenes, ſaid ſhe, *and did you not ſerve* Alcimedon *whilſt he was in* Dacia? I have ſerved him many years, *ſaid Soſthenes*, and to him I have dedicated all the dayes of my life. *How couldſt thou then* (replied *Menalippa*) *without horror come near his Aſſaſine?* I have not done it, *reply'd Soſthenes*, but in obedience to his Command, and the perſon of his Aſſaſine is ſo dear to him, that I cannot render him a more agreeable Service, than in promoting that paſſion which he will preſerve for her even to his Tomb.

How, *replied Menalippa*, doth the ſpirit of *Alcimedon* ſtill love the perſon of his Murtherer? She ſtayed awhile at theſe words, and (not giving *Soſthenes* time to ſpeak) 'tis no marvel, *added ſhe*, that this generous ſpirit came whilſt I ſlept, indeavouring to diſarm my ſpirit againſt *Alcamenes*, and I begin to underſtand his threat of ſending the Ghoſt of *Alcimedon* to me, though I cannot imagine what power he hath ſo to do. But, *Soſthenes*, ſince *Alcimedon* hath ſo dearly loved *Menalippa*, and that *Menalippa* hath preſerved ſo much amity for *Alcimedon*, wherefore, after the loſs of your Maſter, have you not, after *Leanders* example, fix't your ſelf in *Menalippa's* Service, but in that of *Alcamenes*. This Diſcourſe began to trouble *Soſthenes*, imagining (with ſome movements of pity) that grief had diſturbed *Menalippa's* judgment; but as he was preparing a Reply, *Leander* entred the Chamber quite out of breath, and accoſted the Princeſs with a mighty aſtoniſhment: Madam, *ſaid he*, I come to tell you News that will certainly ſurprize you, and fill you with Repentance for many of your Actions. *Menalippa*, whoſe ſpirit was already very unſetled, had not power to anſwer, which *Leander* taking for a permiſſion to ſpeak: Madam, *purſued he*, in paſſing through the next ſtreet, I ſaw two men fighting with a mighty animoſity, I drew near to part them, but juſt as I came, one of the two having received a mortal wound, fell at my feet, I drew to help him; but whilſt I was upon this friendly office, I ſaw my ſelf incompaſſed with a great Number of others, who came upon the ſame Account; your ſuccors are unprofitable, ſaid the wounded perſon to me. I perceive I muſt dye, and the gods who at this time have juſtly deſerted me, have permitted this in puniſhment of the Murther I committed on the perſon of *Alcimedon*: Theſe words exceedingly ſurprized me. How, *ſaid I*, are you one of thoſe that *Alcamenes* made uſe of to kill *Alcimedon*? *Alcamenes* (*replied this man*) contributed nothing to the Death of *Alcimedon*, it was by the Command of *Orchomenes* King of the *Nomades*, whoſe Subject I am, and who with Nineteen more of my Companions, murthered that valiant man near the City of *Nicea*. *Alcamenes* was ſo far from being *Alcimedon's* Murtherer, that he revenged it on the perſon of *Orchomenes*, whom he ſlew in the Battel. Theſe words having thruſt me into a marvellous aſtoniſhment; Friend (*ſaid I*) in the Name of the gods hide not the Truth of that Relation which you have begun, it is of ſo great importance, and will conduce to the juſtification and repoſe of ſome ſo conſiderable perſons, that you may expect very great Rewards, if the gods ſpare your life.

I pretend no longer to life, *reply'd he*, and in the laſt moments thereof I ſhould be ſorry to lye, in charging my ſelf with a Crime which will render my memory odious: That which is only like to juſtifie me, is, that *Orchomenes* was my King, and that I am a *Nomadian* by birth, and at that time commanded thoſe Troops which compoſed his Life-guard. Then related he to more then Fifty perſons that were preſented, that *Orchomenes* having nouriſht a violent hatred againſt *Alcimedon* for the death of his brother, and the impriſonment himſelf ſuffered by his Valor, no ſooner ſaw this Prince return to the *Dacian* Camp, but he deſigned his death, and immediately after his departure from the Queens

Tents,

Tents, cauſed ſome to obſerve which way he went; and being informed, he commanded me to take twenty more of my Companions, and attend *Alcimedon*'s return, and kill him how he could, promiſing exceſſive recompences, and giving part before hand. This order was punctually obſerved, for the innocent *Alcimedon* the next Morning caſt himſelf into our Ambuſcado, where he was born to the Earth, and pierced with twenty wounds in the face and throat: Thus, Madam, did he declare the circumſtances; ſo that there is no reaſon to doubt but that it was ſo careied; a little after, notwithſtanding all our indeavours to prolong his life, till the end of his Confeſſion, he dyed in our Arms, and I ran with all diligence to relate the News, which will be confirmed by more than fifty Witneſſes.

This was *Leanders* Relation, and *Menalippa* had too much confidence in his fidelity to doubt the Report, and ſo called no other Witneſs; but when ſhe made reflection upon the dying words of *Alcimedon*, who had uttered no other Name but that of *Alcamenes*, her confuſion remained, and could perceive no light in theſe contrary appearances. It is true *(ſaid ſhe aloud)* 'tis true, that *Alcamenes* hath teſtified too much vertue in all his Actions, to be guilty of ſo black a Murther, yet it is true, *replied ſhe*, that *Alcimedon* did name *Alcamenes*, and *Alcamenes* himſelf ſeemed to confeſs the Crime, and to glory in the death of *Alcimedon*.

The Prince of the *Maſſagetes*, who was preſent all this time, underſtood nothing at all, and *Soſthenes* who underſtood a part, was ignorant of the reſt, and more aſtoniſht than any. He knew the Prince had never told the King his Father any thing of thoſe Adventures which happened to him under the Name of *Alcimedon*; ſo that before the Prince of the *Maſſagetes*, he would not ſpeak more clearly to *Menalippa*, nor utter thoſe things which his aſtoniſhment had put into his mouth; but beholding her in a ſtrange perplexity, and mortal inquietudes: *Madam* (ſaid he) *you may believe* Leanders *Relation, and if you will but ſee* Alcamenes *this one time, I dare promiſe you that you will be certainly convinced, it was not he who ſlew* Alcimedon. The Princeſs (confounded) raiſing her ſelf at theſe words: *Yes*, Soſthenes, ſaid ſhe, *I will reviſit* Alcamenes, *and this Truth which I deſire to know, is ſufficiently important to make me paſs beyond my reſentments; I cannot underſtand after thoſe words I heard from him, how he could be innocent of* Alcimedons *death? but if he be really ſo, I will ſo repair the Cruelties which I have exerciſed towards him, that I am ſure he will grant my pardon.* At theſe words ſhe aroſe, and deſiring *Soſthenes* to demand the Princes leave to ſee him, ſhe followed him immediately, and was almoſt ſo ſoon there as he.

The Prince (whoſe wound had made many promiſes that day of amendment) and the King who was with him, underſtood with aſtoniſhment her demand; nor could they divine the cauſe, though the Prince imagined his Letter had done it; and reſolving his ſpirits againſt any thing cruel or funeſt that could arrive, he prepared to receive this ſecond Viſit of *Menalippa* with more courage than the former, and the King thought he ſaw ſome beams of joy darting a good augure from *Soſthenes*'s face.

Menalippa entred the Chamber, followed by *Leander* and *Beliſa*, but it was with leſs fierceneſs, and more ſweetneſs than formerly. The King cauſed a Chair to be ſet for her by *Alcamenes*'s Bed, where being ſate, *Alcamenes, ſaid ſhe, (with an aſſured countenance)* I come to make that reparation which I owe to you if you are innocent, or which I owe my ſelf if you are guilty of that Fact which I would have puniſhed by the loſs of your life; I will make a confeſſion of that before the King, and other perſons here preſent, which I refuſed to confeſs in the extremities of my life to my own Mother; and which I would never confeſs to any, were my own life only intereſſed therein. I have loved (ſince I muſt acknowledge it) with an innocent affection the valiant *Alcimedon*; his Birth was never known to me, though I am not ignorant that it was of the moſt illuſtrious amongſt men; but I have loved in him all the vertues, and with ſo much innocence and purity, that this aſſeveration makes me not bluſh. I have loſt him by a diſmal accident, on that day he ſhould have fought with you. I ſaw him mortally wounded, under thoſe Arms known to all *Dacia* by the brave Actions he performed under them; and as he was giving up the Ghoſt in my Arms, I demanded the Name of his Murtherer, and could draw nothing out of his mouth, but (the Prince of *Scythia.*) That which I owed to his revenge made me forget my

my Sex, love liſted me a Souldier, and I covered my ſelf with the Arms of my dear *Alcimedon*, to revenge him by the death of *Alcamenes*; and it hapned that in that Combat, you ſpake to me of *Alcimedon*, and boaſted that you had puniſhed his boldneſs, uttering whatever could confirm me in the opinion I had conceived; you know what effects it hath produced ſince, love rendred me furious to revenge him I loved; and I have not ſpared your life, having firſt expoſed mine to all manner of diſgraces: You have accuſed me doubtleſs of cruelty, but you would rather have excuſed me, were my paſſion ſufficiently known to you. In brief, I have believed you the cruel Murtherer of my beloved *Alcimedon*; but this day that belief hath been ſhaken by contrary appearances; the King of the *Nomades* is accuſed of this Fact, and I have rather believed it of him, than of ſuch a Prince as *Alcamenes*, in whom I have alwayes found too much vertue to have believed him ſo guilty had not mine eyes and ears impoſed a contrary opinion: Many things do perſwade me that you are innocent, and the ſpirit of *Alcimedon* it ſelf reſiſted this Night the reſentments I had againſt you, and complained of the wound you received from me, yet it was from *Alcimedon*'s own mouth that I learnt his deſtiny, and you your ſelf ſpake to me of *Alcimedon*, as of a perſon whoſe moſt ſecret thoughts you knew: My Soul is ſo troubled at ſo many contrary appearances, that I know not whereon to rely, and I ſhould loſe my judgment, but that *Soſthenes* makes me hope that you will draw me out of this cruel uncertainty; if you are innocent of this Crime, I will repair with the laſt drop of my blood, the injuries I have done you; if not, I will indeavour to ſatisfie *Alcimedon*'s Ghoſt, by ſacrificing my own life, not indeavouring any thing more againſt yours, which after the generous treatments which I have received from the King your Father, and your ſelf, I cannot attempt without ingratitude.

Thus ſpake *Menalippa*. And *Alcamenes* (who called all his courage to his aſſiſtance) loſt not one of theſe words: But! O gods! what expreſſions can repreſent the ſtate of his Soul, at this change of his Fortune, he apprehended at the ſame time, not only that he was not hated by *Menalippa*, not only that her great Soul was touched with pity for him, and that he now ceaſed to be the object of her cruel hate which had produced ſo many funeſt effects; but alſo, that all thoſe violent demonſtrations of her hatred againſt *Alcamenes*, were the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate proofs of her love to *Alcimedon*; in ſhort, the wound he had received, the blood he had loſt, the dangers he had run, both from the hand of *Menalippa*, and all thoſe Enemies whom ſhe had raiſed againſt him, were ſo many teſtimonies of the moſt violent love he could have deſired his Princeſſes heart to be poſſeſſed with.

Certainly (*great Ladies*) it will be very hard to apprehend to what extremities this knowledge carried him, and if grief had almoſt caſt him into the Tomb, joy wanted but little of producing the ſame effects; he ſtrove with it a long time, knowing he ſhould need all his Forces to reſiſt it; and though he could not become an intire Maſter, yet he obtained ſo much of his patience, as was neceſſary to advance his Fortune to the uttermoſt. He remained a long time unable to ſpeak, and gave *Menalippa* leaſure enough to interpret his ſilence amiſs, but having diſſipated part of that which impeded his Diſcourſe: *Yes*, *Menalippa*, ſaid he, *Alcamenes hath puniſhed the audacious* Alcimedon; *but* Alcimedon, (*too glorious to be beloved of* Menalippa) *hath forgiven* Alcamenes *thoſe things he made him ſuffer*; *and* Alcamenes *cannot complain of* Menalippa's *cruelty, if* Menalippa *ſtill loves her Alcimedon.*

He ſpake only theſe few words, and there needed no more to make *Menalippa* know the beloved voyce of *Alcimedon*; *Beliſa* and *Leander* who knew it (notwithſtanding the reſpect of the place) cryed both together, and the Princeſs impatient, or rather tranſported, drew the Curtain to view *Alcamenes*'s face, and there found, maugre its paleneſs, all the lineaments of *Alcimedon*. A while ſhe reſiſted theſe appearances, which ſhe could not but ſuſpect, comparing to what ſhe ſaw, to what ſhe had ſeen; the Prince perceived her aſtoniſhment, and taking courage from his good Fortune: *Doubt not*, *Madam*, ſaid he, *that this* Alcamenes *whom you have ſo hated, is the ſame* Alcimedon *whom you confeſs to have ſo dearly loved*; *and as you never declared to the Queen your Mother the affection you bear* Alcimedon, *ſo did I never acquaint the King my Father*, *that* Alcimedon *was* Alcamenes.

Him

Him whom you saw expire under mine Arms, was without doubt the unfortunate *Cleomenes*, whose story you shall know hereafter: and if you remember the words I spake to you in the Combate, you will judge that *Alcamenes* as *Alcimedon*, might speak them of *Alcimedon*: And lastly, Madam, (continued he, taking one of her fair hands, and pressing it with a thousand fiery kisses) the same *Alcimedon* who promised you the Crown of *Scythia*, is still in a condition of making you the same offer, through his Fathers bounty; and if you will permit him to pass at your feet, the reliques of that life which the Gods shall afford him, you will too generously repair those evils he hath suffered by you, and thereby render me as happy and glorious, as even now I supposed my self miserable.

Alcamenes added many words to these, during which, the Princess was partly recovered from her astonishment, and possest with so immoderate a joy, that it had likely to have proved mortal. After a strong resistance, neither modesty, nor the Kings presence, could hinder her from throwing her arms about his neck, and pressing him with so much affection, that the Prince, unable to resist so dear caresses, had almost fainted in her arms: *Alcimedon*, said she! my dear *Alcimedon*! expressing by these words only, the tenderness of her heart, better than by the most eloquent she could have spoken; a River of tears (whose course she could not resist) succeeded, and opposed themselves to all the tumultuous expressions she would have uttered: but having given to her joy, all that she could not refuse to *Alcimedon* living, she began to consider *Alcimedon* dangerously wounded by her own hand, and this consideration had almost carried her into her former transports of grief. How often in a moment did she ask pardon for her cruelty with a torrent of tears? how did she detest that cruel hand which gave the unhumane blow? and, how often did the transported Prince protest, that her greatest favours had never been so sweet as this precious wound, which had given him so infallible a proof of her affection for *Alcimedon*? I shall abuse your patience (great Princesses) if I draw this discourse to a greater length, and since there is nothing more considerable to say, I shall conclude in a few words.

The first transports being over, the King drew near to participate in the common joy, and having joyned to the pardon which he begged of *Menalippa* for his resentments against her, his thanks for her affection to *Alcimedon*, he understood by *Leander* and *Sosthenes*, all his Son's adventures, to the least particulars; and *Menalippa* recounted the cause of her errour to proceed from *Alcimedon*'s change of Arms with *Cleomenes*; and *Alcamenes* learnt poor *Cleomenes*'s fate, whereof till then he had been ignorant.

The wounds of *Alcamenes* was the only obstacle to their happiness, and it pleased the Gods that within a few days they lost their fears of him, and a little after he quitted his Bed and Chamber, recovering with his fortune his strength and courage, though with displeasure to see himself so soon cured of a wound, which he had received by a hand so dear, and upon an account so glorious.

He was scarce cured, when the King having obtained *Menalippa*'s permission, sent the Prince of the *Tauro Scythes* to the Queen *Amalthea*, to relate the wonderful adventures of these Lovers, and demand her consent to the Marriage: To which she agreed with exceeding joy, and a satisfaction much more intire, when she understood that *Alcamenes*, whom she had sometime so hated, was *Alcimedon*, whom she so dearly loved: She sent into *Scythia* the flower of her Court, to assist at the ceremony of so famous an Alliance; and the Prince *Barzanes*, ravisht with joy at the fortune of his friend, and pardoning him the refusal of his Daughter, was the chief of that proud Ambassage. At last, they arrived at *Serica*, where *Alcamenes* excused his ingratitude to *Barzanes*, and received him with all the carresses and honour he could have rendred to the King his Father; and his power from the Queen of *Dacia* was no sooner understood, but all things were prepared for this famous Wedding, which a few days after (with all imaginal pomp and satisfaction to the two Lovers, in the injoyment of a happiness which had been croft by so many traverses of Fortune) was accomplished.

Merodates (intirely cured) assisted at this famous Marriage, not testifying the least regret; and having promised to *Alcamenes* an eternal friendship, returned in-

to his Kingdom, whence as I learned ſince, he carried a War into *Thrace*; and there loſt his life, having acquired a beautiful reputation by many Victories.

It is ſome five or ſix years, ſince the concluſion of the Amours of *Alcamenes* and *Menalippa*; and it is certain that their love hath ever ſince continued in its primitive ardour; and that *Alcamenes* contemplating daily the admirable vertues of the Queen his Spouſe, hath alwayes conſidered her as a divine perſon.

The King *Orontes* dyed two years after theſe Nuptials; and it was about the time of *Alcamenes*'s Coronation that I arrived in *Scythia*, where I had the honour to be known by this great Prince, and where I took care to inform my ſelf particularly of his memorable adventures.

Thus finiſhed *Megacles* his long relation, poſſeſſing both the Princeſſes with admiration, which they expreſſed by divers Queſtions, notwithſtanding the preſſures of their own misfortunes.

After this converſe, *Megacles* cauſed Supper to be ſerved in, and a little after gave them the good night; both the Princeſſes lying together, ſought to unbend their cruel inquietudes, by ſome moments of repoſe.

The End of the Eighth Part *of* CLEOPATRA.

Other excellent ROMANCES, *Printed for* Anne Moſeley, *at the* Princes Arms *in St.* Pauls *Church-yard.*

1. *Caſſandra*, the fam'd Romance.
2. *Ibrahim*, or, the Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, the whole work, in four parts, written by *Monſieur de Scudery*, Fol.
3. *Artamenes*, or the Grand *Cyrus*, by *Monſieur de Scudery*, compleat in 5. Vol.
4. The Hiſtory of the *Baniſhed Virgin*, in Fol.
5. The Hiſtory of *Philoxipes* and *Policrite*, in Octavo.
6. The Hiſtory of *Don Feniſe*, a new Romance, in Octavo.
7. *Aurora Iſmenia*, and the Prince, with *Orontes* the Cyprian Virgin.
8. *La Stratonica*, or, the Unfortunate Queen, a new Romance.
9. Choice Novels, and Amorous Tales, written by the moſt refined wits of *Italy*.8.
10. *Niſſena*, a new Romance.
11. *Dianca*, a new Romance, written in Italian, by *Franciſco Loredano*.
12. *Eliſe*, or Innocency guilty; a new Romance.
13. *Clelia*, an excellent new Romance, written in French, by the exquiſite pen of *Monſieur de Scudery*, compleat in 5. Vol.
14. *Coralbo*, a new Romance, in three Books.
15. *Ariana*, in two parts.
16. The *Romant* of *Romants*.
17. *Aſtrea*, a Romance, written in French, by *Meſſire Honore d' Urſe*, compleat in 3. Vol. Fol.
18. The Grand *Scipio*, an excellent new Romance, Fol.

Various Hiſtories, Poems, and curious Diſcourſes, as well Divine as Humane.

1. THe Hiſtory of the Wars of the Emperour *Juſtinian*, with the *Perſians*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*.
2. *De Bello Belgico*, the Hiſtory of the Low-Country Wars, by *Famianus Strada*.
3. Judicious and ſelect Eſſayes and Obſervations, by the renowned and learned Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, with his Apology for his Voyage to *Guiana*. Fol.
4. The Hiſtory of the *Inquiſition*, by *R. F.*
5. Mr. *Howels Epiſtolæ Hoelianæ*, Familiar

liar Letters, Domeſtick and Foraign, compleat in 4. Volumns.

6. Mr. *Howels Dodona's Grove*, compleat.

7. Mr. *Howels* Inſtructions for Foraign Travels, in 12.

8. The life of the moſt learned Father, *Paul*, Author of the Council of *Trent*.

9. Paradoxes, Problems, Characters, &c. by Dr. *Donn*, Dean of St. *Pauls*.

10. The Soveraignty of the Britiſh Seas, by Sir *John Burroughes*, Keeper of the Records in the Tower. 12.

11. *Gramatica Burleſa*, or a new Engliſh Grammar, by *Edward Burles*.

12. Natural and Divine Contemplations of the Soul of Man, in three Books, by *Nicholas Moſeley* Eſq; Octavo.

13. *Sarah* and *Hagar*, by Mr. *Joſias Shute*, B. D.

14. Letters between the Lord *George Digby*, and Sir *Kenelm Digby* Knight, concerning Religion. Octavo.

15. *Fragmenta Aurea*, a collection of all the incomparable pieces, written by Sir *John Sucklin*, Knight. Octavo.

16. Poems, &c. written by Mr. *Edward Waller* of *Beconsfield*, Eſq; Octavo.

17. *Paſtor Fido*, a Paſtoral, by *Richard Fanſhaw*, Eſq; Quarto.

18. *Madagaſcar*, with other Poems, by Sr. *W. Davenant*.

19. Divine Poems, written by *Francis Quarles*, Octavo.

20. Poems and Tranſlations, the compleat works of *Thomas Stanley* Eſq; Octav.

21. Choice Poems, with Comedies and Tragedies, by Mr. *William Cartwright*, late Student of Ch. Ch. in *Oxford*, and Proctor of the Univerſity. The Aires and Songs ſet by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, ſervant to His late Majeſty, in his publick and private Muſick.

22. Comedies and Tragedies, written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *John Fletcher*, containing 35. Plaies and a Maſque, Fol.

23. The Elder Brother,
24. The Scornful Lady,
25. The Woman Hater,
26. *Thierry* and *Theodoret*,
Cupids Revenge.
Monſieur *Thomas*,
The two noble Kinſmen,
} By *F. Beaumont*, and *Joh. Fletcher*.

30. The deſerving Favourite, by Mr. *Lod. Carlel*.

31. The Unforunate Lovers. 32. Love and Honour, by Sir *William Davenant*.

33. The Northern Laſs, by *Rich. Broom*, newly printed.

34. The Cid, a Tragy-comedy, tranſlated out of French by *Joſ. Rutter* Gent. 12.

35. The Wild Gooſe Chaſe, a Comedy, written by *F. Beaumont* & *Joh. Fletcher*. fol.

36. The Widow, a Comedy, by *Ben. Johnſon*, *John Fletcher*, and *T. Middleton*.

37. The Changling, by *T. Middleton*, and *Rowley*. 4.

38. The Tragedy of *Alphonſus*, Emperour of *Germany*, by *George Chapman*, 4.

39. Two Tragedies, *viz. Cleopatra* Queen of *Ægypt*, and *Agrippiana* Empreſs of *Rome*, by *Thomas May*, Eſq;

40. The Gentleman of *Venice*, a Tragy-comedy, by *James Shirley*.

41. The Polititian, a Tragedy, by *J. Shirley*.

42. The Paſſionate Lovers, in two parts, by Mr. *Lodowick Carlel*.

43. *Mirza*, a Tragedy, really acted in *Perſia*, with Annotations, by *Robert Barren*, Eſq;

44. Three new Playes, *viz.* 1. The Baſhful Lover. 2. The Guardian. 3. The very Woman, by *Philip Maſſenger*, Gent.

45. *Renatus des Cartes'*, excellent compendium of Muſick.

46. A diſcourſe of conſtancy, by *Juſtus Lipſius*.

47. The Academy of Eloquence, containing compleat Engliſh Rhethorick, with common places and formes to ſpeak and write fluently, according to the preſent mode, together with Letters amorous and moral, by *Thomas Blunt*, Gent. 12.

48. *Curia Politia*, or, the Apologies of Princes, by *Monſieur de Scudery*.

49. Ζωσπυία, or, obſervations on the preſent manners of the Engliſh, by *R. Whitlock*, M. D.

50. Divine Poems, written by *Tho. Waſhborn*, B. D.

51. The *Luſiad*, or, *Portugals* Hiſtorical Poem; by *Richard Fanſhaw*, Eſq;

52. The *Engliſh treaſury of Wit and Language*.

53. *Euphrates*, or, the waters of the Eaſt, by *Eugenius Philalethes*.

54. An Hiſtory of the late Wars, and other State Affairs of Chriſtendom, beginning with the King of *Swethlands* entrance into *Germany*, Engliſhed by the Right Honourable *Henry* Earl of *Monmouth*.

55. *Ragguagli di Parnaſſo*, or, Advertizements from *Parnaſſus*, put into Engliſh by

by the Right Honourable *Henry* Earl of *Monmouth*.

56. Politick Diſcourſes, by the Right Honourable *Henry* Earl of *Monmouth*.

57. A Compleat Hiſtory of the Lives and Reigns of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*, *James* King of Great *Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*; The firſt (of ever bleſſed memory) by *Will. Sanderſon*, Eſq;

58. Letters to ſeveral Perſons of Honour, written by *John Donne*.

59. *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*. or, a collection of Lives, Letters, Poems, with Characters of ſundry Perſons, by Sir *Henry Wotton*, Knight.

60. Practical Arithmetick, in whole Numbers, in Fractions and Decimals, by *Ric. Rawlins*.

61. *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, written by *Francis Quarles*, illuſtrated with above thirty Pictures relating to the Story, never Printed before.

62. The Legend of Captain *Jones*, the firſt and ſecond parts.

63. The Deſtruction of *Troy*, an Eſſay upon the ſecond Book of *Virgils Æneis*, by *John Denham*, Eſq;

64. Poems, by *A. Cowley*.

65. *Ben. Johnſons* Works, The third Volumn.

66. The Devil is an Aſſe, by *Ben. Johnſon*.

67. Rule a Wife and have a Wife, a Comedy, by *Fran. Beaumont* and *Joh. Fletcher*.

68. *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*, a Tragedy, by *Francis Beaumont*, and *John Fletcher*.

69. The Knight of the Burning Peſtle, a merry Comedy, by *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*.

70. *Albumazar*, a Comedy, preſented before the Kings Majeſty at *Cambridge*.

71. A Mad World my Maſters, a Comedy, written by *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

72. Revenge for Honour, a Tragedy, by *G. Chapman*.

73. The *Spaniſh Gipſies*, a Tragy-Comedy, by *Thomas Middleton*, and *William Rowley*, Gent.

74. *Apius* and *Virginia*, a Tragedy, by *John Webſter*.

75. The Life of a Satyrical Puppy, called *Nim*.

76. *Poeſis Rediviva*, or, Poetry Revived, by *John Collop*, Doctor in Phyſick.

77. *Mantuan. Eclogues*, Engliſhed by *Thomas Harvey*.

78. A Diſcourſe of the Knowledge of Beaſts, wherein all that hath been ſaid for, againſt their Ratiocination, is examined by *Monſieur de la Cambre*.

79. The Siege of *Antwerp*, written in Latine by *Famianus Strada*.

80. Deſerving Favourite, a Tragy-comedy, by *Ledowick Carlel*, Eſq;

81. Two new Plaves; 1. The Fool would be a Favourite, or, the Diſcreet Lover. 2. *Oſmana* the great Turk, or the Noble Servant, by *Ledowick Carlel*, Eſq;

82. Two new Playes; 1. More Diſſemblers beſides Women. 2. Women beware Women, by *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

83. No Wit, no Help, like a Womans, a Comedy, by *Thomas Middleton*, Gent.

84. Of Peace, and Contentment of mind, written by *Peter du Moulin* the Son, D. D.

85. A new Catalogue of the Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earls, Viſcounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights of the *Bath*, &c. with the times and places of their Creation.

86. God Incarnate, ſhewing that Jeſus Chriſt is the Only and Moſt High God, in four Books, containing Animadverſions on Dr. *Luſhingtons* Commentary on the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, by *Edmund Porter*, late of St. *John's* Coll. *Camb.* Prebend of *Norwitch*.

87. *Trin-unus-Deus*, or, the Trinity and Unity of God, aſſerted againſt the Errors and Hereſies of the Fifth-Monarchy-Men, and others, by *Edmund Porter*.

88. *Sabbatum*, or, the Myſtery of the Sabbath diſcovered, ſhewing the Doctrine of the Sabbath, the meaning of the fourth Commandement, and of our Chriſtian Sunday, by *Edmund Porter*.

89. The Commentaries of Sir *Francis Vere*.

90. Lectures upon *Geneſis*, by that Reverend Father in God, *Lancelot Andrews*, late Lord Biſhop of *Winchester*.
with an Epiſtle of Mr. *Peires* before it.

91. Things New and Old, or a Storehouſe of Similies, Sentences, Allegories, Apothegms, &c. Divine, Moral, and Political, by *John Spencer*.

92. Moſaical Philoſophy, grounded upon the Eſſential truth, by *Robert Fludd*, Eſq; and Doctor of Phyſick.

93. A compleat Hiſtory of the Life and Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, from His Cradle to His Grave, by *W. Sanderſon*, Eſq;

FINIS.